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Saturday Review

January 21, 1967 35¢

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW...

THE USE OF FEDERAL FUNDS IN PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Views by William B. Ball and Leo Pfeffer

REFORM AND REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH EDUCATION

By James D. Koerner

THE SMALL COLLEGE ON THE BIG CAMPUS

Articles by
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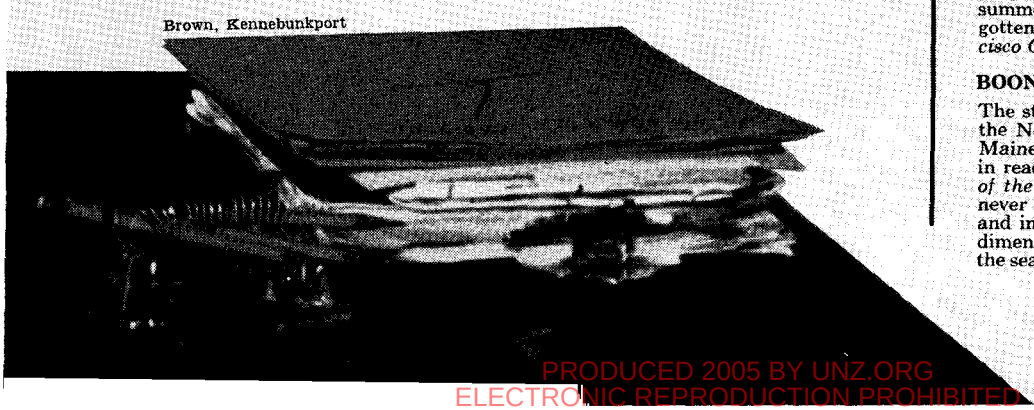

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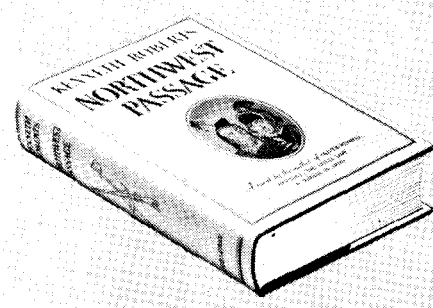

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One of the questions editors think about from time to time, in our occasional lapses into thought, is how attractive the unpleasant and the repellent can be. This is only slightly paradoxical. Mr. Capote's latest success, for example, John Fowles' first book, and Gerold Frank's *The Boston Strangler,* are surely, on their face, based on ugly episodes. But it is the writer and the writing, after all, that can make a book attractive, despite the lack of allure of its subject matter.

Such a book is Peter Loughran's *The Train Ride.* Our editors' reports on it were excited. One wrote: "This is a novel which compares favorably with such superb but terrifying novels as *The Collector* . . . the kind of book Graham Greene might have written, for in the end it presents a strong case against sex titillation and promiscuity." Another put it, with characteristic bluntness, "This is a tour de force, but a work of great effectiveness and unforgettable impact. There's a kind of literary-surgical skill in the deceptively simple way the author cuts through and lays bare the character of this poor, doomed bastard. The war inside him, between the animal and the few confused, decent instincts he has, is at times almost Dostoevskian, and you really get a chilling jolt as you begin to perceive the ultimate, inevitable horror of the story."

The story tells of a young sailor, a reader of pornography and the girlie magazines, who rides in a train with a very young girl—a child. He is drawn or impelled toward her and an act of incalculable horror.

Why read it? Because, as the book's editor says, you are moved. First, you are interested, then wary. You want to scream a warning, then you are appalled and finally deeply compassionate for the lives twisted and torn in a half-empty car during one train ride. And the book should be read because its author, Peter Loughran, a 27-year-old Roman Catholic who has held ninety jobs since leaving school at fifteen, has found his vocation.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Train Ride ($4.50), by Peter Loughran, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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If This Be the Music of Anti-love . . .

A RECENT dispatch from Cairo tells us that the United Arab Republic plans to advance its birth control program by putting anti-love songs on the radio. The communiqué quotes a stanza from one of the anti-love lyrics:

Put on your brakes, so that you don't
have trouble in your family . . .
Life will be more troublesome for you
who have beaten the rabbit.
You have put your husband in debt,
morning and evening.
You, mother of boys and girls, have
created a school class in your house.

The above lyrics may leave something to be desired. Though, as the head of the UAR's birth control campaign helpfully points out, "In Arabic it rhymes." Yet certain skeptical thoughts do come to mind as I reflect on this new, anti-love propaganda.

For one thing, the correlation between *pro*-love songs and a burgeoning population has never been established. To illustrate: 1932 and 1933 were among our nation's least productive years, obstetrics-wise. Yet during that same period one of our country's most popular ballads was "Night and Day," not to speak of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

Another point for the UAR to remember: Special lyrics alone would not be enough to do a proper job. To distract the listener indefinitely, the music itself would have to have an especially distracting beat. (This form of distraction could come to be known as the rhythm method.)

At any rate (and the lower the rate, the better), what makes the UAR think that love has anything to do with producing offspring? Do we have any genuine proof, for example, that rabbits really—really and truly—love one another? Have you ever heard of a rabbit's sending a Valentine to his mate . . . or remembering an anniversary . . . or, for that matter, taking out a decent amount of life insurance?

—PHILIP MINOFF.

Sing Along With Sanger

Book Reviews for Our Times

Blood on the Lampshades, by C. Z. Grislee: At 5:58 p.m. on October 23, 1898, Charity Hackenbacker, then twenty-three, came home from an afternoon of horseshoe pitching to find her Uncle Julius distributed around the house in small pieces. Some thirty-four books have been written about the case and Mr. Grislee, applying modern methods of research, has created the thirty-fifth.

As every student of classic crimes knows, "Muley" Frpstlk, a corkscrew salesman and Charity's "intended" (in the quaint language of the swamps), was hanged for the murder. Hog-raising Wanagoochie County was a leading producer of sausage casings and brush-bristles, and the belief spread through an indignant nation that Frpstlk, a vegetarian and bald, had been "railroaded" (in the quaint language of the editorial pages). "Shatter—yes—oh, dream," wrote Betsy Denture, the Peoria poetess, in that memorable protest which continued:

Oh, dream of justice, stuffed in the
sausage
With thyme and artificial coloring
matter . . .

In his reconstruction of the case, Grislee suggests a startling solution based on the testimony of Zebe Mutter, the local rainmaker. If, as Mutter claimed, Nellie Bracket met him at 4:47 p.m., then the mailman could hardly have seen Col. Crunch at 4:12, remembering that the Colonel left the harness shop *after* the arrival of Abel Hackenbacker, the victim's nephew, who had been delayed by the unfortunate incident at the hog-boiling vats. And—a key point—what became of the porch swing?

Apparently, Frpstlk was guilty as hell, poetry or no poetry, but the state got the wrong victim. Julius Hackenbacker, the author reasons, came home the next morning, discovered he was believed to be dead, and quietly left town, pausing only to buy a cardboard suitcase at the drugstore. The druggist did think this was strange but never mentioned the incident since nobody ever asked him. Grislee does not explain who *was* scattered around the house, but we may find out in his next book.

—ALLEN R. DODD, JR.

The Under-Forty Footnote

THOUGH there is no way for me to protect this invention of mine, anyone with a shred of decency who makes use of it will surely send me some token of appreciation, preferably a small check. It should prove of incalculable value to writers of a certain age, which most writers are unless they happen to be first-novel whiz kids aged twenty-four.

I call my invention the Under-Forty Footnote.

Inspiration came while I was laboring on a travel article about Yugoslavia. It concerned a trip up the Dalmatian coast. I was speaking of a tour from Split to Trogir:

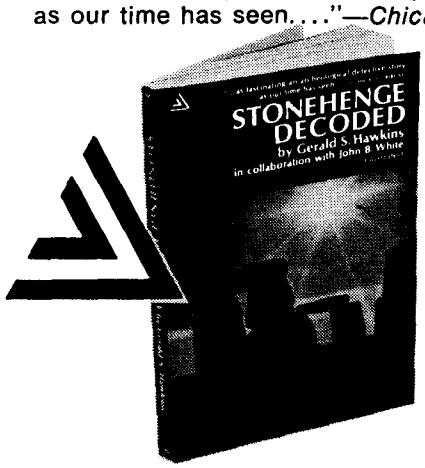
"When only nine of us signed up, three taxis were provided instead of a bus. Such arrangements should be refused, since most of the party is then without the services of the guide between stops, and the average Yugoslav taxi-driver's English does not qualify him as another Burton Holmes."

I stopped.

Something was bothering me, and it turned out to be Burton Holmes.

Now, twenty-five years ago that would have been a real snapper, that reference to old Burton. Twenty-five years ago the average reader would have known exactly what I was talking about. But suddenly I had a squirming feeling as I thought about readers under forty. Sud-

"...as fascinating an archaeological detective story as our time has seen...."—*Chicago Tribune*



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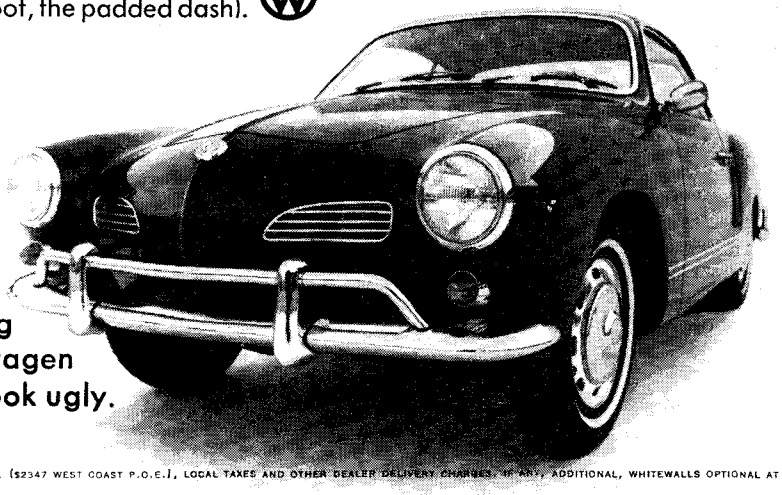

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denly I could see them scanning that sentence, and I could see that little frown of perplexity creasing their disgustingly youthful brows. "Who the hell is Burton Holmes? The only Burton I know is Richard, and he certainly doesn't have much to do with bus tours."

In a flash it occurred to me what was needed. An Under-Forty Footnote. Something like this:

". . . and the average Yugoslav taxi-driver's English does not qualify him as another Burton Holmes[UF1]."

[UF1] Burton Holmes was a famous travel lecturer. He accompanied his lectures with a showing of lantern slides[UF2] made on his trips to all parts of the world.

[UF2] Early photographic slides, projected on a screen by "magic lantern."

This was the breakthrough I had been hoping for. This does the trick. The elder reader is not interrupted in his laborious spelling-out of the article (most of us oldsters have never had the advantages of speed-reading courses such as the youngsters have had, remember) and the younger reader's confusion is cleared up. His appreciation of the keen little witticism represented by the allusion to Burton Holmes may be partially dissipated by the time he has read the footnote, but at least it is not totally lost.

The outstanding contribution made by my invention is that it will free aging writers from any inhibitions as to the making of dated allusions. For that matter, it is quite plain that dated allusions plague everyone who is over the hill, and not just the professional writer. Even in casual conversations these allusions constitute a bugaboo that pulls your average dodderer up short and sends him off into such wretched asides as, "Boy, does that date *me*!" after a mention of Elinor Glyn or the A. & P. Gypsies, or provokes from a near-contemporary the arch rejoinder, "Well! You're older than I thought!"

Actually, the whole business is rotten and unfair. If some newcomer to puberty mentions the Rolling Stones in our presence and we respond with a blank expression, he looks down his pimply nose at us. Yet if we refer to some really memorable songbird such as Mme. Schumann-Heink and *he* looks as blank as only his generation can, it is still *we* who reap the sneers. But no matter. My invention will take care of this, at least on paper. From now on we senior scriveners will have nothing to fear from mentions of such luminaries as Professor Emile Coué, Rabindranath Tagore, Richard Halliburton, Gertrude Ederle, O. O. McIntyre, Edna Wallace Hopper, Col. Jake Ruppert, and Aimee Semple McPherson. We can brighten our pages with them at will.

—Scott Corbett.

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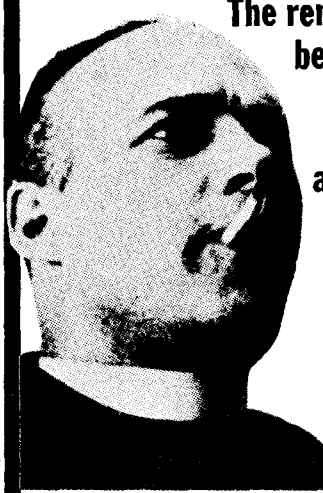

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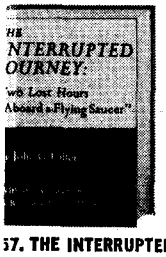

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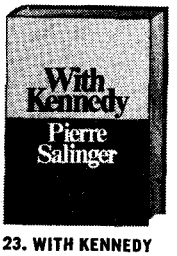

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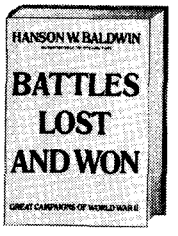

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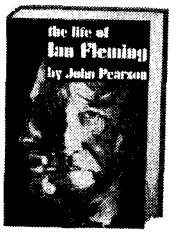

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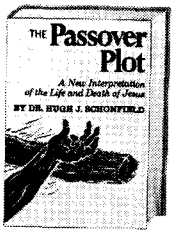

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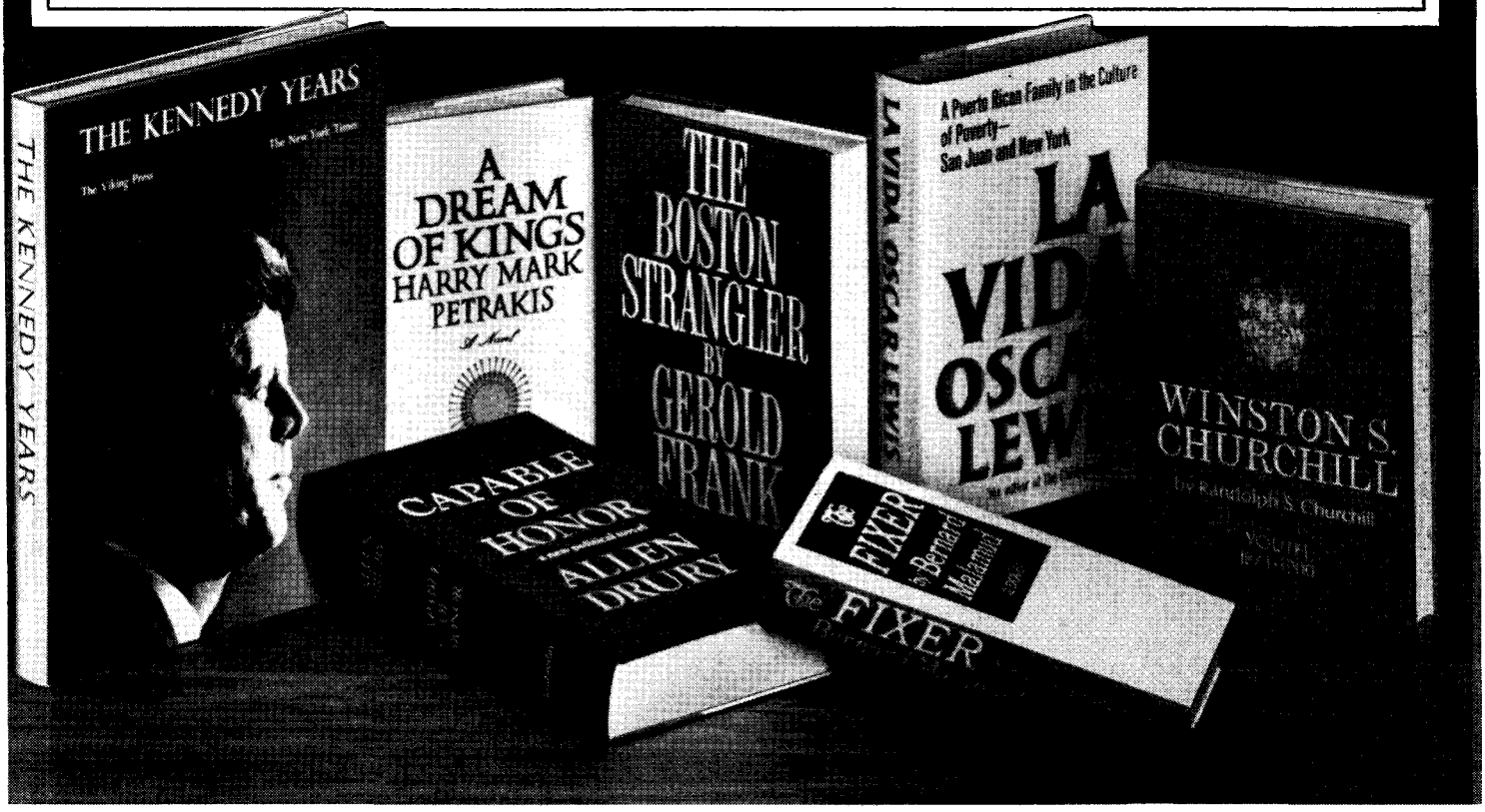
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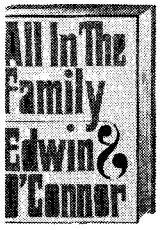

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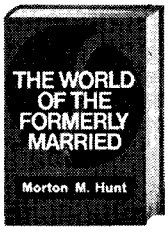

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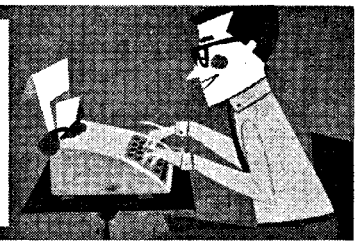


Do Right and Don't Write

IN THE ANCIENT times of Richelieu the pen may have been mightier than the sword. But in these days of portable typewriters and secretaries, politicians should have learned not to write one another letters which one day will show in our newspapers.

In point are the three-page, single-spaced, "Dear George" letter sent by Barry Goldwater to Mr. Romney, and the twelve-page, single-spaced, "Dear Barry" answer received by Mr. Goldwater.

Under a coldly impersonal news byline, these lifeless lines of prose materialized as: one by Mr. Goldwater expressing his unwillingness to back "Dear George" as the Republican Presidential candidate of 1968 because Dear George was not for "Dear Barry" in 1964; and the other, Mr. Romney's reply that he had nothing against Dear Barry personally, and now is the time for all good Republicans to stand together against the common enemy.

These unloving letters written in the sands of 1964 contribute not one quote to historic literature, and detract not one whit from the letters passed between G.B.S. and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. . . . Their rhetoric is deplorable and their grace and style, to say the least, are peccable.

How much more cleverly these internecine recriminations were handled by earlier politicians may be easily discovered by current seekers of high office if they take the time to read the Brutus-Cassius quarrel scene from *Julius Caesar*. The dialogue here detailed takes place in Brutus's tent (the accompanying notes are the writer's):

CASSIUS: That you have wronged me doth appear in this—you have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella for taking bribes here of the Sardians; wherein my letters praying on his side were slighted off. (NOTE: *Just as I was saying. If there was a favor he wanted done for Lucius Pella, he didn't have to write. Phone!*)

CASSIUS: In such a time as this 'tis not meet that every nice offense should bear his comment.

BRUTUS: Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; to sell and mart your offices for gold to undeservers. (NOTE: *Now you know that wouldn't look good in a letter. The fact was this friend of Cassius, L.P., was opening an intimate night spot called The Roman Bath, and he asked Cassius to get some of the big name politicians to attend the opening night. He didn't get far. Only a few minor characters showed up—Casca, Trebonius, a couple of soothsayers.*)

CASSIUS: I an itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speaks this, or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS: The name of Cassius honors this corruption, and chastisement doth therefore hide his head. (NOTE: *Brutus knew he had it on Cassius. Not only did no big name show up at the opening, but the place was raided for serving unstomped grapes.*)

CASSIUS: Brutus, bait not me; I'll not endure it. You forget yourself to hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

BRUTUS: Go to! You are not, Cassius. . . . You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so, make your vaunting true. . . .

CASSIUS: You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus. I said an elder soldier, not a better: Did I say better? (NOTE: *He did. He said abler. But note: Cassius did not put it in a letter.*)

BRUTUS: If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS: When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS: Peace . . . you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS: I durst not?

BRUTUS: No.

CASSIUS: What, durst not tempt him?

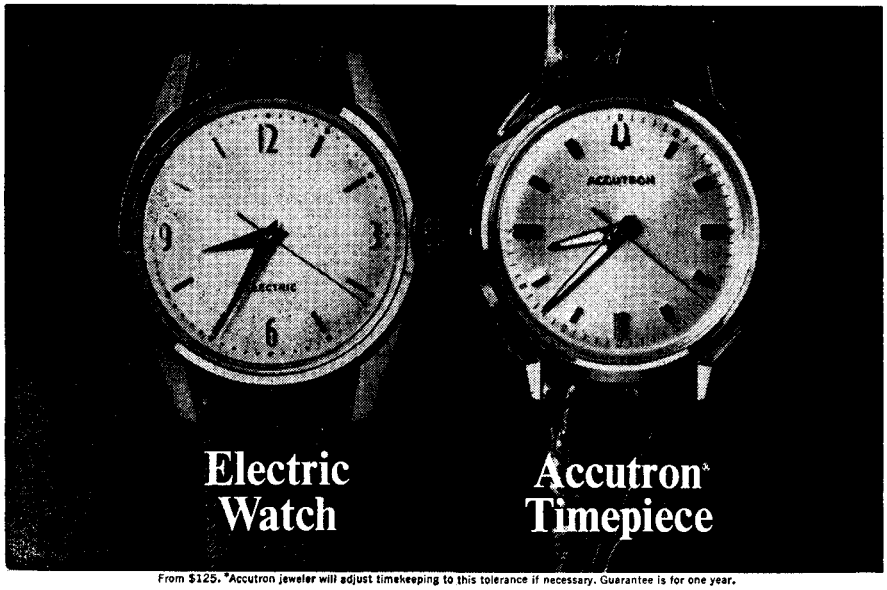
BRUTUS: For your life you durst not. (NOTE: *That kind of talk in print durst not get either of them very many votes. But we skip now to the final lines.*)

BRUTUS: When I spoke I was ill tempered, too.

CASSIUS: Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS: And my heart, too.

(NOTE: *Isn't that sweet? But in a letter, that could easily have been misinterpreted. Likewise George should have gone to Barry's tent to talk it over. Making sure, of course, the tent wasn't bugged.*) —GOODMAN ACE.



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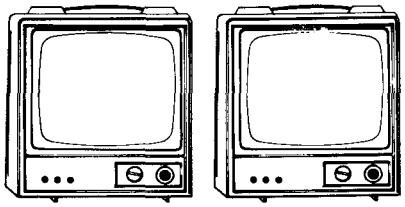

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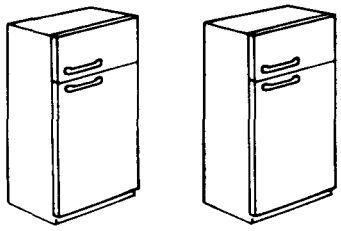
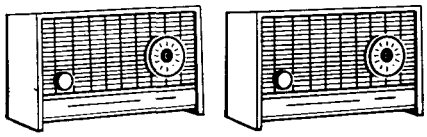
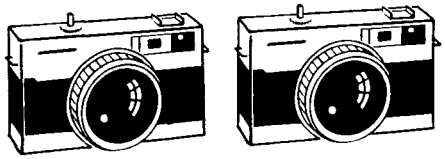


A two-door refrigerator priced at an average of $244.85... **OR** another model priced at an average of $255.58?



An AM table radio priced at $11.98... **OR** another AM table radio priced at $27.95?



An instant-load camera priced at $54.95... **OR** another model priced at $71.98?

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- The AM table radio priced at $11.98 was judged better in overall quality than other models priced as high as $27.95 and was rated a "Best Buy." *(Possible saving: up to $15.97).*
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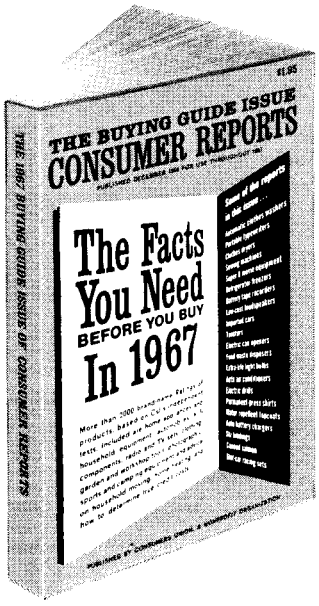

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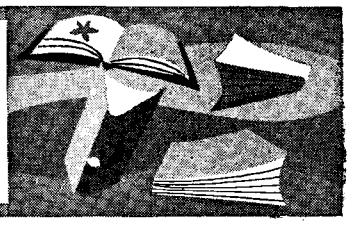

With the decade now well along, one begins to wonder if the 1960s will be accorded any particular honors for magazine publishing. The good magazines stay good, the mediocre ones mediocre. A few have been born that begin to show the mark of distinction, and also of permanence.

No doubt the extraordinary decade of the century was the second. Then the *Saturday Evening Post* and *New Republic* and *Vanity Fair* were at their peak, as were *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Bookman* and *American Mercury*. Edward Bok had terminated his career with *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1919. The truly dynamic days of *Collier's* had ended, I think, when Norman Hapgood retired from it in 1912. Fantastic *McClure's* never was the same after its initial muckraking period.

Samuel Sidney McClure was called a muckraker by President Theodore Roosevelt, yet he was anything but that in the originally accepted meaning of the word. Mr. McClure, and people like Ida Tarbell and Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens who were under his direction, unflinchingly reported on the crime and corruption of industries and cities. They did not create dirt, they exposed it. When one looks back and reflects on the reforms initiated as a result of their crusades, it is impossible, it seems to me, not to designate McClure as one of the handful of genuinely formidable magazine editors of the twentieth century.

Any list of genuinely great magazine editors would have to be short. There simply haven't been many.

What made the Twenties additionally magnificent was the appearance of three men and one woman who brought new magazines, and new vision, to publishing. Harold Ross introduced *The New Yorker* in 1925. There wasn't before, and hasn't been since, a magazine like it; and if, as many of his other friends will protest, I do not include Ross in my limited hall of fame, it is because I think he was only one of several persons who guided *The New Yorker* from its erratic beginnings toward its ultimately successful position.

Henry Luce and DeWitt and Lila Wallace I *would* include, without question. Their achievements, in my opinion, were personal. They never faltered. They had, I suppose it must be called, genius.

Also I would include George Horace Lorimer, of the *Post*. And just possibly, Frank Crowninshield of *Vanity Fair*, and Henry L. Mencken of *American Mercury*.

In the Twenties, and before and after, there were *good* editors galore: Harold Ross; Ellery Sedgwick of *The Atlantic Monthly*; John Farrar of *The Bookman*; Norman Hapgood; Herbert Croly of *The New Republic*; Ted Patrick of *Holiday*; Edward Bok; William Bigelow of *Good Housekeeping*; Gilbert Grosvenor of *The National Geographic*; and Bruce and Beatrice Gould of *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Ten years hence, if I am around—and I do have plans—I probably will be able to add to my little list of five preeminent editors. There are two I have in mind who are currently on the scene. It's nice to hope there will be time to observe them.

In the field of books, the name I have heard most often associated with greatness is that of Maxwell Perkins. Surely there are, or were, others. Would anybody want to gamble on a list?

At long last one may get a reprint of the *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities* that I referred to several months ago [TRADE WINDS, Aug. 6, 1966]. It contains almost 1,100 fine-print pages of fabulously interesting information. At $28.50 it sounds expensive, and I guess it is, but there's no one book I'd rather own. You can order a copy from Gale Research Company, Book Tower, Detroit, Michigan. You'll be billed, but won't have to pay unless you decide to keep it. If you don't think it's as good as I have indicated, you will be free to return it.

The most omniverous reader of novels I've ever known is my mother. She devoured everything, and had practically no recollection of anything. Her taste was so catholic that, when I was old enough to acquire a library card, I would withdraw one book on that card for myself, two books for my mother, and three books for her on her card. The librarian became fond of me, but considered me a little peculiar. Robert W. Chambers was a favorite of my mother's, but she went as avidly through Hardy and George Henty and William Dean Howells and Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle and Dreiser, Barrie, and Boccaccio. She never skipped. If it was printed, it was meant to be read. Not

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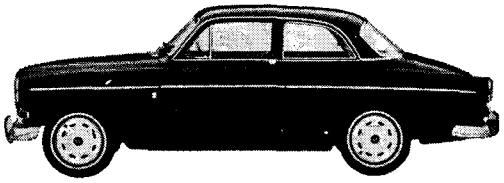

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remembered, or understood—just read. Most characters she referred to as What's-his-name.

Once, in her seventies, she borrowed Thomas Mann's *Joseph in Egypt*, and later, when I asked how she had liked it, she shrugged. "It's all about Joseph in Egypt," she said. Still later, I told that story to Dr. Mann. "It is," he said.

Now ninety-six, my mother doesn't read any more. The libraries, public and lending, must miss her, I'm sure.

To all aspiring authors who have asked advice, the important though trite word I have used unfailingly is *write*. And I would suggest then the reading and re-reading of Anthony Trollope's autobiography. In that delightful book, there occurs this vigorous paragraph about Trollope's years in Waltham Cross:

> The work that I did during the twelve years that I remained there, from 1859 to 1871, was certainly very great. I feel confident that in amount no other writer contributed so much during that time to English literature. Over and above my novels, I wrote political articles, critical, social, and sporting articles, for periodicals, without number. I did the work of a surveyor of the General Post Office, and so did it as to give the authorities of the department no slightest pretext for fault-finding. I hunted always at least twice a week. I was frequent in the whist-room at the Garrick. I lived much in society in London, and was made happy by the presence of many friends at Waltham Cross. In addition to this we always spent six weeks at least out of England. Few men, I think, ever lived a fuller life. And I attribute the power of doing this altogether to the virtue of early hours. It was my practice to be at my table every morning at 5:30 a.m.; and it was also my practice to allow myself no mercy. An old groom, whose business it was to call me, and to whom I paid 5 pounds a year extra for the duty, allowed himself no mercy. During all those years at Waltham Cross he was never once late with the coffee which it was his duty to bring me. I do not know that I ought not to feel that I owe more to him than to any one else for the success I have had. By beginning at that hour I could complete my literary work before I dressed for breakfast.
>
> —HERBERT R. MAYES.

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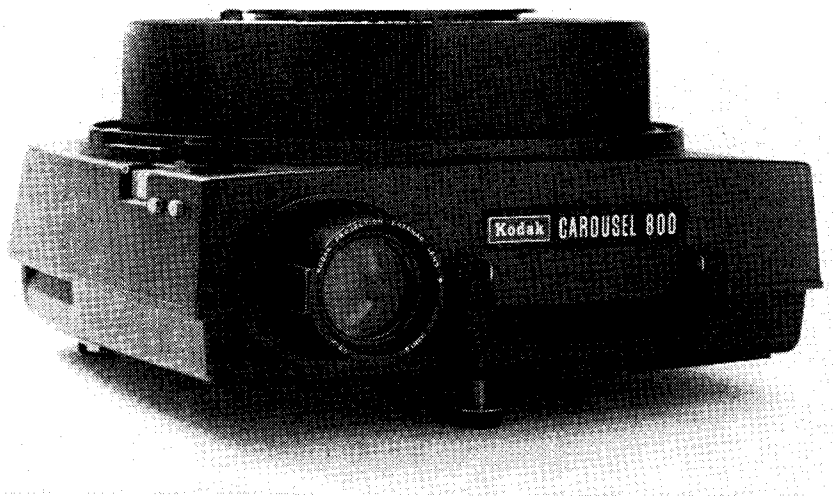

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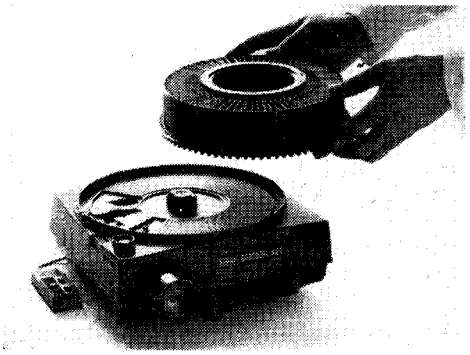

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Saturday Review
January 21, 1967

The Kennedy-Manchester Book Controversy

William Manchester's account of the Kennedy assassination, *The Death of a President,* has become the center of the greatest literary controversy of the century. Much of the discussion to date has been directed to news aspects of the case and speculation about the book's contents, as well as the conditions to which the Kennedy family have or have not agreed in connection with its release. But there are deeper implications. In the accompanying section they are explored by five distinguished spokesmen.

John Kenneth Galbraith, whose article introduces the section, is Paul M. Warburg professor of economics at Harvard University, former U.S. Ambassador to India, and author of *The Affluent Society, The Liberal Hour,* and other books. Arnold Gingrich is publisher of *Esquire* magazine. J. H. Plumb, who writes the *SR* column PERSPECTIVE, is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, England, author of numerous historical works, including *Sir Robert Walpole, The First Four Georges,* and *England in the Eighteenth Century,* and general editor of the History of Human Society series. Arnold L. Fein is judge in the Civil Court of the City of New York and former special counsel to the Kefauver Crime Committee. Irwin Karp, who is with the law firm Hays, St. John, Abramson & Heilbron, is legal representative for the Authors' League of America.

1. WAS MRS. KENNEDY JUSTIFIED IN BRINGING SUIT?

By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

MACAULAY once observed that few things were more depressing than the British people in one of their periodic outbursts of morality. A prominent possibility is American journalism in pursuit of a principle with which to justify a compelling story. The recent explosion over the Manchester book is an excellent example. To warrant the attention which it attracted—an attention sufficiently explained by the prominence of the principals and the event recalled—it has been held to involve a deep conflict between the right of the public to historical knowledge and that of Mrs. Kennedy, her family, and less plausibly also her brothers-in-law, to privacy. *Newsweek,* frequently a sensible journal, had Jacqueline Kennedy on the cover of its issue of December 26 under the caption "Privacy vs. History." Inside, it first reflected rather irrelevantly on her tendency to have friends and to appear in public. Then, with a solemnity that might have seemed a trifle morbid to *Time* or Richard Nixon, it unleashed the question of principle: "And, most fundamentally, the whole affair raised the most profound questions about the public's right to know and the individual's right to privacy." This is nonsense. I was early taught never to use such crutches as "fundamentally" and "profound," let alone "most fundamentally" or "most profound," to bolster an absent case. They give the show away.

A reasonably detached examination of the circumstances will suggest, I think, that the decisions taken on this matter by Mrs. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy were those that best served the purposes of history. And much of their trouble grew out of precisely this effort. No alternative courses of action, consistent with the standards of decorum and good taste with which Mrs. Kennedy, by no accident, is identified, would have served as well. It will be asked whether, as one associated with the Administration of the late President, I am the right person to display the requisite detachment. I venture that the case, once stated, stands firmly on its own merits. I might add that I have never discussed William Manchester's book with Mrs. Kennedy or either of the Senators Kennedy. Nor have I read it. Nor, recalling that terrible weekend and the horrible disorientation to which one was subject, do I look forward quite as avidly to reading it as *Look,* Harper & Row, and sundry overseas entrepreneurs are estimating that all solvent persons are waiting to do. But let me get back to the issue.

There is no need, I believe, to dwell on the agreement that was made between Mr. Manchester and Robert Kennedy. It was clearly designed to accord members of the Kennedy family, or those they might designate, the right to review the manuscript, together with the companion right to make amendments or deletions without which a right of review is meaningless. Had the conflict come to the courts, there would have been much bickering over the wording of the agreement and whether it had been abrogated by subsequent letters and telegrams from Robert Kennedy. Involved in the latter is the exceedingly difficult matter of delegating the right of such review, a matter with which I have had some experience and to which I will return.

One obvious point seems, nonetheless, worthy of emphasis. Mr. Manchester

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entered voluntarily into the agreement. And, although there has been some high-minded opinion to the contrary, it was an arrangement which most journalists and most historians would have welcomed. To write about the events at Dallas without the help of those intimately involved would be to add very little to what is known. To write with this help meant not only a wide audience but a secure position as a major historical source. If the agreement involved an unfair exploitation of a scholar, it must be said that hundreds and even thousands would have been available for the sacrifice.

But the deeper point remains. Is such an agreement proper and did it serve the purposes of history? The answer must be considered in light of the alternatives. The three questions are:

1) Was it wise to have an authorized history of the events leading up to, and following, the bitter tragedy in Dallas of November 22, 1963?
2) Was it proper for those authorizing the history to ask for the right of review together with that of deletion and amendment?
3) Were the changes that were requested reasonable and consistent with historical purpose?

The answer to the first two questions is strongly affirmative. No evidence is available to the outsider on the last point but there is considerable indication that it was exercised with restraint. Let us examine the three decisions in turn.

The words "authorized history" and "authorized biography" have a dubious sound. They suggest self-serving, and also rather tedious books. One senses that they are something to be avoided. But what were the alternatives to selecting a serious and responsible journalist or historian and granting him access to the private papers and memories of the events of November 22 and before and after? There were three possibilities and all were inferior or out of the question. The first was for one of the principals to prepare the definitive account. Since she was the one present, this would have had to be Mrs. Kennedy. To suggest it is

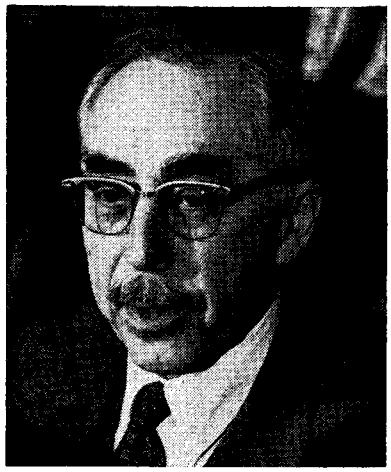
Were the changes that were requested reasonable and consistent with historical purpose?

Jacqueline Kennedy

Author William Manchester

—*Paul Conklin (Pix).*

Senator Robert F. Kennedy



Kennedy lawyer Simon H. Rifkind

Harper's spokesman Cass Canfield

***Look*'s editor-in-chief William Attwood**

—*All photos except that of Robert F. Kennedy from Wide World.*

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to eliminate this possibility. And had it been possible, there would have been suspicion that the writer was exploiting a great national tragedy for personal publicity or private gain. This would have been said vehemently when the serialization was arranged and the prices came into public discussion. And it should also be kept in mind that any such first-person account would have been the most severely censored of documents. It is assumed that most authors will delete what they find too awkward or painful.

THE second possibility would have been to open the private recollections and papers of those involved to all comers—and these, considering the commercial possibilities indicated by the interest in the Manchester volume, would have been numerous. How painful this procedure would have been to those involved is patent. Worse would have been the risks of distortion and competitive sensationalism. All who sought to accommodate in candor all who wished to write about the President's death would soon have been advised, and rightly, to stop talking.

The remaining course would have been to maintain a total reticence on the events—to help no one and talk with no one. This would have been a safe and in many ways a sensible decision. It is the one which President Johnson appears to have made. I imagine the Kennedys may now think well of its possibilities. But it is the course that would have made the least conceivable contribution to history.

". . . the decisions taken on this matter by Mrs. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy were those that best served the purposes of history."

—John Kenneth Galbraith.

Thus the decision for an authorized history. Given it, what of the right to review and amendment?

A few weeks ago, while giving some lectures in London, I was invited by Anthony Lewis to participate in a long and detailed interview for use in *The New York Times Magazine*. We talked all one Saturday afternoon in the presence of a tape recorder; the arrangement, which scarcely involved prior discussion, was that I would speak with the utmost informality, candor, and unconcern for syntax and then revise my remarks, as I wished, for publication. I made ample use of this opportunity and also for second thoughts. I greatly amended a comparison between President Kennedy and President Johnson. History (if I can so characterize this microscopic contribution) was obviously denied my original thought.

But in the absence of an opportunity for revision, the original comment would never have been uttered. For then I would have been more cautious in my response: even a college professor must give thought to safeguarding confidences, avoiding damage to the feelings of meritorious people or one's friends, side-stepping libel, saying what he really means to say, and, let it be conceded, exercising a modicum of political tact.

Having undertaken to speak with full candor to Mr. Manchester, it was as appropriate as in my case with the *Times* that Mrs. Kennedy (and others) should be permitted to review and amend their remarks. So, far from denying anything to the historian, this is what makes possible the earlier frankness. Since it can be assumed that Mrs. Kennedy is rather less experienced than a former ambassador in the art of self-censorship, the alternative might well have been to keep all her thoughts and recollections to herself. Again, this would have served the ends of history far less well though it would have been less criticized.

Additionally, Mrs. Kennedy's interview with Mr. Manchester was, as I understand it, a part of the larger oral history of the Kennedy Administration. All participants in this mammoth enterprise were asked to talk freely about any and all matters including, inevitably, some that involved classified information. In return, they were assured that they would be fully protected against any unauthorized use, at least in their lifetimes.* It seems impossible to argue that Mrs. Kennedy should be denied the same protection.

I DO not know what changes and deletions Jacqueline and Robert Kennedy sought. According to the newspapers, they consisted mostly of material from Mrs. Kennedy's interview and, possibly, some items that reflected adversely on President Johnson. The first is readily justified within the framework of my arrangement with the *Times* and that of

* I did not participate because, during my years with the Kennedy Administration, I kept a meticulous diary. Obviously I exercise full rights of review and deletion over what is published from this. And I have so far published none of it—a massive act of censorship for which I have not been criticized at all.

All Summer: A Fairy Tale

By Edwin Honig

WHY does the Princess stand looking away toward the brook?
The Prince needs her. "I am your fate," says a voice in the air.
The flowers he tended for her all nod with their flametips.
Neither dares move. "Come closer—" Neither has spoken.
If she spoke, "I cannot believe you would want me—" that's
where her voice would falter, not with compassion or loneliness
but with revulsion; so not to be misunderstood,
she'd have to swallow her feelings and quickly continue,
"—you'd want me to look at you, crippled and putrid, again."

She says nothing to him still gazing toward her and pleading,
pleading. When will her great green eyes accept him and when
will her tissue-blue silks move near him, her hand ever touch him?
Though neither has moved and nothing is said between them,
the air trembles—is it her loathing or his desire?
Flowers bend—is it in pity for him, their gardener,
or in shame for her silently scorning him? Soon they will wilt.

Soon they will die and soon there will be no garden.
The Prince will turn into a statue imploring the air
with hands cut off at the wrists, neither bone nor marble.
Birds will roost on his huge curly head and wide shoulders.
Having scampered away, the Princess will be somewhere else
combing her thick raven hair, the Prince long forgotten . . . .

Or will she remain to turn into (perhaps is already
becoming—and is this why the Prince importunes her?)
that dry, almost leafless old crone of a tree by the brookside,
standing apart in the garden, infested with larvae
swinging great nets of gossamer hair in the breeze,
the breeze that will shortly become a strong wind, a wind
that will topple the Princess, turn all of her up by the roots
that soon as they crumble, the brook carries off to the sea?

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the oral history. Considering the disruption of the time, one could imagine that history might be served by a second and more considered view of President Johnson's decisions. Surely he was right, for example, to insist on being sworn in as soon as possible after President Kennedy's murder, however pushing that might have seemed in the emotional atmosphere of the moment. But there are two earlier experiences which cast light on the tendencies of Mrs. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy in these matters, as well as on the depth of our national commitment to historical truth.

Arthur Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House* was also an authorized history. It too drew on tape-recorded interviews with Mrs. Kennedy and, indeed, Schlesinger gave over this part of the oral history project to Manchester when the latter's interest became relevant. Schlesinger included in the first draft of his book some vivid descriptions of the President's private reactions to events, among them his grief in the aftermath of the Bay of Pigs. Initially, neither Mrs. Kennedy nor Robert Kennedy suggested deletion of this material; it came into question only after it appeared in *Life* and was attacked by the press and public as an undue invasion of privacy. There was even greater criticism of the author (and indirectly of the Kennedys) for saying that JFK intended to replace Dean Rusk at the end of his first term. So only a year ago the historian and the Kennedys were insufficiently concerned about privacy and insufficiently disposed to protect the position of Mr. Rusk against the claims of history. A great many people expressed themselves rather feelingly on the unwisdom and injustice of what was called, with no slight derogation, *instant* history. One is tempted to conclude that, in this debate over privacy versus history, the only thing that is agreed is that whatever is done is wrong.

MY second bit of evidence is more personal. Last winter and spring, at the request of Mrs. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy, I looked at two books which made use—I am not clear how much—of privileged or personal materials. One of these was Pierre Salinger's *With Kennedy*; the other was a very light-hearted memoir by former Under Secretary of the Navy Paul B. Fay, Jr., *The Pleasure of His Company*. In neither were there any deletions that could conceivably have been considered of historical consequence. Most involved the elimination of language or anecdotes which, out of context, cast reflection on the dignity of the office of President or which might, without purpose, have injured the feelings of personal friends of President Kennedy. These alterations throw some light on one of the problems that arose in connection with the Manchester book—that of delegating responsibility for change.

The Fay volume, as I have observed, is an amiable but slight memoir. There were, however, a number of personal references, drawing on conversations with the President or members of the family, that could inflict minor hurt. I took the position that such negligible wounds heal within twenty-four hours; it being a slight book, one should not worry about what it said. Mrs. Kennedy was a good deal more considerate. Slight materials, she held, should not be so used as to cause pain. The author greatly preferred my interpretation. However, and quite properly, it was Mrs. Kennedy's view, not mine, that was controlling. In the Manchester book, I would gather, representatives of Mrs. Kennedy took a rather more relaxed view of what might be published from her tape recording than did she. It was understandable in this case also—and Mr. Manchester insisted on the point in his letter of December 27 to the *Times*—that the author should prefer the easier view. I would also think, without knowing all of the details, that he might have been entitled to an earlier reading by Mrs. Kennedy of the disputed passages. Merit in these matters is never unilateral. But, given the circumstances of the whole arrangement, it seems to me impossible that she should have been denied the final word.

THERE is a larger problem here. To have custody of the history of anything at once so painful and compelling as the events of the weekend of November 22, 1963, is no light responsibility. And custody lies, inevitably, with those who were there and those who were involved, and it lies in the deepest recesses of memory and feeling. Like all great responsibilities, it causes problems for those who carry it. Neither Mrs. Kennedy nor Robert Kennedy has escaped these problems, which have been formidable and acute. But they have been so because the Kennedys have sought to solve them in a manner consistent with the claims of history. Everything would have been simplified by a policy of silence. The papers and memories could have been locked away—as usually they have been. No access and no help to Theodore Sorensen for *Kennedy*. None to Schlesinger. None to Manchester. But would we now be as informed on these years? Would later scholars have as much to go on? Would the claims of history have been as well served? Surely not.

"Now that we've learned to talk, how's business?"

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2. THE TRUTH AS PERSONAL PROPERTY

By ARNOLD GINGRICH

MAGAZINE men who would sleep well have unlisted telephone numbers. Because I haven't, I get phone calls from distant time zones, well after midnight, like this one from Texas during the holidays:

"Sir, this is one of your readers. As a matter of fact, I'm speaking for rather a large group, and we've just been going through the Dubious Achievement Awards in *Esquire's* January issue. We understand all of them, except this one—this 'Loudmouth of the Year.' Now just who is this A. E. Hotchner? Is that a name you made up?"

"No, he's the author of a book called *Papa Hemingway,* which Mrs. Hemingway went to court to try to prevent being published—"

"But how could he be the Loudmouth of the Year, when none of us ever heard of him?"

"Well, I'm not sure that he hasn't lost the title in the last round, so to speak. There's a similar case right now, the Manchester book—"

"Oh, we all know all about that—*he's* going to make a million dollars—and we all know about Hemingway. It's just that none of us ever heard of this A. E. Hotchner."

"But I have answered your question, haven't I?"

"Oh yes, sir, and thank you." He didn't add "just the same" though his tone clearly implied it. I felt that he still "hadn't ever heard of this Hotchner," although from the way he reacted to my mention of the Manchester book it was at once apparent that he, and everybody in what sounded like a large and crowded noisy room, really did "know all about" it.

Yet the two cases are clearly comparable, differing chiefly in the degree to which they were played up as news, because in both instances, if for varying reasons, the plaintiff was trying to exercise property rights over the truth. Both books were to be serialized, when the actions were brought for an injunction against them, and thus twice in one year there was raised for magazine people that bogeyman, of which they have all lived so long in mortal fear.

Around a New York magazine the first shop rule that the rawest recruit learns is "Never let anybody see anything touchy in any issue more than three days before publication, because if you do you have two strikes on you—one for libel and the other for invasion of privacy." Behind this rule has been the hitherto remote but ever-dread contingency that an injunction in restraint of publication could be sought by the affected party.

It has always been assumed that judges would be loath to grant such injunctions, in view of the historic Anglo-Saxon hatred of any form of "prior restraint" of the printed word, as opposed to the universal approval of the principle of full responsibility for it after its appearance in print. But the consequences of being wrong in this assumption are so dire that caution is the operative part of valor in most magazine publication practice. In the mass-circulation category the cost of an issue's loss has been pretty accurately estimated at between three and five million dollars—the range reflecting allowance for seasonal variations in size. Thus few magazines could suffer the suppression of an entire issue without, at least temporarily, having to go into some form of hock. *Look* could.

Though magazine people are as pious and as pompous as anybody else in invoking, before the fact, such high-sounding phrases as "freedom of speech" and "the public's right to know," they are apt to treat people gingerly who are both likely and able to be litigious, the only consistent exceptions being "public figures," particularly those holding elective office. Here the assumption is that such persons will follow their own first shop-rule, best expressed in ward-heeler language as "never sue for libel; the blankety-blanks might prove it on you."

". . . what occurred was an accident, in the classic sense; an incident that nobody wanted to happen and everybody involved sincerely deplored."

—Arnold Gingrich.

Professing bravery and practicing cowardice, which are the pure and the applied religions, respectively, of virtually all magazines of general content and comment, is not as debilitating to their editorial vitality as it may sound. It actually strengthens, rather than weakens, many a magazine piece on which the editors have had to require numerous changes before publication. When their twin radar beams signal danger in either the direction of libel or invasion of privacy, editors are often put to it perforce to demand of authors better documentation of statements, and a more solid foundation in fact, than they might otherwise have allowed to slip by. Serving to sharpen the writing and deepen the insight, the imposed necessity for legal proof—for demonstrable truth, if you like—is as valuable a discipline for magazine writers as the exigencies of the sonnet form, for instance, are for writers of verse.

AS for the famous "right to know," which magazine men tend to invoke in abstract and theoretical discussions, here too, if they are honest with themselves, they realize that there must be something of a double standard concerning what can be stated explicitly in the pages of magazines and those of books. For magazines do lie around where they invite casual browsing to a degree that books never do. Furthermore, almost all magazines tend, through display quotations and subheads and intriguing captions under illustrative and graphic elements, to highlight the more sensational passages of their textual content to a degree that even he who runs can't help but read them. So when delicate considerations arise editors are inclined to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," even well this side of the limitations in the area of the invasion of privacy imposed by New York law. Women and children, generally, get fairly gentle treatment even without somebody begging for it on their behalf.

One of the several ironies of the Kennedy-Manchester-*Look*-Harper & Row controversy is that in their past relations with, attitude toward, and treatment of the Kennedys these defendants have verged on the idolatrous. Harper & Row has been the publishing house of what Gore Vidal calls our one Holy Family; *Look*, the least abrasive of the big magazines, has always gone far out of even its generally genial way to be especially adoring of all Kennedys, and Manchester's previous printed approach to the Kennedy mystique was tantamount to that of an acolyte. Obviously, what occurred was an accident, in the classic sense; an incident that nobody wanted to happen and everybody involved sincerely deplored.

Another irony is that the behavior

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of the three parties summoned to show cause why they should not be summarily silenced was admirable, in contrast to that of those who promptly told the public all they knew about the disputed passages, thus giving them a world-wide airing they would not have received if these sections of the manuscript had been allowed to appear in context, in both magazine and book form, without a news event to focus attention upon them. Never, in any case, were supposedly secret contents of anything kept less secret. While *Look*'s and Harper's lawyers were behind closed doors defending their clients' rights to call a spade a spade, the newspapers and newsmagazines, to an orotund obbligato of "the right to know," were gleefully proclaiming it a bloody shovel. This rendered the subject of contention more than moot.

IF it was not evident before, it must be now that some brake is needed on this much-abused "right to know," comparable to the one long ago put on that other shibboleth "free speech" by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who pointed out that it should not be extended to the right to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Two of the most reputable newspapers, *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, outdid the tabloids in exposing details of the passages under dispute, in conjunction with many other disclosures, for the least of which in England they would have been in instant contempt of court. On the basis of immediate past performance, at least, it appears evident that if anybody is to be trusted to put on the brakes, by voluntary policing of their product in this respect, it is more likely to be magazines than newspapers.

But the richer irony of the affair was in the Janus-like casting of Mrs. Kennedy's lawyer, who, fresh from defending one book's right to live, against the displeasure with its disclosures evinced by a rich and willful woman, was called upon to attack another on what must have seemed uncomfortably similar grounds. Additional irony was afforded in Arthur Schlesinger's recent defense of his right to tattle on Dean Rusk by arguing the historian's privileged use of the truth, only to be followed by his assailing this privilege on Mrs. Kennedy's behalf when Mr. Manchester sought to invoke it.

The supreme irony, the cream of the tragic jest, was beyond a doubt supplied by the plaintiff herself. Not in the piquant circumstance that in her own former role as inquiring reporter-photographer for a Washington paper she had to run constant professional risks with other people's privacy—far more often than poor Mr. Manchester ever dreamed of in his relatively cloistered career until now. That's too easy, too pat. Infinitely greater is the irony of her having, from the most understandable of motives, brought about the very vulgarization of the grim story's intimate details that she went to such pains to prevent. For what horrified her as undue exposure of too personal revelation in the book's proposed serialization received global dissemination as a result of her action.

Mrs. Kennedy's privacy has been illusory, at least since 1960, and especially since 1963. She is not only a public figure; she is *the* public figure of this country today. That she is also a political figure is certainly not of her choosing, and hasn't been since the days of the 1960 campaign. But that she is, or ever will be again, a private figure is something that Mrs. Kennedy is far too intelligent to try either to believe or to contend. So she chose not to maintain that her privacy had been invaded, perhaps because she realized that in this instance its only real invader had been herself with a tape recorder. Instead she decided, as a means to protect her privacy, to invoke her property rights in the subject matter at issue.

THIS is exactly what Mary Hemingway did. However, in contrast to Jacqueline Kennedy, Mrs. Hemingway could have made a pretty good case for herself on invasion-of-privacy grounds, because she could well have maintained that although her late husband was a public figure, she herself isn't. She chose not to, and sought, rather, that equivalent of book-burning, an injunction against the publication of the Hotchner work. In both cases the contention was that the writing in question constituted a violation not of privacy rights but of property rights—in Mrs. Hemingway's view by unauthorized appropriation of material she considered hers as part of her husband's legacy; in Mrs. Kennedy's view by the failure to abide by the terms of contract. But the heart of the matter is that each made an attempt to control the truth by regarding it as private property. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that Mrs. Kennedy's attempt was not to control the truth so much as to arrange it, for a statement she issued during the case implied that the people have a right to know some of what she had told the tape recorder, but not all.

The saddest aspect of the whole affair is that everything she had hoped to have told only the way she wanted it, artistically arranged to avoid any semblance of sensationalism, was ripped out of its graciously compassionate and almost worshipfully understanding context—and broadcast in stark and ghoulish skeletal form, undergoing that worst of fates, to be summarized in newspaperese.

"How many times do I have to ask you not to phone me at work?

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3. THE PRIVATE GRIEF OF PUBLIC FIGURES

By J. H. PLUMB

HOW MUCH privacy have great men ever enjoyed? How far has it been possible to separate their public and private lives? Throughout recorded history and discernibly beyond there have been persons and families of distinction who have been known by name and fame and special status to all members of their communities. High priests, kings, Caesars, popes, emperors—all have belonged to the world in a very special sense. The kings of France dressed and undressed in public, were ceremonially fed before their court; they had an audience for their wedding night, and their wives labored in rooms crowded with nobility. Although it is true that the royal bed was railed off, the rest of the chamber would be thronged with courtiers, listening to the queen's groans, peering and peeping, joking and talking bawdily.

For royalty death was no easier than birth. The courtiers of Carlos II of Spain stood about as the doctors tried the warm entrails of a pigeon on his belly. His priests, putting more faith in San Isidro, brought his mummified remains to the bedside. Their prayers and the hushed gossip of the grandees were drowned by the chants of rival priests, who carried round the room the corpse of San Diego of Alcalá, sitting in its urn. It was not much better for Queen Caroline of England rolling in agony in her own putrefaction, whilst her husband, distracted with grief, upbraided her for looking like a dying cow. The grossly fat prime minister knelt by her side and could not get up. The Archbishop of Canterbury mumbled his prayers. The queen, still in possession of her wits, sent for the lord chancellor to make absolutely certain that Frederick, Prince of Wales, would not inherit one iota of her possessions. As she said on this deathbed, she wished him in the bottommost pit of hell. And there in the corner was little Lord Hervey, rouged, powdered, flamboyantly epicene, taking it all down and doubtless inventing what he could not quite hear. He knew he was present at a moment of history, that posterity would be wide-eyed and open-mouthed for every gory detail of the queen's death. To be royal was to live even the most intimate moments of one's life before the hostile, loving, or indifferent eyes of one's court.

And yet there was, in a sense, privacy. The court was an enclosed, narrow world. For the nation as a whole, the queen died, the prince was born; not for them the detail, the sniggering, the gossip. Lord Hervey naturally did not dare to publish his memoirs. They stayed secret generation after generation, and when at last they were sent to Windsor—to Windsor, mark you, and not to the publisher—a prudent descendant tore out and destroyed a large section which dealt probably with the sexual antics of the Prince of Wales. And until very recently always there have been circles of privacy, zones of silence, that protected the famous and the great. Even as late as 1936, England's millions lived in ignorance of Edward VIII's relationship with Mrs. Simpson, and the abdication crisis came like a thunderbolt from the blue.

Of course, privacy for princes became more difficult as mass means of communication developed. Although the Roman nobility and the cardinals might gossip about Pope Alexander VI, hinting at strange orgies and darker dabblings in incestuous sin, thousands of peasants, completely oblivious, thronged to kiss his foot in the Holy Year. A few decades later the gulf between private life and public fame was more difficult to bridge, for the printing press and the vitriolic pen of Piero Aretino had popularized the lampoon. The private lives of the great were really threatened.

The absolutist kings of Europe, of course, kept a firm hand on the press and clapped courtiers too impudent with their verses into jail or exiled them to their provincial estates. But England had a free press and the second half of the eighteenth century witnessed a remarkable and ribald outburst of satirical verse and colored cartoons that left no aspect of royal life alone. George III's madness was a matter for newspaper gossip, so were his domestic habits; and his sons' riotous sexual lives were pilloried in the press. Moreover, when George IV attempted to divorce his wife, intimate details which would now be considered, in England at least, unfit for publication, were boldly printed.

". . . public families are more than private families. They become, whether they wish it or not, a part of history."

—J. H. Plumb.

Privacy for the royal family and many public figures, oddly enough, became better protected in the late nineteenth century. To some extent this also holds for the twentieth century. No British politician has been ruined as Parnell was, although English politicians have been no less adulterous than their Victorian counterparts. And the same is true of American Presidents. It is doubtful if Woodrow Wilson's physical incapacities and utter dependence on his wife could have been so well concealed in the early nineteenth century. One odd aspect of the growth of illustrated newspapers was to check curiosity. Seeing someone almost every week opening bazaars, signing documents, greeting potentates may satiate rather than quicken curiosity. And possibly a royal image was created that no one wished to see sullied. More important, perhaps, was the sharp realization by the British monarchy that those who lived by the press could be ruined by it. They knew its dangers. Certainly, in spite of a mass press and ubiquitous photographs, the British Royal Family have been extraordinarily skillful in concealing anything they wished to if not from all, at least from millions of their people. And the

ROME.

THE MILAN-PUBLISHED magazine *Epoca*, which holds Italian rights for William Manchester's book on the Kennedy assassination, intends to respect in every way its contract with the American publishers and will make the deletions agreed upon with Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, an editorial spokesman says.

"Provision for making deletions is contained in our contract, and our policy is always to stick to the letter of contracts," the spokesman says. "We know that *Die Stern* in Germany has said it intends to publish the original manuscript as it stands, but this has no effect upon us.

"Likewise, had the injunction for which Mrs. Kennedy had planned to ask the American courts gone through, we would have withheld publication."

—ALAN MCELWAIN.

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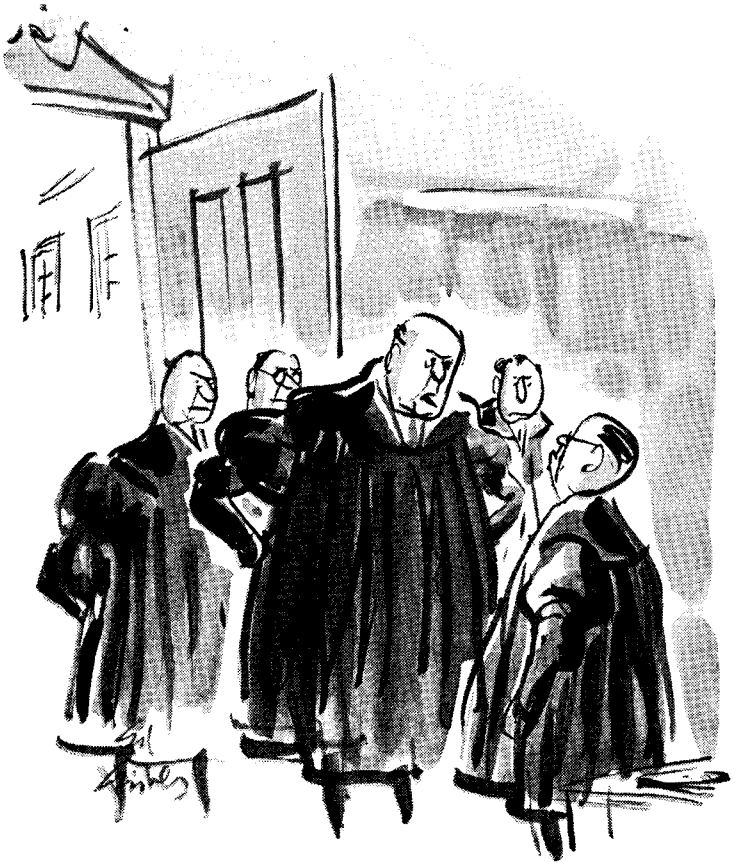
physical state of Churchill after his first stroke in Washington during World War II was carefully hidden from many of his colleagues, let alone the public.

There are strong arguments for maintaining a degree of privacy no matter how public a person may be. An open debate on Churchill's health could have done no good, only harm. His fitness for the conduct of affairs had to be judged by his doctors and colleagues—a desperately difficult decision, as Lord Moran has shown. And again it is reasonable that, within limits, the sexual predilections of men of power should be surrounded by zones of silence. Lloyd George was a warmly lecherous man, with the keen eye, quick response, and tactical skill of a master politician. But his escapades with housemaids were irrelevant to his position and quality as a statesman. On the other hand, they could have developed situations in which this aspect of Lloyd George's character could have been a matter for public concern and one in which exposure was essential. He lived on thin ice, trusted his friends, exploited his wife, and got away with it. Neither he nor the public was harmed.

The privacy of public persons must always be a hazardous frontier. Curiosity is not enough. We all feel it. We are all delighted to get "in" stories and repeat them with glee. And, of course, every eminent person must expect to live with public curiosity as in a constant guerrilla war: kings and princes and their families did in the past; Presidents and their wives must expect it in the present. Death, however, makes a vast difference.

ONCE dead, a public man must become public property, to be assessed by biographers and historians. A great deal of indignation greeted Lord Moran's revelations of Churchill's physical condition. Could he not have waited? Could he not have spared Churchill's family the pain? This seems to me absurd. Sir Winston's health was an important factor in the history of the decade after the war. And for such a family to be betrayed by oversensitivity reflects a failure to realize that public families are more than private families. They become, whether they wish it or not, a part of history. Of course, there might have been situations in Churchill's life that were best kept secret until his immediate family were dead—situations, say, of no relevance to his public role, but of interest in a purely biographical sense. Nevertheless, the decision to maintain silence must always be difficult, for curiosity about those rare creatures dwelling on the Himalayas of power can only be regarded as legitimate. And probably a catch-as-catch-can attitude is the one that ought to prevail.



"Some of us are getting mighty sick of these masterful dissents of yours, Bodgsly!"

Thus when Jacqueline Kennedy asked William Manchester to write *The Death of a President,* the risk was hers—in choice of author, in the exactitude and stringency of conditions; indeed, in what she told the author. Are there, however, stronger arguments for the invasion of private grief than the mere curiosity of the public, or failure of those in the public eye to protect themselves? One that I have heard put forward is that the Kennedys exploited the press to achieve their eminence; hence they can scarcely complain if they become the used instead of the user. Not very convincing.

A better argument is that President Kennedy was a figure of history; therefore every fact about him is worthy of record. In a sense this is true, but its application is fraught with danger, for facts too can lie, and even history can mislead unless it is very carefully and sensitively handled. How his children, for example, reacted to his death is utterly irrelevant to any historical question that is ever likely to be asked. Childish utterances could be true, yet in the hands of an accomplished writer be easily made to mislead. Actions or words, the result of sudden intolerable grief, torn out of context, might also be valid, but, high pointed by dexterous use of literary techniques, carry far more meaning than they should and so lead to a distortion of history rather than to its illumination. About anything so dramatically tragic as the assassination of the President there is always the danger that the concept that every fact about him belongs to history may be used to cloak sensationalism for its own sake. Historians certainly do not require minor incidents at the airfield to demonstrate the arrogance and insensitivity of LBJ or the combative spirit of some of the Kennedys. Of course, one would like to have such incidents recorded, to be able to use them sooner or later to decorate a paragraph or point a sentence, but if their revelation is going to cause pain and bitterness, or add to a sorrow that has been deep enough for anyone to bear, then to wait ten, twenty, thirty years would be a matter of indifference for any historian. And the demands of history cannot be used as an excuse for such exposure. For journalists, of course, it is another matter—their trade is all-in wrestling.

Seen in perspective, the privacy of public figures is still greater than one might expect even if, at times, it is less than they might desire. It has always been a battle from the days when kings, visiting their mistresses, put on disguise to elude their courtiers, and it always will be. But let us have no hypocrisy about it. More often than not such battles have had nothing whatsoever to do with the needs of history.

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4. THE LEGAL RIGHT TO PRIVACY

By ARNOLD L. FEIN

IN 1883, Samuel D. Warren, a Boston blue-blood and the law partner of Louis D. Brandeis, married a lady of similar background. They entertained extensively in their exclusive Back Bay home. A local newspaper began to report their social events in sensational detail, much to Warren's annoyance. His discussions with Brandeis resulted in their article "The Right of Privacy" in the *Harvard Law Review* of December 15, 1890. The two great lawyers wrote in professional style for professionals in the law, teachers, students, scholars, practitioners, and legislators. They are said to have added a chapter to the law. Without doubt they provided and furnished the arsenal for the battles to protect the fortress of privacy.

They posed the issue in a portion of the article, phrased as though written for our day:

> The press is overstepping in every direction the obvious bounds of propriety and decency. Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and the vicious, but has become a trade, which is pursued with industry as well as effrontery. To satisfy a prurient taste the details of sexual relations are spread broadcast in the columns of the daily papers. To occupy the indolent, column upon column is filled with idle gossip, which can only be procured by invasion upon the domestic circle.

Again, as though writing in 1966, they suggested the need for solitude and privacy in the face of the increasing intensity and complexity of life and the intrusions of modern enterprise and invention. It is not without irony to note that they wrote in the comparatively early days of the camera and before the advent of radio, the movies, television, wire-tapping, and the like. They concluded, after an analysis of the precedents, that the law recognized a right of privacy, the protection of one's private feelings, the right to be let alone—and they sought to define its limits.

The Kennedy-Manchester controversy indicates some of the dimensions of the problem. However, the legal propriety of Manchester's book is at this writing before the courts and is accordingly not an appropriate subject for discussion. Moreover, the issue appears to be in large part dependent on the meaning of the agreements and the communications between the parties.

That the law now recognizes and protects the right of privacy is beyond doubt. Recognition has come by statute in some states and by judicial decision in others. In New York, with which this article is mainly concerned, the basis is New York Civil Rights Law Sections 50 and 51 making it a misdemeanor to use for advertising or trade purposes the name, portrait, or picture of any living person without written consent, and authorizing the issuance of an injunction to restrain such use and the recovery of damages for injuries sustained by reason of such use.

The statute was adopted because of press and public outcry over a 1902 decision of the New York Court of Appeals that there was no right of privacy in New York which would prohibit a flour-milling company from using in its advertising without her consent the picture of a young lady, surrounded by the words "Flour of the Family" and the name of the product and its produce. Claiming she had been humiliated and become ill because of the display of 25,000 such pictures in stores, warehouses, saloons, and elsewhere, she sued for damages and an injunction, both of which were denied.

Strangely enough, *The New York Times* led the editorial onslaught which resulted in adoption of the statute designed to overcome the result of the decision, although shortly before the decision the opposition of the press had defeated a bill that would have accomplished the purpose of the legislation subsequently adopted.

A year or two later, again in New York, a young lady whose picture was taken for her private use found it being displayed for advertising purposes. She was permitted to recover damages against the company so using the picture, the Court of Appeals holding that the statute enacted was not unconstitutional.

Thus far we have dealt only with private persons. What of public officials, politicians, lawyers, writers, actors, singers, prominent business or professional men and women, well-known philanthropists, and others whose activity, calling, or mode of life makes them public figures? And what is meant by trade or advertising?

The Supreme Court of the United States has recently held that a public official may not recover damages in a libel action against a newspaper critical in its columns of his official conduct. The democratic system, with freedom of speech and press, is premised upon a profound commitment to uninhibited, robust, caustic, and wide-open debate. Although this was a libel case, the principle would be equally applicable in a right-of-privacy case. The politician, the candidate, the public official all put their lives upon the line. Such a man's right of privacy is probably limited to those matters that have no conceivable legitimate connection with his public role, office, or candidacy. The conflict is obviously between the public's right to know via freedom of press and speech, and the individual's right of privacy.

"In the public interest, the factual reporting of newsworthy persons and events overrides the right of privacy, statutory or otherwise. The fictional does not." ***—Arnold L. Fein.***

The same principle applies, although perhaps to a lesser degree, to other public figures, whether they be such by choice or involuntarily. The legitimate public interest outbalances the right of privacy. Thus the orchestral conductor Serge Koussevitzky, who was working on his autobiography, could not prevent a prominent music critic from writing an unauthorized biography about him, even though it was alleged to contain some misstatements. Nor could Koussevitzky prevent the use of photographs of himself in the book and its advertisements. Said the court, the great public character

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of his own volition dedicates to the public the right of any fair portrayal of himself.

But the portrayal must not be essentially fictional. In the public interest, the factual reporting of newsworthy persons and events overrides the right of privacy, statutory or otherwise. The fictional does not.

THERE was the older case of *Binns vs. The Vitagraph Co.* Binns was a telegraph operator on the steamship *Republic,* which came into collision with another steamship at sea. His use of the wireless to bring aid to his ship resulted in the saving of hundreds of lives, the first such use of wireless telegraphy. Vitagraph prepared a scenario, built around news reports in the daily press. It prepared stage sets representing the captain's cabin, the wireless room, etc., and assigned various actors to the parts, including the role of Binns. A large number of motion picture films were made on this basis, entitled *John R. Binns the Wireless Operator, Jack Binns and His Good American Smile,* etc. Actual pictures of Binns were utilized at a few places in the series and in the advertising, together with his name. Binns was held entitled to an injunction and damages. Although based on fact, the pictures were essentially fiction purporting to be fact. Binns's name and picture were being used without permission for purposes of trade, violating the statute. This was not the permissible simple and direct news reporting in which Binns was an incidental or even the main character.

Use of one's name or photograph in connection with an article of current news or immediate public interest is not inhibited, unless there is only a tenuous connection and no legitimate relationship to the news item, educational article, or immediate public interest. Publication is also permissible, without consent or even over objection, where there is a genuine public interest involving historic or well-known personages, items of past news, surveys of social conditions, or a man's life.

William James Sidis was a child prodigy of eleven in 1910. His name and achievements were widely publicized in the press. For the next five years he lectured to distinguished mathematicians and others. He was graduated from Harvard College at sixteen, amid considerable public attention. He then dropped from sight, having chosen a career as an insignificant clerk and deliberately sought the obscurity and seclusion of a private citizen. Under the title "Where Are They Now?" and the subtitle "April Fool," Sidis having been born on April 1, *The New Yorker* published an article in 1937 that detailed Sidis's life, character, and habits and concluded with an interview at his current lodgings, "a hall bedroom of Boston's shabby South End." Sidis sued in the federal court, invoking the law of several states in which the magazine was circulated that recognized the right of privacy. The court held he had no remedy, either under the New York statute or the case law of the other states. Although neither a politician, statesman, nor current public figure, he had once been a public figure, a person concerning whom there was legitimate public interest of an intellectual nature. It was a matter of proper public concern, the court held, as to whether this earlier public figure had fulfilled his youthful promise. The article was factual. Sidis was no longer a "voluntary" public figure, but he had earlier been one. This the court found was enough. His desire for obscurity was no bar.

The author of a letter and his legal representatives after his death have the sole right to permit or withhold its publication, except that it may be used by the addressee when required or justified to establish his rights in a lawsuit or to protect himself against aspersions or misrepresentations by the writer. There is a "common-law copyright"—the right of an author or proprietor of an unpublished literary work to first publication or to withhold publication. Does that right protect tape recordings and conversations with others from publication in whole or in part by the other party? The issue is not free from doubt. Nor is the picture clear with respect to private tape recordings of telephone conversations, frequently made without knowledge or consent of the speaker on the other end.

THE right of privacy continues to be delineated. No precise lines can be drawn. The continuing development of easy and swift means of communication changes the nature of the problem almost daily. The conflict between the right of privacy and the right to know is obvious. The resolution of any particular cases of the conflict provides a point of departure for the next. There are no final answers nor can there be. The need to protect both rights is manifest. Marking out the shadowy borderline is one of the prices of a free society.

"When S. Hurok stages a happening, then I'll go see a happening!"

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5. THE AUTHOR'S RIGHT TO WRITE

By IRWIN KARP

THE KENNEDY-MANCHESTER dispute raises a fundamental question that should concern authors, publishers, and the public: does the Constitution prohibit the courts from enforcing a right-of-approval contract when author and publisher move to issue the book without obtaining the required consent?

The question does not assume that William Manchester breached his agreement. But if the Constitution bars suits to enforce such a contract, a court would never decide whether a breach had occurred. It would have to dismiss the suit at the outset, breach or no breach. And if the Constitution bars this type of litigation everyone would be better off. Authors and publishers could not be compelled to suppress portions of their work. The "subjects" of future books, forewarned of the consequences, would not give authors intimate details they did not wish exposed to public view, thus effectively protecting their right of privacy. The press would be relieved of its present, painful duty of disclosing the very material a plaintiff sues to keep from being published. And the public's right to have freedom of speech and press kept untrammeled would be preserved.

It is likely that the Supreme Court, following a twenty-year-old precedent, would rule that the First and Fourteenth Amendments bar courts from restraining publication of a book which has not obtained the approval required by a contract and also bar them from awarding damages for violation of the right of approval.

The Court may not deal with the issue for years. But the possibility that the right of free speech may take precedence over private contract rights should be aired before the next suit; in fact, before the next contract is signed. Considering it prospectively, rather than during an emotional litigation, might dissipate the notion that there is something unfair about preserving freedom of speech and press. Some of the "let's have no First Amendment nonsense" editorials reflected that attitude: Mrs. Kennedy would not have disclosed the material she objected to had her legal advisor foreseen that the Constitution might nullify her right of approval; therefore, the First Amendment should not prevent her from enforcing that right.

DESPITE Mr. Manchester's harrowing experience, other authors will sign right-of-approval contracts; and there will be more suits. Mrs. Kennedy's success in compelling *Look* to make deletions will itself induce subjects or sources of future biographies or authorized histories to demand rights of approval. Further stimulus may come from comments by New York's Appellate Division in the suit brought by Warren Spahn, under the state's right of privacy law, against the author and publisher of an unauthorized biography. Affirming an injunction against the book, and an award of damages to Mr. Spahn, the court said: "If the publication . . . by intention, purport or format is neither factual nor historical, the [right of privacy] statute applies and if the subject is a living person his written consent must be obtained." It also said that "the consent . . . can be avoided by writing *strictly factual* biographies."

An unauthorized biography may not be "strictly factual." It may contain honest errors of fact, and there is no rule for determining how many are allowed before it ceases being "strictly factual." The court's comments may impel cautious publishers to seek consents for potentially controversial biographies. Obviously, the subject will demand the right of approval before giving his consent. (Equally obvious: if he doesn't like what he reads, he will sue to enforce that right.) Actually, the *Spahn* case involved considerably more than factual errors or distortions; the court found that the biography was larded with "dramatization, imagined dialogue, manipulated chronologies, and fictionalization of events." But until subsequent opinions make it clear that fictionalization (and not factual inaccuracy) is really what the court held to violate the privacy statute, a nervous publisher may take the court's *dicta* at face value and seek consent for any book that may not be "strictly factual."

Obviously, while it costs nothing to preach that an author should never grant the right of approval, it may be more difficult to follow this advice. Writing is a precarious profession. It is not easy for an author to turn down a book that may have the potential of financial success. The temptation will be harder to resist when it is suggested that the pitfalls of the Kennedy-Manchester memorandum could be avoided by more careful drafting. The memorandum leaves room for improvement, and more protection could be provided for an author.

BUT once an author signs such a contract, no matter how well drawn, he hands the other party a weapon that can be used to suppress his book. It makes no difference that he may have complied, or thought he had complied, with the agreement. If the subject wants material deleted he can commence a suit. Often this will be enough to compel the requested changes. Litigation may threaten costly delays in publication, entail heavy expenses for defense and (unless the First Amendment bars it) create some risk of an injunction or a judgment for damages. Any of these factors may bring sufficient pressure on the author to capitulate, even though he might ultimately win on the merits. As the Supreme Court emphasized in *New York Times Co. vs. Sullivan*, the fear of damage awards in private suits and the costs of defending against them "may be markedly more inhibiting" on free speech than the fear of prosecution under a criminal statute.

It may be asked, why should the First Amendment protect an author or publisher who voluntarily signs a contract giving others the right to determine whether the book should be published? If they choose to surrender their freedom to publish, why should the courts

". . . the possibility that the right of free speech may take precedence over private contract rights should be aired before the next suit; in fact, before the next contract is signed."

—Irwin Karp.

Although Irwin Karp is legal representative for the Authors' League of America, this article expresses only his personal opinion.

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restore that freedom to them? The answer is that the First Amendment guaranties of free speech and free press are not personal privileges granted to an author or publisher for his private benefit. The First Amendment secures freedom of speech and press for the benefit of the community at large, to ensure that unfettered discussion of issues which is the fundamental condition of a democratic society. It is not in the public interest that authors and publishers be permitted to abdicate those freedoms by private contract.

A right-of-approval contract can be used as a potent instrument for private censorship. It can force deletion of historical or political opinions that are offensive or inconvenient to the subject. It can suppress material the author obtained from other sources, or his own opinions. And it can be used to suppress material that would not violate the subject's rights under state privacy statutes. As the New York Court of Appeals emphasized in the Spahn case, "in balance with the legitimate public interest, the law affords [a public person's] privacy little protection." Moreover, a contract-given right of approval is not necessary to enforce one's right under the privacy laws.

IT seems clear that the public's interest in preserving freedom of speech and press, for its benefit, is inconsistent with the enforcement of a contract in which author and publisher surrender that right and submit themselves to private censorship. Refusal by the courts to enforce such contracts is the only effective way to prevent them. And such refusal is by no means unusual; courts frequently decline to enforce private and voluntary contracts if they run contrary to some aspect of public policy.

Moreover, once the dispute reaches a court and it is asked to issue an order enjoining publication of the book, a new problem is presented. The question now is whether the state, acting through the court, may suppress publication of the book. This is the nub of the Constitutional issue under the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

In 1947 the Supreme Court set aside injunctions issued to prevent the breach of voluntary and lawful private agreements. The case was *Shelley vs. Kraemer*. The agreements were restrictive covenants prohibiting the sale of property to Negroes, agreements which were then lawful. The court said that "the restrictive covenants standing alone cannot be regarded as violative of any rights guarantied to the petitioners by the Fourteenth Amendment. So long as the purposes of these agreements are effectuated by voluntary adherence to their terms, it would appear clear that there has been no action by the state and the provisions of the Amendment have not been violated."

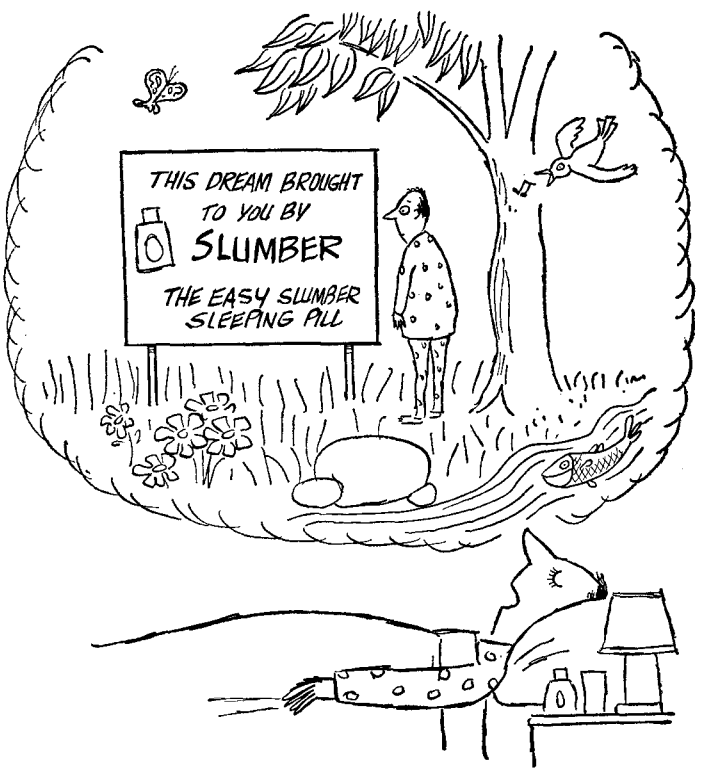
But, said the court, the Fourteenth Amendment prohibits the state from imposing such restrictions on the ownership of property. It ruled that an order of the court enforcing the agreements and enjoining their violation was an act of the state, prohibited by the Fourteenth Amendment. It said that such a court order, in a private suit, was as much forbidden by the Constitution as would be an act of the legislature barring the sale of property to Negroes. In 1952 the Supreme Court went one step further and held (in *Barrows vs. Jackson*) that state courts were also barred by the Fourteenth Amendment from granting damages for the breach of such agreements.

THE right to own property free from discriminatory restrictions is but one of the rights protected by the Fourteenth Amendment. It also prohibits the states from restricting the rights of free speech and press, guaranteed by the First Amendment. Applying the 1947 opinion, a court order enjoining publication of a book to prevent breach of a contractual right of approval (or granting damages for the breach) would constitute a state restraint on freedom of publication—a restraint the state, and its courts, are prohibited from imposing by the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

Furthermore, the court cited as precedent for the decision prior opinions in which it reversed orders that enforced "common-law policy of the state" because they restricted the Constitutional "guaranties of freedom of discussion."

In addition to the Supreme Court's opinion in *Shelley vs. Kraemer*, there is the traditional refusal of courts to enjoin the publication of allegedly libelous works. For example, in a 1946 libel suit against *PM*, the New York Supreme Court said: "The exercise of equitable jurisdiction to enjoin the publication of a libel is repugnant to the democratic tradition. The judicial restraint of the written or spoken word implies the concept of censorship, unprecedented in our jurisprudence. The Constitutional guaranty of a free speech and a free press may not be thus circumscribed." If courts will not enjoin publication to protect the right not to be libeled, will they do so to protect rights under a contract?

The ultimate paradox is that litigation can destroy the very protection a right-of-approval contract is supposed to provide. A Constitutional barrier to these agreements would not only safeguard freedom of discussion; it would also lead the subjects of future biographies and authorized histories to use more effective means of preserving the privacy of material too intimate to be published now. The First Amendment does not compel anyone to disclose information to an author; it does not prevent anyone from making his own record of intimate information for future historians, without using authors as intermediaries.



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The Poetry of Tu Fu

By KENNETH REXROTH

TU FU, it has been said, is the greatest non-epic, nondramatic poet who has survived in any language. This is certainly true, but it dodges the issue—what kind of poet is Tu Fu? Not epic, not dramatic, but not in any accepted sense lyric, either. Many of his poems, along with others of the T'ang Dynasty, have been sung from that day (the eighth century A. D.) to this, and although the insistent rhythms, rhymes, and tonal patterns of Chinese verse are lost in free verse translation so that we do not realize how musical even the most irregular Chinese verse is (the most irregular, curiously enough, owes its very irregularity to the fact that it was written to preexisting melodies), almost none of Tu Fu's verse is lyric in the sense that the songs of Shakespeare, Thomas Campion, Goethe, or Sappho are lyric. Rather, his is a poetry of reverie, comparable to Leopardi's *L'Infinito*—which might well be a translation from the Chinese—or to the better sonnets of Wordsworth.

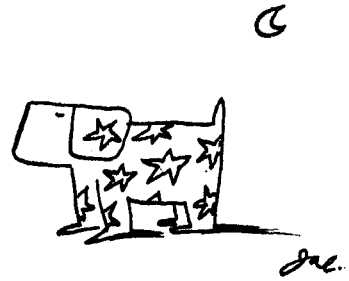
This kind of elegiac reverie has become the principal form of modern poetry, as poetry has ceased to be a public art and has become, as Whitehead said of religion, "What man does with his aloneness." It is this convergence of sensibilities across the barriers of time, space, and culture that accounts for the great popularity of Chinese poetry in translation today and for its profound influence on all major modern American poets. In addition, Tu Fu, although he was by no means "alienated" and at war with society like Baudelaire, was in fact cut off from it and spent his life—after a brief career as a high official of Ming Huang, the Bright Emperor—as a wandering exile. His poetry is saturated with the exile's nostalgia, and the abiding sense of the pathos of glory and power. He also shares with Baudelaire and Sappho, his only competitors in the West, an exceptionally exacerbated sensibility, acute past belief.

Tu Fu is not faultless. As court censor—a kind of tribune of the patricians—under Su-tsung, the son of Ming Huang, he seems to have been a cantankerous courtier. He took his sinecure job seriously, and, an unregenerate believer in the Confucian classics, he proceeded to admonish the Emperor on his morals and foreign policy. He was dismissed and spent the rest of his life wandering over China. He stayed longest in his famous grass hut in the suburbs of Ch'eng Tu in Szechwan. As the dynasty disintegrated and China entered on an interregnum, a time of troubles, he started wandering again, slowly down the great river, always longing for the capital. His last years were spent on a houseboat, and there, at fifty-nine, he died, possibly from overexposure during a flood and storm.

THIS is a troubled enough life, but Tu Fu writes of it with a melancholy that often verges on self-pity. He is a valetudinarian. By the time he was thirty, he was calling himself a white-haired old man. He always speaks of his home as a grass hut and presents himself as being very poor. Actually, though his various houses were thatched, they were probably quite palatial, and he seems never to have relinquished ownership of any of them and always to have drawn revenue from the farms attached to them. He had the mildest literary affection for his wife, whom he did not see for many years. He wrote no love poems to women, but like most of his caste, he had his passionate relationships with men.

Much of this is just convention, the accepted tone of Chinese poetry of the scholar-gentry. Tu Fu's faults are microscopic in comparison to the blemishes that cover Baudelaire like blankets. Behind Baudelaire's carapace is a sensibility always struggling for transcendence. In Tu Fu the vision of spiritual reality is immanent and suffuses every item presented to the senses. Behind the conventions, behind the faults which make him human and kin to all of us, are a wisdom and humanness as profound as Homer's.

No other great poet is as completely secular as Tu Fu. He comes from a more mature, more sane culture than Homer, and it is not even necessary for him to say that the gods, the abstractions from the forces of nature and the passions of men, are frivolous, lewd, vicious, quarrelsome, and cruel, and that only the steadfastness of human loyalty, magnanimity, compassion, redeem the night-bound world. For Tu Fu the realm of being and value is not bifurcated. The Good, the True, and the Beautiful are not an absolute, set over against an inchoate reality that always struggles, unsuccessfully, to approximate the pure value of the absolute. Reality is dense, all one being. Values are the way we see things. This is the essence of the Chinese world view, which overrides even the most ethereal Buddhist philosophizing and distinguishes it from its Indian sources.



Tu Fu is far from being a philosophical poet in the ordinary sense, yet no Chinese poetry embodies more fully the Chinese sense of the unbreakable wholeness of reality. The quality is the quantity, the value is the fact; the metaphor, the symbols, are not conclusions drawn from the images, they are the images themselves in concrete relationship. It is this immediacy of utterance that had made Chinese poetry so popular with modern Western poets.

The concept of the poetic situation is itself a major factor in almost all Chinese poems of any period. Chinese poets are not rhetorical, they do not talk about the material of poetry or philosophize abstractly about life—they present a scene and an action. "The north wind tears the banana leaves." It is South China in the autumn. "A lonely goose flies south across the setting sun." Autumn again, and evening. "Smoke rises from the rose jade animal to the painted rafters." A palace. "She toys idly with the strings of an inlaid lute." A concubine. "Suddenly one snaps beneath her jeweled fingers." She is tense and tired of waiting for her master. This is not the subject matter, but it is certainly the method, of almost all the poets of the modern, international idiom, whether Pierre Reverdy or Francis Jammes, Edwin Muir or William Carlos Williams, Quasimodo or the early—and, to my taste best—poems of Rilke.

If Isaiah is the greatest of all religious poets, then Tu Fu is irreligious. But to me his is the only religion likely to survive the Time of Troubles that is closing out the twentieth century. It can be understood and appreciated only by the application of what Albert Schweitzer called "reverence for life." What is, is what is holy. I have translated a considerable amount of his poetry and I have saturated myself with him for forty years. He has made me a better man, a more sensitive perceiving organism—as well as, I hope, a better poet. His poetry answers out of hand the question that worries estheticians and critics, "What is poetry for?" What his poetry does superlatively is what is the purpose of all art.

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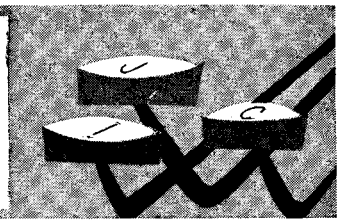
Manner of Speaking



Happy New Orbit, 1967: Chaos came to the Ciardis with a moving van this year. Instead of doing our Christmas shopping, we spent December putting our lives into boxes, having them hauled across town, and digging into them again. In the confusion we even forgot to sell the house we were leaving. If anyone happens to be looking for a house in New Jersey, I happen to have an extra one.

By New Year's Day we had the first floor of our lives unpacked, the second floor half in and half out of mislabeled boxes, and the attic piled high with as much of ourselves as could be deferred until we found the energy to go looking for it.

I made a deal with my monsters to settle for Christmas-in-cash, and by the time we had reached a settlement, any impartial observer would have classified Jimmy Hoffa as a sissy when it comes to negotiating wage hikes and fringe benefits. This is no nickle-and-dime generation, friend. If you did not get a Christmas card—and you did not—blame the children: By the time I had met their terms and set aside the change for paying the movers, I was left without the price of postage stamps, my credit line at the local bank was "subscribed in full," January 15 was following fast, and the revenuers were following faster.

So one more time around the littered orbit, and a Happy New Year to all who can make it. If we can't be entirely sure it goes well here, we are yet left the reassurance of feeling the terms of our chaos grow familiar, identifiable, and even partly predictable. True, we cannot describe it, much less define it. But we begin to have an ear for it, an awareness like that emergent sense of response one may observe in a student who cannot phrase a difference between neoclassicism and Romanticism, for example, but who grows more and more accurate at identifying the sound of one or the other in spot-passages.

Like that student, I am not ready for my final examination. I just don't know what world it is we are whirling into it but I am beginning to pick up the sounds of it.

My first venture away from the still unpacked boxes and into 1967 was a patriotic tour of flight duty with the Civilian Air Reserve. There, as already noted, loomed January 15, and out beyond the wild blue yonder lay the lecture circuit. Off I went by jetline to a series of benefit performances for the widows and orphans of Internal Revenue.

My personal branch of the Civilian Air Reserve specializes in just this sort of nostalgic, selfless, and self-perpetuating madness. It is nostalgic because, with a little self-delusion, I can pretend that I am once more what I never was to begin with, and that fearless Sergeant Ciardi rides again. It is selfless because it is all for my country, not a cent of the take remaining stuck to my willing fingers. And it is self-perpetuating because once I have given the revenuers the total take, I must then sign up for another tour in order to get the money with which to pay the taxes on the money I used to pay my taxes.

How can any man claim to know what world it is that runs to such auditing? But I am beginning to learn the sound of it. I am sure, moreover, that the key concept here is "self-perpetuation," and as I approach it, I have a sure sense—if only as a subliminal tingle—that I am trembling on the brink of defining some part of whatever orbit we have been flung to. For an orbit, too, is a sort of self-perpetuation. It is a way of falling *in* so fast that the orbiter falls *around* instead. Such terms may dismay the mathematician, but I mean to defend them as emotionally accurate.

I was hardly off the ground at Newark, still climbing from the unbreathable pollution of New Jersey to the unbreathable cold above, and verified against both by the fact that I was on this side of pressurization, when our airline hostess gave me another sound for it.

All jet passengers know that ritual in which one hostess stands at the forward end of the compartment pantomiming with an oxygen mask, while another gives an intercom spiel on how to use the gizmo "in the unlikely event of sudden loss of pressure."

The intercom spieler never explains why a slow leak might not produce an anoxia as effective as that following a sudden blow, but "sudden" is firmly written into the spiel and I have long since explained it to my own satisfaction. The airlines, I am persuaded, simply lack a vocabulary for what comes creeping. Their mental set is all toward speed. They are left, therefore, with no conception of disaster except as it comes with a bang. And that thought, too—whatever thought it turns out to be—is firmly of the tonalities that speak this orbit.

I am no more than an amateur grammarian of motives, but I accept the sounds of that hostess as a true voice of our times. What she is reciting is a memorized version of nothing-much-said as part of a legally enforced requirement that may, perhaps, make some sense in bureaucratic theory, but none in fact. She has, moreover, recited her spiel so many times that the words have fallen away from it and only the spiel itself remains, like the formulae of legal language, or like church Latin, or like the Hebrew so many American Jewish boys memorize phonetically in preparation for their *bar mitzvah*, learning a series of approximate sounds for the letters they cannot read of a language they cannot understand. The laws of all institutionalization sooner or later shift away from their original connection with a described world toward the reification of the describing words.

Nor do we tend to question the emptiness of such formalities. The less substantial the space through which we whirl in orbit, the less frictional heat will be generated. Why contest the vacuity of space when our one object is to avoid calamitous re-entry for as long as possible?

This is no question of wrong or right but of duration. The error that lasts longest is the right.

And whether she knew it or not, it was our intercom hostess who gave me the terms for it. Perhaps it had been a big New Year's party back there on Terra, and its aftereffects made her wobble off the memorized tracks of her spiel. Or perhaps she had simply memorized it wrong to begin with. For whatever reason, it was she who provided me with the essential language for the orbital condition.

SHE had finished explaining from what cabinets the masks of emergency would descend (her pantomimist pointed to them) and how to slip the masks over our heads (her pantomimist showed us), and she concluded with her own version of the law.

"Place oxygen masks over nose and mouth," she said, "and breathe normally until instructed further."

Happy orbits, friend. May your reentry lie far beyond. May your pressurization never be lost to unlikely event. Meanwhile, enjoy the ride and learn to breathe normally until instructed further. I don't know what to wish you when you reach the point of further instructions. All I wish for is meanwhiles: May yours be for breathing normally, perhaps even hopefully, though obviously against the odds.

But don't forget to look at the sun on those clouds. This side of being born, could you ever have imagined such a radiance?

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Sports as an Integrator

IT HAS BEEN exactly twenty years since Jackie Robinson broke the color line in major league baseball. Branch Rickey signed Robinson as an infielder to play at Montreal in the International League in 1946 but it wasn't until early in 1947 that Jackie came to the Dodger training camp to tune up for one of the most dramatic and fruitful steps the American Negro had taken since the Civil War toward social integration. That Jackie Robinson made full use of the opportunity to break through the big league color line is now so deep in history that many forget how important he and Branch Rickey were to the cause. Jackie went on to win the National League batting title and become its Most Valuable Player. He hit .309 during his ten major league years and was the first of his race to be elected to the Hall of Fame.

Professional football, helped along by Jackie Robinson's success, soon became one of the most fully integrated sports in America. Not only did the NFL quickly snatch up the best Negro players but pro football crowds turned heavily Negro and have remained so since. Because it is all but impossible to segregate ticket-holders, the integration of football crowds in touchy border cities was immediately accomplished and is now so commonplace, even in Atlanta and other Deep South cities where regular and exhibition games are played, that contagious forms of integration have come more easily. In Baltimore, for instance, Frank Robinson's sensational baseball year that led to the Orioles' first pennant and world championship opened to nonwhite clientele a great many local taverns, bars, and hotels that probably would have been kept segregated in a state highly conscious of its Southern neighbors.

On the playing field, every major league baseball team now has its Negro stars, and some teams, such as the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Chicago White Sox, often field a preponderance of nonwhite players. In pro football, almost one-fourth—137—of the 560 players under contract to NFL teams last season were Negroes. Ten years ago the figure was 58 players out of 406, or 14 per cent. As the leagues expand, so will nonwhite opportunity and public socializing.

THAT brings us to New Orleans, a city which in the past has often been laggard regarding racial matters but has recently been granted an NFL franchise and has quickly made good use of it to take an enormous integration step for the Deep South. Less than two years ago New Orleans was boycotted by Negro athletes who charged the city with the whole calendar of segregation practices. Seventeen Negro players, led by Cookie Gilchrist and Ernie Warlick of the Buffalo Bills, refused to take part in the American Football League's all-star game in the Sugar Bowl on January 16, 1965. The game had to be shifted and it ended up in Houston, leaving behind it a black eye that took many months of reasoning on both sides to eradicate. For those in New Orleans who wanted a pro football franchise for the city, all hope seemed to have vanished. But hope has a way of bouncing back—which is what the word means anyway.

When the NFL accepted New Orleans as its sixteenth football club late last year, John W. Mecom, Jr., the majority stockholder and a wealthy Texan from Houston, was asked to accept eighteen men from Louisiana as minority stockholders, and this he was happy to do. Among these stockholders are C.C. Dejoie, publisher of a Negro newspaper in New Orleans, the *Louisiana Weekly*; and Norman Francis, assistant to the president of Xavier University, a Roman Catholic institution founded originally for Negroes. Mr. Dejoie and Mr. Francis are the only Negroes who can claim part ownership of an NFL team, and New Orleans is, therefore, the first in the NFL to include Negroes on its football club board. Such quick and exciting progress regarding racial matters raises it now, with Atlanta, to the forefront of the tremendous social revolution throbbing in the Deep South and everywhere else.

THE world of sport has now become, along with the Supreme Court decisions, the civil rights movement, the exploding postwar economy, and world opinion, an undeniable force in moving the United States toward full integration. Negro tennis players such as Althea Gibson and Arthur Ashe have broken down stuffy artificial clubhouse barriers as long-enduring as any in sport. Charles Sifford is making a name for himself—and his race's benefit—in professional golf, breaking into locker rooms that had never before seen a dark face except on the shoeshine boy. College swimming teams are turning up with nonwhite participants for the first time, though the ban on Negroes at many a public and private beach or natatorium has taken its subtle toll through lack of practice time and proficiency. That won't take long to fix once nonwhites have available equal instruction and the endless hours of swimming drudgery that the sport requires of champions. Professional basketball has almost literally been taken over by nonwhite players, Oscar Robertson and Wilt Chamberlain foremost among them. College basketball's latest sensation, Lew Alcindor of UCLA, will undeniably be the next super-great in the NBA, while high schools, especially in the great cities, are often represented nowadays by five Negroes in the five positions of a basketball team.

These facts cannot fail to break down barriers. The New Orleans football club board membership is the latest and most dramatic breakthrough, but it won't be the last, for sports is one of the most responsive of many integrating mechanisms now active in the great social revolution.

—R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Twenties

REGARDING ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S article "There Was Something About the Twenties" [*SR*, Dec. 31], Mr. MacLeish appears to be interested in only half of the present crisis of consciousness. His tradition of "belief in man," running through pagan, Renaissance, and Enlightenment writers, has until now been balanced by another tradition, though one which has had far less impact on American thought. We might call it, with all the embarrassment characteristic of our time, the belief in God. Doesn't the fact that the two have always been in cycle suggest part of the trouble?

C. JOHN SOMMERVILLE.

Iowa City, Ia.

MR. MACLEISH'S article is superb. I can't resist expressing the analogy that I suppose he implied: As the thesis-writing interrogator insists upon painting a false picture of the Twenties, so the writers described by Miss Sontag insist upon painting a false picture of man. . . . Just as some magazines a few decades ago would not publish a story without a happy ending, so most "serious" publishers now will not publish anything that has a happy ending—anything, that is, that shows man as capable of dignity.

DONALD F. MORTLAND,
Unity Institute of
Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Unity, Me.

MR. MACLEISH guesses wrong. He is misquoting, not Yeats, but his own fellow expatriate, Ernest Hemingway, who wrote, in the final reminiscent chapter of *Death in the Afternoon* (1932): "The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after."

MARTIN SHOCKLEY,
Professor of English,
North Texas State University.

Denton, Tex.

The Quality of Decency

BRAVO TO N.C.'s "Christmas in Vietnam" editorial [*SR*, Dec. 10]. But how do we convince the Administration that there *is* a "reality of human decency and common sense"? Especially toward foreigners.

L. GORDON LEE.

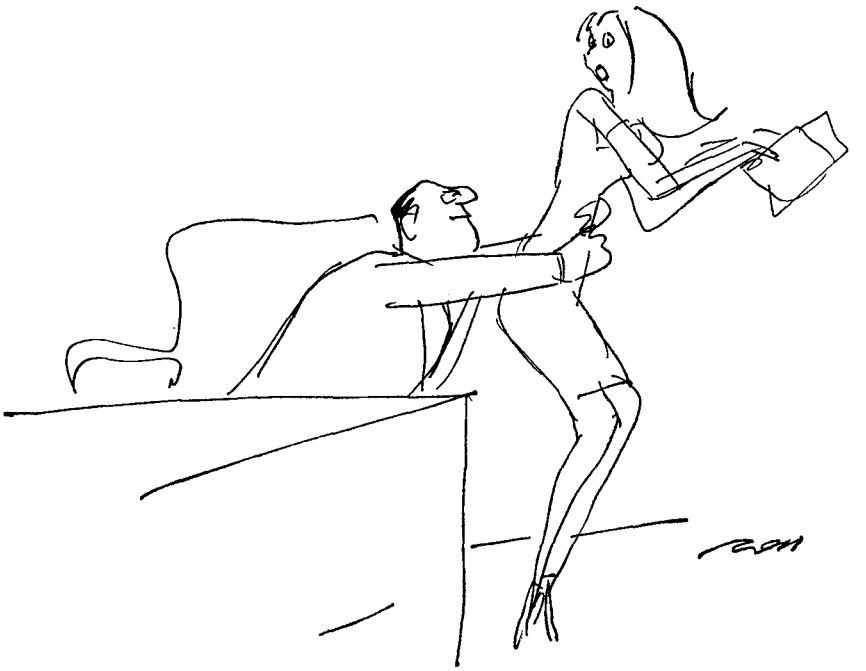
State College, Pa.

Department Store Art

KATHARINE KUH'S article, "Art Over the Counter" [*SR*, Dec. 31], seems to me a most straightforward discussion of how the public is being fooled. In our present seeking of culture the average person relies on the advertisements, art critics, and exhibitions made available. As Mrs. Kuh explains, the truth is being falsely represented and the uninformed have little recourse.

ROBERT C. BARTH.

Doylestown, Pa.



"But, Mr. Wilkins, I thought you hated Republicans!"

KATHARINE KUH'S article is too pedantic and too critical of a fine attempt to bring art to many people who would ordinarily never expose themselves to the somber halls of museums and art galleries.

The Bamberger Exhibition in Newark has been placed in a setting which is available to multitudes. The Bamberger firm has a community conscience which should not be spurned but should be encouraged.

JEAN C. ZACHER.

Elkins Park, Pa.

The American Film

REGARDING your special report, "The American Motion Picture: 1966" [*SR*, Dec. 24]: Some years ago I did research in the Library of Congress on early American motion picture films for *Life*. I was shown prints of the following "firsts": dramatic—Mary Pickford in *The New York Hat*; crime—*The Great Train Robbery*; humor—*The Barber Shop*; newsreels—*The Klondyke Rush*, San Francisco, and *McKinley's Funeral*, Washington. I was surprised to find the prints not on film but on 35 mm. rolls of photographic paper. The reason: When motion picture films were first produced there was no way of copyrighting a film. But one could obtain a copyright on photographs.

This was fortunate, for had the early films been filed away on film material, which then was nitrate, they would soon have decomposed, and no record would have survived.

WALLACE KIRKLAND.

Oak Park, Ill.

TO ALL the anxious people who have been wondering what happened to the Movie Generation, I would like to say "Hi there!" We're still at it, and getting our ironing done at the same time. Nothing like a triple feature on TV on Saturday night to recall one's youth.

PATRICIA TOPPING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Lonely Town?

I SHOULD LIKE to comment on the article from a London publication in As OTHERS SEE US [*SR*, Dec. 24] which said that "New York City is not a friendly place." I have traveled and lived a lot in other countries besides my own (the Netherlands), and I do find that in New York it is harder than anywhere else to make friends. But I can look back on considerable progress.

I attribute this success to going about things positively and with an open mind. When going to another country we are strangers as long as we allow ourselves to be strangers, and not a second longer.

JEANETTE WEBER.

New York, N.Y.

Double-Crossed

IN REFERENCE TO the Kingsley Double Crostic:

My eyes have become Double Crostic trying
to
Un-cross the Double Crostic.
My brain has become a Double Crostic
trying to
De-cross the Crostic.
I have used three dictionaries, one
encyclopedia,
Two packages of cigarettes, three stiff
drinks,
Five hours and I'm a wreck!

Thanks. Can't wait for the next exciting issue!

VON HETTMAN.

Malibu, Calif.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Sutherland as Donna Anna, Britten's "Rape"

JOAN SUTHERLAND had the finest hours of her New York career to date when she sang Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Metropolitan for the first time. There could be no argument that this was the best *Don Giovanni* of the year (it was also the first); but it was, in some respects, the best sung in years, thanks to the exacting standard set by Miss Sutherland and the competitive response it aroused in a cast well disciplined by Karl Böhm.

For Miss Sutherland it was a chance to demonstrate many things about her artistry hitherto excluded by her Metropolitan round of *Lucias*, *Sonnambulas*, and *Traviatas*. One, and perhaps foremost among them, is that she has the pride in her profession and the respect for her colleagues to be "a member of the wedding" even if not the bride. Relieved of the burden of bearing the principal part of a *prima donna* opera, she took a normal natural place of equal among equals.

If her place was normal and natural for a Donna Anna, it could hardly—with that voice and technique—be an inconspicuous one. It was a model of vocal deportment from first to last, as conscientiously attentive to detail in the recitatives as in the two arias, and a rock of support in the ensembles throughout. Unlike some others who must labor to meet the requirements for "Or sai che l'onore," she slipped easily into the vocal gear it required; and her climaxing "Non mi dir" was a fulfillment of Mozartian purpose rarely, if ever, equaled since the Metropolitan resumed giving *Don Giovanni* regularly in the late Twenties.

What distinguishes Miss Sutherland from most of her predecessors in this role is the combination of flexibility with breadth in her vocal vocabulary. That is, she has much more flexibility than the average dramatic soprano who is drawn to the part; and much more dramatic accent than the average florid singer. It is out of such odd and unusual attributes that standards are born, and Miss Sutherland is Donna Joanna for this time. Of further advantage is the restricted range of movement and mobility the role embodies, meaning that she was asked to do nothing, dramatically, that was not well within her competence.

Generally speaking, the fullest response to the Sutherland order of vocalization came from Cesare Siepi, who had clearly applied some effort to making his sound lighter, more pliant, and pointed. He accomplished this without relaxing any of the vigor or the vivacity in a characterization of Don Giovanni which is ever more close to the Pinza standard. New among the others were Alfredo Kraus as Don Ottavio and William Walker as Masetto, with Pilar Lorengar as Elvira, Ezio Flagello as Leporello, and Justino Diaz as the Commendatore. They had varying success with their solo obligations—Miss Lorengar, especially, was heavily burdened by the dramatic demands of the part—but in such episodes as the quartet of Act I, the "Mask Trio," and the sextet of Act II, the sounds they grouped around the strong supporting column provided by Miss Sutherland were uncommonly well blended. An exception to other inequalities was the Zerlina of Laurel Hurley, beautifully articulated and performed with a powerful kind of charm. Another conductor than Böhm might have fanned the occasional sparks into something like a blaze, but he did not, at least, dampen the glow that erupted now and then.

THE sublime to the ridiculous was encompassed within the same four walls in this week with the return of what the Met calls *Fledermaus*. Whereas it was the original dispensation of Rudolf Bing to make fun out of Johann Strauss, Jr.'s marvelous score with such qualified opera stars as Richard Tucker, Ljuba Welitsch, John Brownlee, and Set Svanholm, he is now making fun of that score with a variety of performers who barely qualify as satellites of others. It might be a pardonable conceit to present the barely audible Kitty Carlisle as Orlofsky in a cast strong enough to keep her afloat; but when she stands out from the others—the others should sit down. Among these others the best was Donald Gramm as Dr. Falke, for Arturo Sergi was a strangulated Alfred, Mary Costa a vocally ill disposed burlesque-queen kind of Rosalinda, and John Reardon a poor imitation of a proper Eisenstein. Even Roberta Peters's chirp as Adele clearly needs retuning. In all, with Franz Allers's conducting proferring speed for verve and Garson Kanin's direction forsaking anything like subtlety for exaggeration, it was a woefully mediocre treatment of a work whose inclusion in the repertory was defended on the premise that it was "a masterpiece." That being the case, it should be treated like one.

It was almost, but not quite, like turning time backward to find an opera company in the City Center presenting Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*. This time, however, it was not the New York City Opera but the Metropolitan National Company. Gone was the splash of the first season a year ago in the New York State Theater; gone, too, the bright hopes of a prolonged future (as recently announced, the company will suspend indefinitely at this season's end).

In the face of so much that was shadow rather than sunshine, the present personnel put itself seriously to the task in hand, with a spirit, professionalism, and complete devotion to the ensemble idea fostered by the company's directors, Risë Stevens and Michael Manuel. Under the skillful direction of Robert La Marchina, the presentation achieved high marks musically, if rather less dramatically. That is, after all, in line with the premise on which the company was founded—to enable singers to develop abilities (as actors) they might not otherwise achieve.

The best equipped of the performers were Joy Davidson as Lucretia and Theodore Lambrinos as the author of her shame and death (Tarquinius). Even these two, however, too often left a murk rather than a meaning in their articulation of the English text. Too often, also, such performers as Chris Lachona and Clarice Carson (Male and Female Chorus) were more intent on making agreeable vocal sounds than performing their function of delivering understandable comments on the action. Peter Van Ginkel was Collatinus, with Ronald Hedlund as Junius, and Ellen Berse and Linda Newman were Lucretia's attendants. Günther Rennert's direction and Alfred Siercke's décor qualified as functional.

The Schoenberg Violin Concerto had one of its infrequent performances locally in the latest sequence of Philharmonic concerts, and a very proficient one it was, too, with Leonard Bernstein as conductor and Zvi Zeitlin as soloist.

As it happens, both were on a parity of excellence, which served to point the paradox that the better such music is performed, the less it communicates. That is, the less doubt in the listener's mind that what he is hearing is exactly what the composer intended, the less confusion that what he is hearing is to his taste. The short, scrappy phrases, the angular rise and fall of patterns, the occasional interludes of altered pace and character were all clearly interrelated, but not the esthetic that determined their "inevitability." Zeitlin commands exceptional means for articulating every detail, but not the mesmerism to make them meaningful—if, indeed, such meaning exists. Bernstein muffled the impact of the possibly explosive work by surrounding it with blankets of Beethoven: the *Fidelio* Overture and the *Eroica* Symphony.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Three Lives at the Crossroads

WHEN Richard Blackmur assembled the prefaces that Henry James had written for his works as they appeared in "the sumptuous, plum-colored, expensive New York Edition," he called the volume *The Art of the Novel*. The title makes large claims, and, as Wayne Booth demonstrates in *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, James did not say the last word on the subject; but he did say many words that are still worth reading. In no small measure because of James's teachings, most novelists and would-be novelists today are acutely aware of the importance of devising the right way of telling a story. This is so true that the constant reader of fiction is surprised when he comes upon a novel whose author seems unconscious of the problem of form.

The "story" Arthur A. Cohen tells in *The Carpenter Years* (New American Library, $4.50, to be published Feb. 13) seems promising; the *donnée*, as James would have said, has possibilities. Morris Edelman, an unsuccessful tax accountant with an unattractive wife and an ailing child, decides to change his identity. Vanishing from the sight of his family, he takes the name of Edgar Morrison, becomes a Christian, and eventually finds himself executive secretary of the YMCA in a small Pennsylvania city named Langham. He marries a local girl, who bears him two children. Some twenty years after running out on his family he learns that his son, Daniel Edelman, who is about to receive his Ph.D. in psychology, is coming to Langham to be interviewed for a job.

The novel opens on the day Edgar hears of his son's approach. Very disturbed, he drinks more than he is accustomed to, talks to various people, and gets home late to find that his wife has gone to look for him. While this business takes place, the reader learns from a series of flashbacks about the life of Edgar Morrison, born Morris Edelman. The entire first section, called "Friday," is told from his point of view. So far, so good.

The second part, "Saturday," is told at first from Danny's point of view as he drives from New York City to Langham. The reader sees that there may be problems for the author in getting back to the father, but it does seem right that we should look, at least for a time, through Danny's eyes, and there are some enlightening flashback descriptions of his conversations with a psychiatrist. Then suddenly we are being told about the marriage of Edgar and Edwinna from the latter's point of view, and after that half a dozen minor characters are allowed to speak their pieces. As a result, the confrontation of Edgar and Danny loses force, and the end of the novel seems both implausible and pointless. (The title refers to the years in the life of Jesus before he began his ministry—"the unknown years, where all of us have to live and die most of our lives.")

Although he has written nonfiction, *The Carpenter Years* appears to be Arthur Cohen's first novel. *Go, Said the Bird* (Little, Brown, $5.95) is Geoffrey Cotterell's ninth. In many minor ways he proves to be a practiced and resourceful novelist, but, surprisingly, he loses control of his story when he is about halfway through, just as Cohen does. In the end, thank goodness, he gets hold of the reins again, but only after the reader has been considerably tossed about.

Go, Said the Bird is a study of a young Englishman whose only ambition is to live the life of the rich. With good looks and good manners, though not much else, Phil Terriss is able to attach himself to the Milton family, becoming a slave to Mr. Milton, who is a wealthy manufacturer; an agreeable companion to Mrs. Milton, and a confidant of the three Milton children. For the first hundred pages or so the reader sees the situation solely through Phil's eyes; but then Cotterell lets the point of view wander from one Milton to another, so that the novel is transformed into something like a family chronicle. We almost lose sight of Phil for a considerable period of time, and when he is brought back to the center of the stage, our interest in him has been largely dissipated.

THE title comes from a famous passage in T. S. Eliot's "Burnt Norton":

> Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
> Cannot bear very much reality.

It is obvious from the first that Phil Terriss lives in a fantasy world, that he is never what he thinks he is; but Cotterell wants to show us that what is true of Phil is also true of every member of the Milton family. He makes his point all right, but in such a clumsy, uneconomical fashion that it doesn't seem particularly important.

After two novels that fall short of their possibilities, it is a relief and a pleasure to come upon one in which means and ends seem perfectly adapted to one another. Nigel Dennis, who published a brilliant satirical novel, *Cards of Identity*, a decade ago, has now written *A House in Order* (Vanguard, $4.95). It is

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a novel in the form of a memoir. By choosing to tell his story in the first person, Dennis has avoided some of the temptations that were too much for Cohen and Cotterell. But he is left with the delicate problem of selecting the details that will achieve the effect he wants while maintaining the tone of casual narration.

The narrator, never named, is separated from his companions when they are taken prisoner, and is isolated in a greenhouse. "Map making is my work," he says, "but the greenhouse has always been my passionate life," and for all his terror he is excited by the neglected riches he finds about him. As he eventually discovers, he is the object of a kind of jurisdictional struggle between two branches of the military; but in spite of all the threatening intrigue that goes on about him, and in spite of the miseries of a winter in which he is never warm, he is sustained by his effort to preserve the plant life with which he is surrounded.

The narrator is truly a man who cultivates his garden, in the most menacing situation imaginable, and saves both his life and his sanity by doing so. Dennis makes it all real—the narrator's recurrent and wholly justified fears, his frantic efforts to cope with the various forces that are tossing him about as if he were a shuttlecock, his sufferings from the cold, and especially his joy in life, primarily horticultural life. There are morals that may be drawn, but what I want to emphasize is the artistry with which Dennis has made a strange experience not only believable but important.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1224

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1224 will be found in the next issue.

TIKB DBIDVB ZI SIE HBXIKB

ENOSCBPT TOKDVA HBXMRTB

ENBOP KBKIPOBT MPB EII LIIZ.

—SOBEGTXNB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1223

Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes. —Thoreau.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Hurrah for Hersey

In Literary Horizons [*SR*, Dec. 31] Granville Hicks states: "Why, there are reputable critics who believe that Marquand, Cozzens, Auchincloss, Richter, and Hersey have written the best American fiction of the past twenty-five years." Mr. Hicks and many other critics have ignored Hersey as an important, serious novelist; it is true that he does not have a defined style like Malamud or Bellow. But he can develop an emotional intensity that few others can match. His novels, taken separately, present a picture of modern life certainly more formidable that Auchincloss's, Cozzens's, Richter's or Marquand's. Perhaps—and this is only a suggestion—his stories are more important to us today than Bellow's reflective, sulking protagonists.

Agreed: his last one, *Too Far to Walk*, was not worth the trouble. Yet, a man who could write a book like *The Wall* or *A Single Pebble* does not deserve the slight he is receiving from Mr. Hicks and many other critics whom I respect.

David Bromwich.

Van Nuys, Calif.

Moral Assumptions

While I agree with Irving Younger's main thesis in his review of the Reid-Inbau book on the polygraph, *Truth and Deception* [*SR*, Dec. 31], I cannot accept his generalizations about technology and its "moral assumptions." Some "technologists" may misapply their techniques or misinterpret the validity of the results they obtain, but they do so in their capacity as human beings; for only in that capacity can anyone make a moral judgment. . . . It would be more reasonable to criticize technologists for *not* making moral judgments (as with the atomb bomb), but for the fact that they are seldom their own masters; when the admittedly naïve Oppenheimer tried it, the roof fell in on him. It is wiser to look to a philosophy which expects easy, black-and-white answers, and which is much more often held by political and legal persons than by engineers, than to blame technology for the abuse of the polygraph.

C. F. Kerry Gaulder.

N. Wilmington, Mass.

Irving Younger writes: "Falsehood plays a great and soothing role in mankind's affairs. Without it, who would like to live?" To answer Mr. Younger's question, a person with integrity vomits falsehood and *would want to live without it*. But it's true that misrepresentation is an American way of life.

Yvet Pujet.

Gunnison, Colo.

Mr. Younger's review explained fully and well all the difficulties in the use of the polygraph. However, I would like to add that the subject of the test can only respond to the questions according to his own knowledge or lack of it, and the test can only measure whether he believes his answers to be an accurate representation of the facts.

Faith A. Seidenberg.

Syracuse, N.Y.

A Covenant with God

J. H. Plumb states that "For Jews circumcision is a ritual, initiating entrance to the tribe, like knocking out a tooth or tattooing the body" [*SR*, Dec. 31]. This is not the reason for the ritual. For the Jew circumcision is the means of physically and permanently marking the Jewish male as a Jew according to Mosaic law and deriving from the covenant that Abraham made with God, Gen. 17:10-12. There is no "entrance to the tribe" as Mr. Plumb states. Regularly, a Bar-Mitzvah ceremony for boys thirteen years old marks their religious majority, at which time they become, for ceremonial purposes, adult members of the community.

Anita Seligson.

Great Neck, N.Y.

Miscredited

J. H. Plumb lists *In the Name of Humanity* as being written by "John Lewis." It should read "Joseph Lewis."

S. Bail.

New York, N.Y.

Principles

I must air my astonishment at David McDowell's statement, in his review of John O'Hara's *Waiting for Winter* [*SR*, Dec. 17] that "Andrea," "a long and beautifully worked-out story about a twenty-year relationship between a man and woman, is marred by the absence of any specific motive for the woman's apparent suicide." Absence of specific motive! Andrea, as I understand her, is one of those brave young aristocrats of the Twenties, determined to live her own life, not to knuckle under to the conventions. She refuses to marry the man she says she loves—while marrying a series of others—because this is one love she doesn't want to deaden in holy deadlock. . . . The family money goes, Andrea has to work, the job is a job, nothing commensurate to her idea of herself; yet she won't sell out by marrying the man for shelter, when she wouldn't for love. And then, then, having come to him one night and found him comparing her to a Paris prostitute—well, without money, without glamour, without youth above all, what do her goings-on amount to, how do they differ from those of the sophisticated whore? Andrea knows it's time to go, and being Andrea, she goes quickly.

Sophie Wilkins.

New York, N.Y.

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The Divine Bernhardt

Madame Sarah, *by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Houghton Mifflin. 356 pp. $6.95), pays tribute to the legendary actress with the body of a hungry sparrow and the vitality of a tigress. Philip Burton is president and director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy.*

By PHILIP BURTON

THERE are several motives which lead biographers to their choice of subject: the historian's impulse to place a great man in perspective, the iconoclast's urge to destroy a myth, the critic's feeling of a need for reappraisal, the admirer's desire to proclaim the wonders of his idol. There is no doubt that Cornelia Otis Skinner's motive is the last of these, and the result is a warm vivid, amusing, and moving account of an actress who became in her long lifetime a world phenomenon, both on and off stage. Miss Skinner, in her pell-mell enthusiasm for her subject, occasionally lapses into careless writing—"efficacy" for "efficiency," and clichés like "first saw the light of day" and "like a duck to water"—but much can be forgiven for the pleasure she communicates, which was indeed true of Bernhardt herself.

I never saw the "Divine Sarah" and I do not really regret it, because I could only have done so, as Miss Skinner did, when the famous golden voice had gone and the climax of her performance was to push herself up from her chair and stand bravely on her one remaining leg. But I do regret having seen the silent movies of the old lady, where her magic was reduced to ridiculous and badly photographed pantomime. A fairer photographic record would have been one of the faces of audiences in London, New York, Dallas, Toronto, Constantinople, Moscow, and Vienna, who were spellbound by this woman with the body of a hungry sparrow and the vitality and excitement of a tigress, even though she spoke in a language few of them could understand. It would have been kinder and more just to her memory if she had retired before either old age or the movies had claimed her. Then she would have been remembered as Siddons and Garrick are remembered, by written accounts of her extraordinary performances. *Madame Sarah* does much to restore the balance for Bernhardt, both as woman and as actress.

The woman was a fascinating complex of contradictions. She was the illegitimate daughter of a successful courtesan, who also provided her with two illegitimate half-sisters. Yet when Sarah herself became pregnant at nineteen, her scandalized mother put her out of the house. Sarah seemed to have neither the looks nor the stamina for the arduous theatrical life that became hers. She was wraith-thin, with a too-prominent nose and an unmanageable mop of red hair, and from childhood she was tuberculous. In spite of her remarkable effect upon audiences everywhere, she never ceased to suffer extreme tortures of stage-fright before going out to face the "beloved monster." Nevertheless, on several occasions, particularly in Paris, when her publicized actions had led her to expect a hostile reception, she insisted on appearing, and her defiant courage combined with her artistry turned incipient catcalls into almost hysterical displays of devotion. While her mother was Dutch and Jewish, Sarah herself was zealously and extravagantly French; the shame of the 1870-71 defeat by Germany burned deep in her, but she lived to exult in the restoration of national honor in 1919.

And what of the actress? Inevitably the comparison with Duse must arise. She was Bernhardt's junior by fifteen years, and so was more sensitive to the winds of change in the last decades of the nineteenth century. Only the truly perceptive understood the nature of Duse's magic and welcomed her new acting style with its luminous intelligence, which was essential for the true interpretation of the modern playwrights. The theater was a means to an end for Duse, so much so that in dissatisfaction she could retire from it for eleven years at the height of her career, though she did come back to die in harness. For Bernhardt the theater was life; better a Texas tent or a London music hall than no auditorium at all. Both Bernhardt and Duse were extraordinary natural phenomena, and perhaps their different effects might be compared to experiencing Niagara Falls from the "Maid of the Mist" and experiencing the Grand Canyon while standing alone on its rim.

It is strange that Bernhardt's *The Art of the Theater* is not included in Miss Skinner's bibliography. It was the actress's deathbed gift of "advice that I should like to give beginners, especially as scarcely any was given to me." Bernhardt is often dismissed—by people who never saw her act, or saw her only when she was a crippled grotesque—as being excessively theatrical and lacking in emotional truth. To refute these accusations, here are some of her own dicta: "It is necessary to feel all the sentiments that agitate the soul of the character it is desired to represent." "I have touched real death in my different deaths." "What has been called the labor of our art can only be the quest for truth." "It is always the artist who is closest to the real in the ideal who will triumph."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

KINFOLK

Everybody in the second column is a brother or sister of somebody in the first column. Dennis Aig and his sister Marlene, both of Queens Village, N.Y., ask you to match the siblings up with each other and with the play or novel in which they have their being. It's all straightened out on page 48.

Catherine Earnshaw ( )	1. Ben	A. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*
Charles Hamilton ( )	2. Clifford	B. *David Copperfield*
Clara Peggotty ( )	3. Dan'l	C. *Death of a Salesman*
Hepzibah Pyncheon ( )	4. Esteban	D. *An Enemy of the People*
Jo March ( )	5. Hindley	E. *Gone with the Wind*
Manuel ( )	6. Irina	F. *The House of the Seven Gables*
Olga Prozorov ( )	7. Maggie	G. *Little Women*
Dr. Thomas Stockmann ( )	8. Meg	H. *The Mill on the Floss*
Tom Tulliver ( )	9. Melanie	I. *Peter Pan*
Viola ( )	10. Michael	J. *Three Sisters*
Wendy Darling ( )	11. Peter	K. *Twelfth Night*
Willy Loman ( )	12. Sebastian	L. *Wuthering Heights*

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Portrait of the Artist as Crab

Letters of James Joyce, Vols. II and III, *edited by Richard Ellmann (Viking. 1,056 pp. $25), completes the voluminous personal record of the author of "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake." Leon Edel, who had glimpses of Joyce on the Left Bank in the late 1920s and early '30s, is himself an editor of letters and a Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer.*

By LEON EDEL

IN 1957 Stuart Gilbert edited a volume of James Joyce's letters, and I wrote at the time that far from constituting a "portrait of the artist" they offered a melancholy picture of "Joyce-against-the-world"—and the skill with which the novelist turned this into a legend of "the world-against-Joyce." Now Richard Ellman, Joyce's biographer, has compiled two further volumes, adding more than 1,200 letters to the canon and some 200 letters and documents written by other hands.

The new volumes further document and reinforce my earlier impression. You would have expected the author of *Ulysses* to be among the great letter-writers of the century. But letters require a feeling for one's correspondents; they are one of the friendliest forms of intercourse, and Joyce did not possess the art of friendship. What you hear in these two stout volumes is a perpetual cry for money, for help, for love. The world is repeatedly proclaimed cheat and liar, and Joyce its crucified martyr. The letters are a mixture of cadging, self-advertisement, charlatanism, pedantry, and supreme arrogance, by which Joyce sought to defend himself against his private demons.

The weight and abundance of these terrible writings of a desperate man risks weariness to the spirit and to the reader's sympathy. Too much is told, more than is needed for the purposes of truth and history. Anguish is made redundant. Ellmann recognizes some of the shortcomings, but he makes it his thesis that Joyce's self-mockery and Chaplinesque vaudeville injected a relieving note of pathos into these communications to family and friends. Stephen Spender recently remarked that if one does not keep in mind Joyce's sense of comedy "he may find Joyce's letters oppressive and, in the long run, almost unbearable." However, when one comes to the essence of the matter, laughter is impossible.

For these letters demonstrate, more clearly than ever, the pathological elements in the art of James Joyce. The writer was so alienated from the world, so cut off from empathy with fellow humans, that he was ruthless with family, cruel to friends, and surprisingly infantile in his recurrent demands that the world give him recognition even before he gave anything to it. His talent, when he finally showed it, was accepted; yet Joyce continued to cry betrayal, for in his alienation everything was pulled inward, into himself and his own "madness in art." The result was a constant paranoid distortion of realities. The difficulties he encountered in being published, for instance, are now legend; yet it can be seen that they were no greater than those of other gifted writers with new ways of saying things. Those famous four-letter words that antagonized the printers and are now commonplace offer merely a paradox—that one of the most richly endowed verbal artists in the history of language felt a need to resort to the poverty of scribblings on toilet walls.

It is not difficult to document from these letters the ways in which the realities of Joyce's existence were constantly deformed, parodied, satirized. To say this is not to dismiss the power of his satire or the greatness of his verbal imagination—the only kind of imagination he truly had. He could imagine nothing save "the book of himself." It is always Joyce on Joyce, and it is a Joyce consuming himself with the eternal rage of his art. For the Irish rebel writing was a form of revenge against a host of imaginary foes, and he achieved it with "dagger definitions."

The essential story of Joyce's life remains unchanged: how he quit Ireland in poverty and anger although many held out hands of friendship to him; how he wandered, pathetic and unheroic, until he settled in backwater polyglot Trieste and taught at Berlitz; how he exploited his talented brother, Stanislaus, one of the martyred siblings of literary history; and how finally, with the aid of Ezra Pound, he pulled himself together, went to live in Paris, and did his most characteristic work. Here his creativity found its greatest release. He discovered that the world was only too ready to accept him even if it did not always admire *Ulysses* and scoffed at *Work in Progress* (which later became *Finnegans Wake*). Harriet Weaver endowed him; the sympathetic ladies of the rue de l'Odeon, Sylvia Beach and Adrienne Monnier, published, protected, cushioned him. But he quarreled with everyone, he sued at the drop of a hat, he invited strife. He was one of the great "injustice collectors" of literature. I think it could be demonstrated that Joyce needed the censorship and contumely of the world: he could thereby vent his rage and consider himself one of the insulted and injured. Some of his letters read as if written by Dostoevsky's soliloquizing functionary in *Notes from the Underground.*

Ellmann concedes there are "traces" of pathology in Joyce's queer, erotic, childish letters to Nora, his common-law wife. He speaks of "fetishism, anality, paranoia, and masochism," yet asks us to turn away from Krafft-Ebing to recognize Joyce's "Circean beguilements" and "vaudeville routines." But no amount of self-mockery or literary heroics can conceal the sad, ugly truths disclosed. Strange laughter can still be the laughter of madness, and Joyce's wry comedy is a comedy of the helplessness and anger and aggression of an artist filled with grandiosities who walked "a way a lone a last a loved a long the," as he told us in the uncompleted final sentence of *Finnegans Wake* which leads us back to the book's beginning. It was one of his many insights into his personal self-containment.

TO the miseries of his psyche were added the physical torments of a dozen eye operations for cataract, general poor health, partial poverty at first and self-impoverishment by a grandeur of spending. He had bouts of drunkenness; his father had been a barroom cadger, and Joyce made himself into one on a gargantuan scale. He had periods of deep depression, during which he moved from "great irritation and impotent fury" to sudden fits of weeping. This is the haunted, driven existence to which we are made spectators; and with this there was Joyce's way — I suppose through the combination of helplessness and mockery—of commanding always a circle of loyal friends who were hypnotized by his genius and prepared to immolate themselves on its altar. They received scant thanks for their pains.

Ellmann has edited the documents with scholarly thoroughness. If their dreary totality is a kind of heaping of Pelion on Ossa, one is nevertheless grateful that Joyce's self-portrait can be viewed in all its colors. A corrective now exists against the prevailing tendency to use Joyce's art to soften our vision of his human failings. In the end, these volumes should help to restore a sense of proportion both to Joycean criticism and to biography.

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Poet's Epistles to Posterity

Letters from Petrarch, *selected and translated by Morris Bishop (Indiana University Press. 306 pp. $9.50), reveals a Renaissance man who above all loved and was fascinated by himself. Mark Musa, who is editor of "Essays on Dante," translated Dante's "Vita Nuova."*

By MARK MUSA

MORRIS BISHOP, whose wit, charm, and variety of literary interests are reminiscent of the Renaissance man, offers in his *Letters from Petrarch* another translation into English of an important work that long since should have been accessible to the public. Through careful choice of words and rhythms Mr. Bishop has captured the spirit and tone of the poet's Latin letters. This elegant translation is a beautiful companion-piece to *Petrarch and His World* by Mr. Bishop, published three years ago.

Petrarch made his greatest literary discovery in Verona in 1345: a manuscript of Cicero's *Letters to Atticus.* In them he found a Cicero quite different from the orator and moral philosopher he had worshiped; here was Cicero writing about everyday matters (even about the steam pipe in his bathroom). Following Cicero's example Petrarch began collecting, selecting, and revising his own letters, which ranged from discussions on the art of writing and the evils of adultery, to his dog and canine fidelity. He published them in twenty-four books under the title *Familiarum rerum libri* in 1361, the year of the return of the Great Plague.

Morris Bishop tells us in his brief introductory note, "He survived the Plague and found his itch for letter writing undiminished." Petrarch's secretaries kept copies of all his correspondence until he died in 1374, and shortly afterwards this later correspondence was edited and published as *Senilium rerum libri.* Miscellaneous letters that turned up after Petrarch's death were issued in a collection entitled *Epistolae variae.*

Few of the letters in Mr. Bishop's translation—selected from all three categories—have been rendered before into English. The collection opens with the famous "Epistle to Posterity" (1351), which consists of a brief autobiography. Although according to Petrarch it was the first one written, he probably meant the first one written with the specific intention of reaching posterity.

Petrarch loved Laura, but more than Laura he loved Petrarch; he was fascinated by the men and movements of the exciting age in which he lived, but he was fascinated above all by himself. Like so much of his work, the poet's Latin letters reveal his thirst for glory, his pedantry, emotion, and false modesty. Petrarch is always analyzing himself and his sufferings, especially in his poetry: he leads you to believe he will talk about the lady Laura – about whom Morris Bishop has some amusing things to say in his important book *Petrarch and His World*—but no sooner has he captured you by the beauty of an elaborate conceit than the "Io" or "Ego" of the poet takes the center of the stage. In his collection of love poetry, *Canzoniere,* the lovely Laura with the golden hair and black eyes, angelic mouth of pearls and roses (who in reality was married and had eleven children; she must have been pregnant at most of their meetings) was the cause for Petrarch's continuous self-examination and his life-long conflict: he was torn between lust for the things of this world (*vanitas*)—including his love for Laura, a probable illiterate, who represented to him fame and glory—and his love of God or spiritual values. While Beatrice led Dante to God, Laura led Petrarch away from God to the world.

PETRARCH'S conflict is most evident in his letter entitled "The Ascent of Mount Ventoux" to Father Dionigi da Borgo San Sepolcro. While attempting to find the easiest approach to the summit of Mount Ventoux during a climb on April 26, 1336, with his beloved brother Gherardo, Petrarch discovers that three or four times when he has tried to ascend easily he was going down instead of up, and, as he observes, "there is no way for anybody to reach the heights by going down." Tired, he rests and begins addressing himself:

> The summit is the ultimate goal, the terminus of the road on which we journey. Everyone wishes to arrive there, but, as Ovid says: "To wish is not enough; to gain your end you must ardently yearn." You, certainly, both wish and ardently yearn, unless you are fooling yourself, as you so often do. What then holds you back? Surely nothing but the level road that seems at first sight easier, amid base earthly pleasure. But after much wandering you will either have to climb upward eventually, with labors long shirked, to the heights of the blessed life, or lie sluggishly in the valley of your sins.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Petrarch—"pedantry, emotion, and false modesty."

When he reaches the top and looks toward the Italian skies Petrarch muses:

> Today ten years have passed since you finished your youthful studies and left Bologna. . . . What I used to love, I love no longer. No, I'm lying. I love it still, but more moderately. No, again I have lied. I love, but with more shame, more sadness; and now at last I have told the truth. This is the fact: I love, but I love what I long not to love, what I should like to hate. I love nonetheless, but unwillingly, under compulsion, with sadness and mourning.

This is one of those rare times that Petrarch will refer, though indirectly, to his love of Laura in his correspondence. This letter, as do so many others in Morris Bishop's collection, serves as a key to an understanding of the artistic structure of his *Canzoniere,* which is, alas, despite Petrarch's predictions that only his Latin works would be read and appreciated by posterity, his most significant contribution to the world of poetry.

Petrarch's letters admirably show that he possessed all the medieval remnants characteristic of the early Renaissance man; he was the first who had to go mountain climbing with his St. Augustine in one pocket and his "occasional" poems in another. Later Renaissance alpinists like Ariosto, Boiardo, Pulci, and Machiavelli found it possible to challenge the peaks with a lighter load.

Coming Feb. 18
SR's Educational Travel Issue

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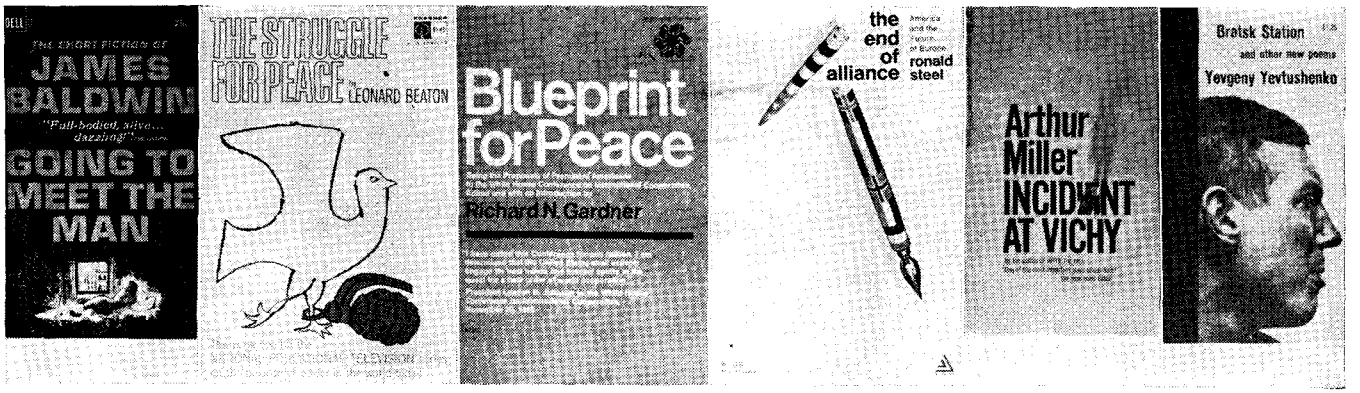

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"I'm neither a hawk nor a dove. I'm a 'dawk,'" said thirty-nine-year-old Richard N. Gardner, a senior adviser to U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg and professor of law at Columbia University. "I believe in combining power and purpose. Power without purpose is evil; purpose without power is futile." Gardner's books *In Pursuit of World Order* (Praeger, $1.95) and *Blueprint for Peace* (McGraw-Hill, $2.95) are the results of his preoccupation with international peace. *In Pursuit of World Order* was written while Gardner was working for the State Department during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. A vigorous defense of the United Nations, it has not only been translated into eight languages, including Hindi and Chinese, but was adopted by the Sorbonne for a course in international relations. *Blueprint for Peace*, edited by Gardner [see page 42], contains proposals by distinguished Americans to the important White House Conference on International Cooperation, which took place in November 1965. Among the brains consulted were those of Isidor Rabi, George Meany, Erich Leinsdorf, and *SR*'s Norman Cousins. At his office in the United States Mission to the U.N., Gardner reflected upon the achievements of the Conference. "In my talks at the U.N. I've been encouraged by the response to the '10-Point Peace Agenda' outlined in my introduction," he said. "I think it's time to go beyond near-peaceful coexistence to peaceful cooperation." The recommendations of the Conference contained many specific suggestions not only for peace but also for prosperity: population control, conserving world resources, positive use of atomic energy. "One of the main proposals—a treaty governing outer space and the celestial bodies—has just been concluded with the Soviet Union and other countries, despite the war in Vietnam. I hope this year will see agreement on other proposals—on the nonproliferation of nuclear weapons, expanded East-West trade, broader intellectual and cultural exchange, and increased efforts on behalf of the less developed countries."

When Gardner, who lives with his wife and two children in a Manhattan apartment, is not cogitating about peace, he is playing games, or, more accurately, inventing them. With his father-in-law, Bruno Luzzato, a State Department official, Gardner has created "Trio," which he insists combines the best of bridge and scrabble. Though the game has not yet been commercially produced, Gardner claims scores of adherents around the globe. He didn't suggest it as an answer to the problems of world peace, but he did say, "Maybe if people spent more time playing Trio, they'd have less time for fighting."

What else is new: Bantam is heralding the new year with a glossy Library of World Drama, a low-priced (60¢-95¢) series of plays past and present. Among the titles, which include four Arthur Miller works, is the first paperback edition of *Incident at Vichy*. Bantam notes that 100,000 plays are produced annually by amateurs in the U.S., with audiences totaling ten million. Did someone say the theater is dead? . . . This has been called the age of anxiety, and no wonder. Michael Harrington's *The Accidental Century* (Pelican, $1.25) spells out "technology" and what its advance has meant to shuddering human beings still struggling to keep up. . . . That Russian fireball Yevgeny Yevtushenko has been on a U.S. tour, reading poetry from his new book, *Bakst Station* (Anchor, $1.25), and dazzling Americans. There wasn't anything very proletarian about the literati he met during a recent champagne supper celebrating his New York reading. Everyone was there: Robert Lowell, Allen Ginsberg, Langston Hughes, Terry Southern. At one point Yevtushenko was heard to exclaim, "Shawnsheever, shawnsheever!," which turned out to be not a Russian toast but a greeting to an old friend, John Cheever.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

One of the most original—and unread—authors of this century is Robert Musil, an Austrian who fled to Switzerland in 1938 to continue work on his vast, uncompleted novel *The Man Without Qualities*. When Musil died in 1942 he left this massive manuscript, another novel, *Young Törless*, and a volume of short stories, *Five Women* (Delta, $1.75), which has just appeared in its first paperback edition. In his preface to the book, Frank Kermode ranks Musil with Joyce and Mann, and compares his prose to Rilke's poetry.

Another uncommon collection is *Early Stories of Willa Cather* (Apollo, $1.95), selected and extensively commented upon by Mildred Bennett. Willa Cather herself scorned these first efforts—written before 1901, while she was still in her twenties—but admirers of her first-quality novels will find in her apprentice attempts the threads she later wove into the complicated fabric of *My Antonia*, *O Pioneers!*, and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

James Baldwin's *Going to Meet the Man* (Dell, 75¢) gathers stories from 1948 to the present, including three not previously published. The best of them—"The Outing" and "Sonny's Blues," for instance—offer the immediacy of experience felt and shared, with none of the emotionalism that has marred Baldwin's big novels.

John Updike's *Assorted Prose* (Crest, 60¢) isn't fiction at all, but a collection of parodies, pieces written for *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town," reviews of books by authors ranging from Karl Barth to Muriel Spark, and essays on everyone from T. S. Eliot to Ted Williams.

Also new and noted: Carlos Fuentes's *The Death of Artemio Cruz* (Noonday, $1.95), a long, reflective novel by a leading Mexican writer, concerns the life and times of a dying hero. Alfred Grossman's *Acrobat Admits* (Avon, 75¢) was among the first "black humor" books in

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which reality and absurdity are the same. Marian Cockrell's *The Revolt of Sarah Perkins* (Bantam, 60¢) introduces one of the most fetching heroines in recent fiction, a New England schoolteacher who made her mark in Colorado back in the days when going West meant high adventure. Dorothy Baker's *Cassandra at the Wedding* (Signet, 60¢), a curious novel from the author of *Young Man with a Horn*, is an ironic tale about twin sisters and what happens when one decides to get married. *The Lockwood Concern* (Signet, 95¢) can only provoke wonder at John O'Hara's virtuosity with the dynastic novel. It is a richly detailed, abundantly cast, and constantly intriguing story about an American family's rise to eminence through four generations.

Africa

For those who have trouble coping with the flood of information about emerging states (thirty-two within recent memory), John E. Flint's *Nigeria and Ghana* (Prentice-Hall/Spectrum, $1.95) helps to sort out at least two major nations. They have much in common—their former British masters, strong Islamic influences, and surging nationalism; but what makes the book particularly interesting is its interpretation of the different paths each has taken since independence. W. E. Abraham, a Ghanian professor of philosophy at Oxford University, contends in *The Mind of Africa* (University of Chicago/Phoenix, $1.95) that the fledgling countries should stop looking to other nations for solutions to problems that are intrinsic and must be solved through introspection. Ghana is explored as the point of reference. A more pragmatic approach is pursued in *African Diplomacy* (Praeger, $1.95), a variety of essays edited by Vernon McKay. African experts examine the ways in which policies of nonalignment are used to gain advantages from both East and West.

Waldemar A. Nielsen, president of the African-American Institute, has been called "a short-term pessimist, a long-term optimist." His excellent little book *Africa* (Atheneum, $1.65) briefly and boldly categorizes the ills of that troubled continent, comments on some of its more salient needs and goals, predicts violence but forecasts the eventual emergence of a vigorous new complex of nations.

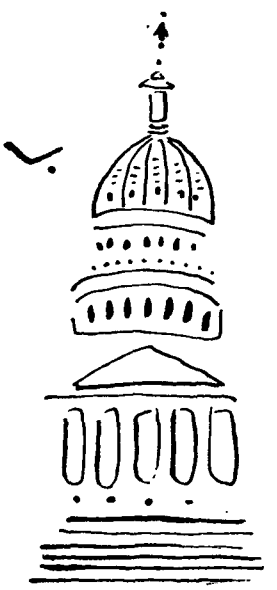
One of the oddest sidelights to modern history is *South Africa's Hostages* (Penguin African Library, $2.25). Written by South African journalist Jack Halpern (better known as *The New Statesman*'s correspondent "Jack Fairbairn"), it tells a dramatic tale of three fairly impoverished British territories—Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Swaziland—which have become havens for fugitives from South African *apartheid* and which stand to suffer heavily from international punishment of its rich neighbor.

Also noted: Laurens van der Post's *The Heart of the Hunter* (Apollo, $1.75), which continues where *The Lost World of the Kalahari* left off, is a beautifully evocative re-creation of the Bushmen's domain, where black mambas, sacred ibis, and kudus observe a curious dignity in their final retreat and isolation from encroaching civilization.

Yesterdays

Certain eras hold everlasting appeal for cultural historians. Aglow with unique personalities and luminous ideas, they inspire writers of later times to look back and ponder. The final decade of the nineteenth century was such a period, and two new books depict it: Holbrook Jackson's *The Eighteen Nineties* (Capricorn, $1.95) and *Aesthetes and Decadents of the 1890s* (Vintage, $2.45), an anthology of prose and poetry edited by Karl Beckson. They are marvelous companions; in fact, Beckson wrote the introduction to this new edition of the Jackson volume, which explores that brief, glittering age when men, striking out against the smothering Victorian past, reached toward a new freedom. What Jackson has to say is illustrated in Beckson's book by the writings and drawings of such "wayward geniuses" as Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, W. B. Yeats, Max Beerbohm, Arthur Symons.

"Art for art's sake" was not the only slogan of the 1890s. Gerhard Masur's *Prophets of Yesterday* (Harper/Colophon, $2.45) studies some men who heralded the twentieth century. From Freud and Dostoevsky to George Bernard Shaw and Miguel de Unamuno they pressed for personal liberty. Masur dwells on the growing nationalism and militarism that finally exploded in 1914. Calling this time *The Imperial Years* (Apollo, $2.25), Foster Rhea Dulles focuses upon "America's adolescence" when the U.S. was caught in momentary zeal for world liberation. It was the period when America took Hawaii, Guam, and Puerto Rico under her protection, fought the Splendid Little War to liberate Cuba, and, with the advent of World War I, found itself a major international power.



How did Hitler happen is a question that has been endlessly pondered. In *The Path to Dictatorship, 1918-33* (Anchor, $1.25) ten German scholars come up with some reasons for the consolidation of Nazi power, the ineffective resistance, the inevitable collapse of the Weimar Republic. Fritz Stern has written a remarkably clear, persuasive introduction.

The International Scene

A World of Nuclear Powers? (Prentice-Hall/Spectrum, $1.95), edited by Alastair Buchan, director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, was originally prepared as background reading for sixty-five international experts who met last summer in Ontario to discuss problems of nuclear proliferation. You don't have to be an expert to comprehend the succinct explanations of armament controls and the balance of power among nations. One of the authorities quoted extensively in Buchan's book is Leonard Beaton, who has been described as "the most lucid and accurate commentator on defense questions in the English-speaking world." His book, *The Struggle for Peace* (Praeger, $1.45), inspired the thirteen-program series of the same name on National Educational Television. Beaton scorns recent disarmament negotiations: "In spite of years of effort, very little has been accomplished; and, in addition, France does not give her assent to the Western position and the view of China has not yet been sought." So much for negotiation. Beaton then proceeds to look at a world that remains an armed camp and discusses ways in which international relations may proceed and peace be kept.

In *The End of Alliance* (Delta, $1.85) Ronald Steel assesses the changing role of the U.S. in relation to a "new Europe." "To evolve a coherent foreign policy is to face unpleasant facts, shed illusions, and discard sacred cows," he writes in a preface to his analysis of the shift in NATO, the essential worthlessness of military alliances in a nuclear age, the problem of the two Germanys. A cogent, highly readable book by a former Foreign Service officer.

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Planning for a Better World

Blueprint for Peace: Being the Proposals of Prominent Americans to the White House Conference on International Cooperation, *edited by Richard N. Gardner (McGraw-Hill. 405 pp. Hardbound, $7.95. Paperback, $2.95), offers more than 400 suggestions for improving world relations, made by the various committees convened by President Johnson in 1965. George N. Shuster, currently director of Notre Dame University's Center for the Study of Man, has been a member of the pioneering Committee of the Division of Cultural Relations, Department of State, and a U.S. representative on the Executive Committee of UNESCO. He is an honorary trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WHITE HOUSE conferences are now well-established media for enabling citizens to comment on what their government is doing or presumably ought to be doing, as well as fairly effective launching pads for trial balloons in which an incumbent Administration is interested. Richard N. Gardner, in his spirited and reflective introduction to *Blueprint for Peace,* correctly surmises that the Conference convened by President Johnson during the autumn of 1965 to consider the possibilities and problems of international cooperation may well have been unprecedented in terms of scope and participation. His book summarizes the discussion and presents a great variety of recommendations derived from the experience and intelligence of the participants, many of them well-known men and women.

Though Adlai Stevenson's query whether the human race "really knows how to run a civilization" remains unanswered, here are more than 400 suggestions for improvement. As one might have anticipated, many of them are merely hoped-for addenda to the chores which the government of the United States is already more or less diligently performing. Thus the Committee on Peacemaking Operations offered fourteen proposals, closing with the wish that "when time and circumstance seem favorable" the United States will "make a contribution on the order of $25 million" to the now unbalanced peacekeeping budget of the U.N. On the other hand, some committees strongly endorsed private initiative and pointed with pride to achievements it has triggered.

One of the brightest pages in the story of contemporary international cooperation has been written by trade, industry, and banking. This has, of course, been an effort of the free world, with the United States pretty solidly in the driver's seat. The accomplishment is heartening, however necessary the additional momentum urged by some members of the pertinent committee may be. The Committee on Labor, perhaps inevitably, limited its discussion to an endorsement of the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development in fostering "the promotion of free enterprise and the elimination of Communist infiltration throughout the free world."

Much less optimistic are the reports of the Committees on Disarmament and Peacemaking. Though they announced substantial progress in the reconciliation of Russian and Western views, especially the test-ban treaty and its important sequel which vetoes the use of space exploration for military purposes, they were compelled to reckon with other perils. Those that grow out of the unsettled German and East European situation date from Yalta and Potsdam; but others, particularly the proliferation of nuclear armaments, are new and ominous. The report provides a satisfactorily realistic appraisal of the existing situation, but unfortunately some of the recommendations seem little more than wishful thinking. The plea that "the United States attempt to bring the People's Republic of China into a genuine dialogue on disarmament and other security matters" may, however, be more relevant ten years hence.

Special stress is placed on recently developed or planned forms of international sharing in scientific achievement. The scientists conjure up a potentially radiant future of conserved resources and human betterment. The threat arising from uninhibited population increase, especially in some blighted economic areas, is dealt with sanely and perceptively. The more "idealistic" programs designed to pro-

(*Continued on page 47*)

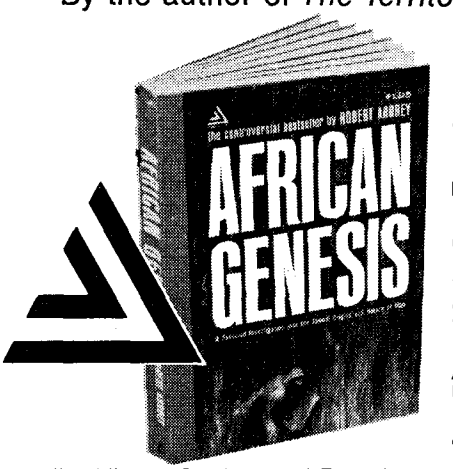
An Oversight?

BEFORE THE READER BEGINS to uncork the champagne, it should be noted that none of the 435 recommendations in *Blueprint for Peace* deals with the war in Vietnam. But in the corridors, at lunch, and at the cocktail parties the discussion centered on Vietnam. Rabbi Jacob Weinstein expressed the frustration of many when he said that he was impressed by the talk about desalinization of the seas, but he couldn't see its value so long as that "great big wall" cut participants off from a discussion of the Vietnam war. On the last day Vietnam did work its way into the open in a sharp exchange following presentation of the report of the Committee on Peaceful Settlement of Disputes; also, Vietnam dominated the question period following Secretary of State Rusk's speech.

Richard N. Gardner gives only the scantiest mention in his introduction to the omission of the world's most urgent problem from the agenda of the conference. Instead, he accentuates the positive, and he does it well.

—RICHARD HUDSON,
editor of War/Peace Report.

By the author of *The Territorial Imperative*



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Robert Ardrey

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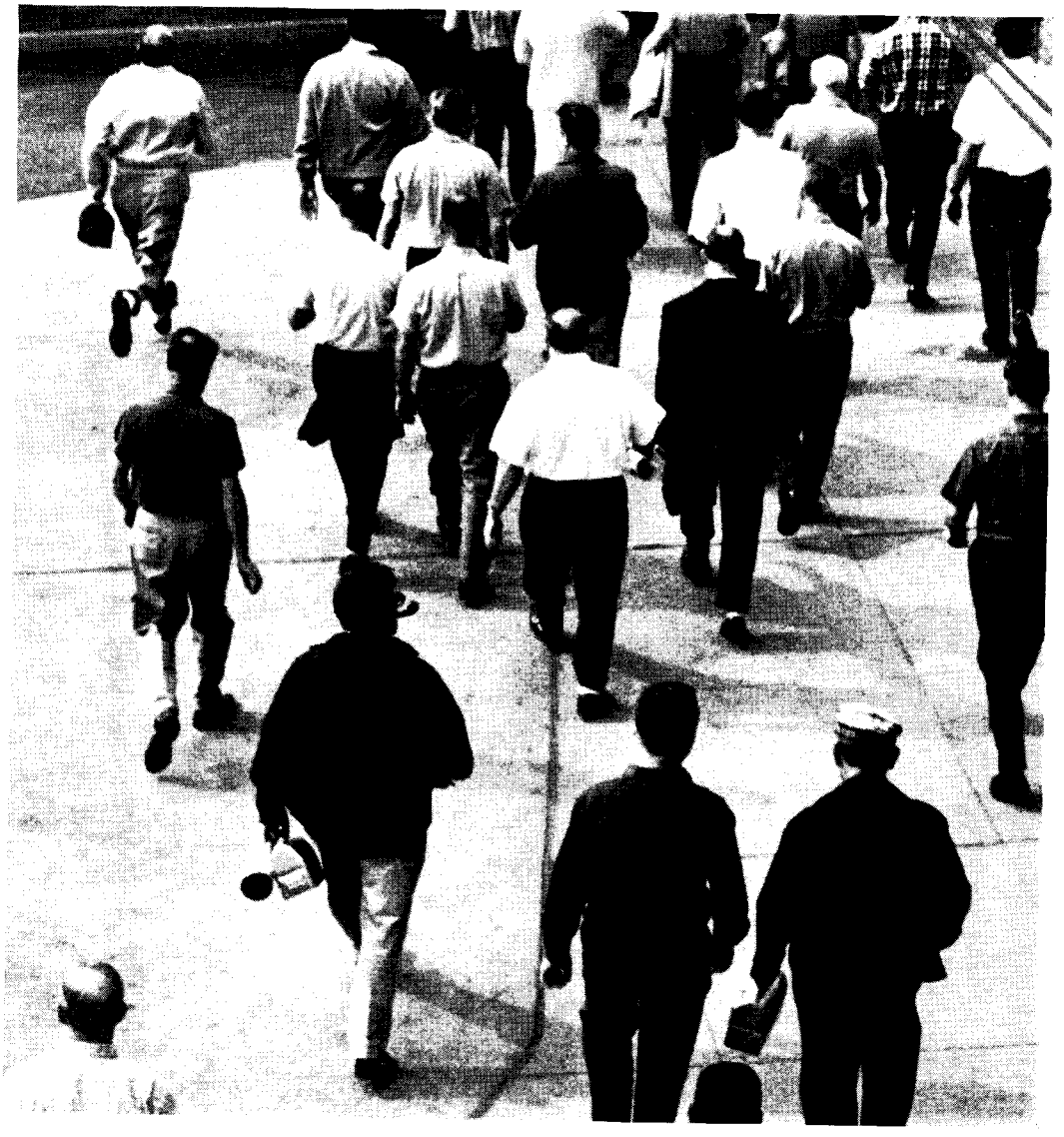

Manpower is one of our most critical problems.

We face a serious shortage of skilled workers, technicians, executives.

But there's something America needs as much as manpower...

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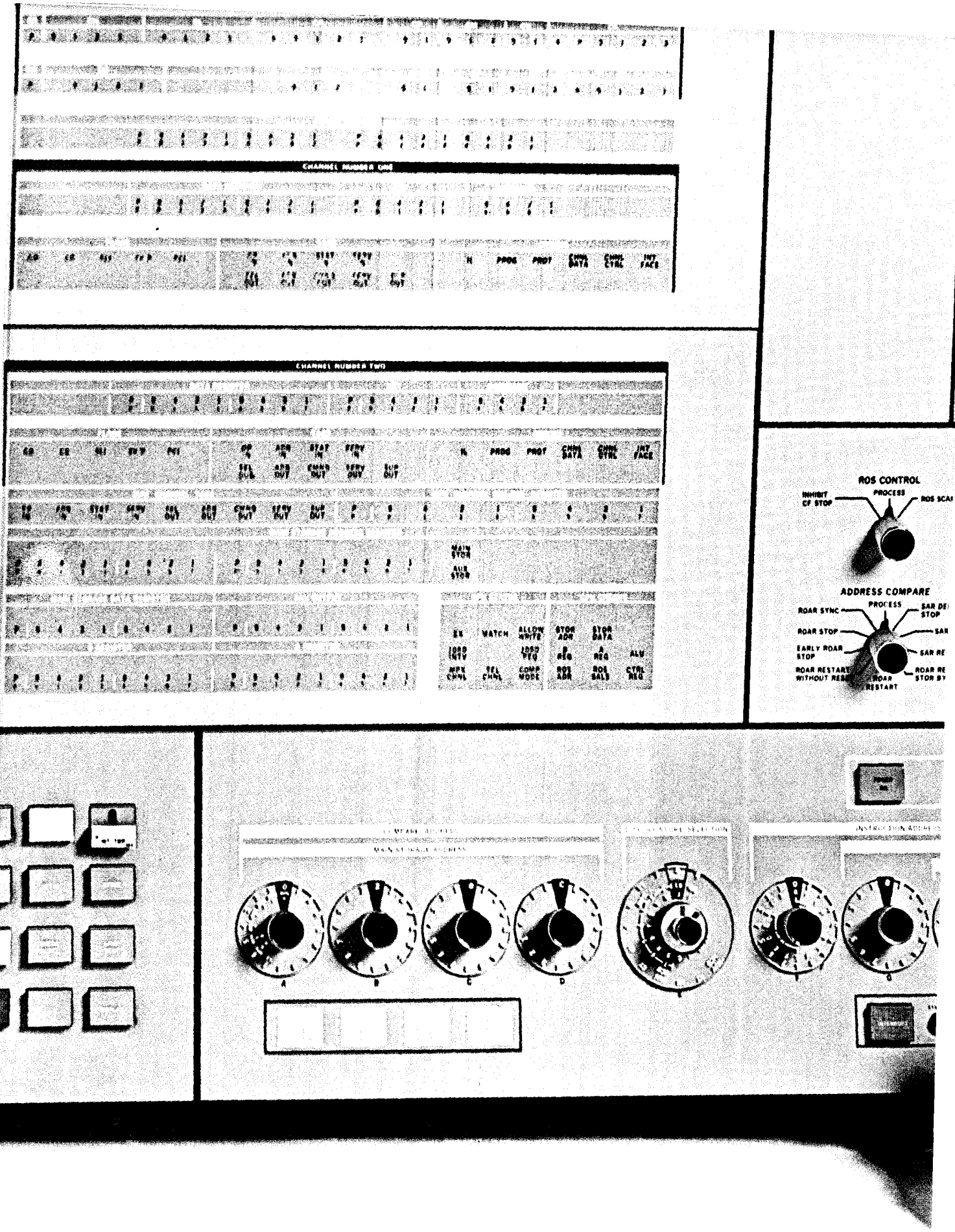

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Womanpower.

It's one of America's greatest natural resources—but it's not being properly used.

Women have invaded male ranks in almost every field. There are more women in professional and semi-professional occupations than ever. But year after year, their proportion of the total *declines*.

Today, only 18% of America's skilled workers are women.

Only 12% of our technicians. 7% of our doctors. 3% of our lawyers.

Only 15% of America's executives are women.

Women are working. But women are also *shirking* the jobs that put a premium on talent and brains.

The reasons are many. Women are marrying earlier. Some 60% of all women students leave college *before* graduation. For married women, it's easier to help family finances by taking a clerical, factory, or service job.

But the most disturbing reason is the barrier which still exists—of prejudice, ignorance, and simple discrimination.

Frequently, women earn less money than men, even when doing similar jobs. Advancement is uncertain. In many fields, "for men only" is the unwritten sign on the front door. Even today, when industry faces a near-critical labor shortage, one of the *last* palliatives applied is the hiring of women.

Of course women are different. And viva that difference.

But when it comes to intelligence, learning abilities, and skills, women are hardly different at all.

In the study of the government's Commission on the Status of Women, it was found that at comparable high levels, women differed very little from men in job turnover, length of service, and reliability.

Today, both industry and government have discovered that a prime source of brainpower is the woman in college.

Today, universities and companies are proving that *women* can be trained for top-level management jobs.

Today, there is legislation designed to guarantee equal pay for women who perform jobs equal to men.

But legislation alone isn't the answer. We need a new attitude. Acceptance of women in the realms which only stubborn tradition has left to men. Programs to encourage women to enter new fields and enlarge their knowledge horizon. Ways to help women *continue* education after marriage, to enable them to cope with technological changes when they're ready to re-enter the labor force.

Our lack of womanpower may be a crucial weakness in our social and economic system—and a determining factor in our survival.

If we're fair to the fair sex, our nation's manpower and brainpower can be increased enormously. Our capacity for growth can be greatly enlarged. Our future can be brighter and more secure.

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Let's not do it by half.

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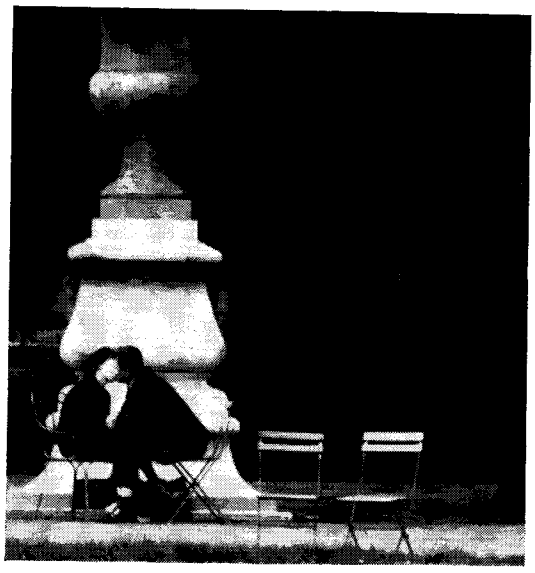

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Continued from page 42

mote international conciliation—those concerned with human rights, education, and cultural exchange—remain much more nebulous, though improvement in schooling for the world's poor has made rather substantial progress. But what can anyone say about human rights except that the United States should ratify a number of proposed conventions against discrimination, in the hope that the good example thus shown will prove contagious? The present situation is bleak, even if some pockets of suppression in the Western world are gradually disappearing.

A number of the committee reports are disappointing. The one dealing with the crucial problem of agricultural production tills hardly any new ground at all, and the one having to do with education discusses matters of peripheral interest, at least so far as that part of the public not engaged in schoolmastering is concerned. Those who discussed assisting economic development deserve thanks for not having neglected the highly important "private sector," but their recommendations do not improve in any notable way on material long in print on this elusive subject. Obviously, however, government experts were able to make grateful use of the discussion to air some of their frustrations.

As a whole the book will be unusually helpful to those—and, hopefully, they will be found in goodly numbers—who wish to gain some insight into the many complex and diverse problems with which the contemporary world is wrestling. It covers a lot of ground succinctly and provides a considerable amount of authoritative comment which is only rarely couched in the special language of the social scientist. It can aid in making American public opinion aware that the sum total of the problem of peace is no greater than its parts. The job to be done is great and baffling, and it will not succeed if there should be any waning of public support. Mr. Gardner's introduction, though quite personal in temper and perspective, is probably the best part of the volume he has edited.

Freedom Is a Full-Time Job

Steady Work: Essays in the Politics of Democratic Radicalism 1953-1966, *by Irving Howe (Harcourt, Brace & World. xvi. 364 pp. $6.95), is a statement of faith by one who is "a man of the Left." Milton R. Konvitz, professor at Cornell University, is author of "Expanding Liberties: Freedom's Gains in Postwar America" and other books.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

IRVING HOWE, professor of English at Hunter College and editor of *Dissent*, has not written a book about work and workers. The title of his book is explained by a Jewish story: Once in Chelm a man was appointed to sit at the city gate and watch for the coming of the Messiah. He complained to the elders that his pay was too low. "You are right," they said to him. "The pay is low. But consider: the work is steady!" There is also the story of the old rabbi who always put his walking stick by his bed when he went to sleep, for he knew that the Messiah may come at any time, and he wanted to be ready instantly to walk to the Promised Land. Irving Howe is a man who has steady work and one who keeps his walking stick at his bedside. But there is a fundamental difference between Howe and the watchman of Chelm and the rabbi: Howe does not merely wait for the coming of the Messiah. With Gerard Manley Hopkins, Irving Howe could say that "He comes with work to do, he does not come to coo." For Howe—"a man of the Left," a "radical" who believes in "democratic radicalism"—the day's work is never done.

Although some of the essays in this book previously appeared in various publications and were written over a period of about a dozen years, Howe rightly claims for the book "a firm unity." Whether he writes about the student revolt at Berkeley, the Vietnam protest movement, Boris Pasternak, Leon Trotsky, or Adlai Stevenson, his basic theme comes across. Howe never forgets, nor does he let his readers forget, that he is a radical democrat—one who was brought up on the democratic socialism of Jewish intellectuals and on the democratic faith of John Dewey, John Stuart Mill, and George Norris.

These traditions he has synthesized into a single heritage of "civil freedoms, disinterested speculation, humane tolerance." Through changes and crises, Howe has clung to the "intellectual heritage of the West, the tradition of liberalism at its most serious, the commitment to democracy as an indispensable part of civilized life." If there is room in his scheme for intolerance, it is for intolerance of any and all totalitarian movements. Not for one moment would Howe allow the dynamics of socialism to compromise democratic ideals. At the same time, however, he has little patience with a democracy that stops short at biting into economic and social relations.

The issues are faced squarely: "To preserve democracy as a political mode without extending it into every crevice of social and economic life is to allow it to become increasingly sterile, formal, ceremonial. To nationalize an economy without enlarging democratic freedoms is to create a new kind of social exploitation." The basic values remain, always, those of the Western tradition: "fraternity, libertarianism, egalitarianism, and freedom."

In struggling to validate and even enlarge these values, Howe is not a merely observing intellectual; he is not estranged or alienated because he has "bonds with other men to transform the society." He has no room for "marginality and withdrawal." Nor is he so impatient that he would ignore or minimize the great improvements in the living conditions of many millions of men and women through the work of labor unions, liberal organizations, civil rights forces, and the welfare state. But he remains a radical because he is impelled to hold to "a vision of social transformation going beyond the limits of the welfare state."

One would like to know more about that "vision of social transformation." There is not much in *Steady Work* which charts the new social order that transcends all we have seen and know. It is hard to believe that Irving Howe has not been to the top of Pisgah and had a look at what is on the other side and beyond. He has given us an interesting and helpful book, but it is more—shall I say?—retrospective than prospective.

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Life Kept Intruding

***Men at Work,** by Honor Tracy (Random House. 244 pp. $4.95), depicts a novelist whose search for privacy is continually disrupted by eccentric visitors and incidents. Lawrence Graver is a member of the faculty of Williams College.*

By LAWRENCE GRAVER

IN A conventional picaresque novel like *Tom Jones* the innocent hero is sent into the world to be played upon by experience. In *Men at Work* Honor Tracy neatly reverses the pattern and brings the bizarre world home to her retiring hero.

After five published novels and a four-year stretch of writer's block, Timothy Beauchamp, in search of privacy and renewed inspiration, buys a Suffolk house. Yet even before he can unpack, the world begins to penetrate his defenses. Having burned books and sauerkraut, his German mother-in-law threatens to take her own life. His housekeeper, the unhinged Mrs. Nightingale, cannot be kept from spilling confidences in the sanctity of his study. The irrepressible Mrs. Beauchamp, troubled by nothing but "silence, solitude, and lack of incident," joyfully torments her husband with bargains and house guests, two of whom arrive *en famille* "like an Egyptian plague." As the bank demands money and the agent a new manuscript, Beauchamp's best friend unleashes an insane American professor hunting for a Briton to teach creative writing at Salamanca University, Kentucky.

Just at the point when the sequence of disruptions has reduced Beauchamp to sullen dejection, he discovers that "a curious, merciful dispensation went along with it all. The more the horror piled up, the more intolerable the externals became, the better he found himself working."

Given the frail, episodic structure, the success of *Men at Work* depends on the resiliency of Beauchamp's reactions and the vividness with which the farcical invasions are described. Unfortunately, he rarely rises above "infernal helplessness," "growing bewilderment," "prostration," or "open-mouthed dismay"; and after the fourth or fifth humiliation his ordeal loses its point. Two hundred pages are spent to reveal the pomposities of a man Pope would have impaled in a couplet.

Honor Tracy—"a compulsive comedian."

The incidental farce is often telling; Miss Tracy adds new specimens to her gallery of fraudulent artists, lovable eccentrics, and jazz-age clergymen. Her best effects come in epigrammatic dialogue, descriptive detail, or deft satiric portraiture. Yet even the inspired moments in *Men at Work* exist alongside comedy that is feeble and satiric targets that have been overexposed. Characters have names like Montague Butterworth and Marcus Pilkington; American colleges stockpile British literary manuscripts in Padua, Texas, and Heidelberg, Indiana; and Professor Amadeo Frosch not only plans to negotiate with Tolstoy for the manuscript to *War and Peace*, but sees *Hamlet* and tells his host: "Now this guy is mad at his uncle, see, who bumped off his father and married his mother, and he plans to give him the works. But he has a procrastination problem and he can't seem to get busy. Hamlet's one of these compulsive talkers, like Myron K. Schreiber, our Dean."

Miss Tracy is a compulsive comedian; nothing odd is alien to her. Delight in eccentricity gives her work flamboyance, but since she lacks the ability to integrate plot and develop character, *Men at Work* remains static and anecdotal.

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Mixed-Up Marriage: It's irresistible: *Prudence, Indeed* is a failure, in fact. I can't think of anything better or worse to say about Anne Bernays's third novel (Trident, $4.95) than that it is slick ladies' fiction, a not very probing story of a not very interesting New York marriage between a Jewish psychiatric social worker, Sophie Golderman, and a gentile research chemist, Nick Brean. Sophie discovers that Nick is less perfect than she had thought him to be during their engagement—as brilliant perhaps, but not as kind, not as compassionate or understanding, not as pure about his science. There is nothing earthshaking here, especially since Sophie, for all her ostensible training, leaves a lot to be desired in the way of either generosity or insight.

Unhappily, I am sure Miss Bernays did not intend this slick-fiction result. Her characters are quite patronizing about, for example, *McCall's*, and the writer character in the book reports reviews of his book by *Midstream*, *Commentary*, and the *Partisan Review*. The trouble is that it is difficult to understand just what the author's intentions were. The title, for example, is taken from the Declaration of Independence: "Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes." Such relevance as I can find for this is so meager that I can't hold on to it long enough even to explain it.

The social conscience Nick suddenly develops halfway through the book (he begins taking part in sit-ins in the South) can only be ascribed to the author's need for some concrete issue on which Sophie can base her final ruminations: ". . . at last she began to comprehend a little more about Nick's concern, his intensely personal, bleeding concern for those deprived by society of mercy; it was all very well as long as the sufferers remained as abstract as the gray dolls hopping around the television screen, but as soon as Nick was confronted by the *reality* of human need—he could be as cruel as the rest of them No—crueler. And was it always like that with the reformers and champions?"

Now here is an interesting theme for a novel. But even though Sophie is specifically involved as a caseworker (and Nick as a chemist) *Prudence, Indeed* cannot be said to explore the subject. —LOUISE ARMSTRONG.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5L, 9E, 3B, 2F, 8G, 4A, 6J, 11D, 7H, 12K, 10I, 1C.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Classics

THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS. A new translation by Robert Graves. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.75.

Crime, Suspense

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN. By L. P. Davies. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR. By Helen McCloy. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

KINDS OF LOVE, KINDS OF DEATH. By Tucker Coe. Random House. $3.95.

THE LAST ONE LEFT. By John D. MacDonald. Doubleday. $4.95.

MADAME AUBRY AND THE POLICE. By Hugh Travers. Harper & Row. $4:50.

THE ROSE WINDOW. By Suzanne Blanc. Doubleday. $3.95.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, "KILLER" KANE. By William Peter Blatty. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE BITTER HERITAGE: Vietnam and American Democracy 1941-1966. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

IN A CAUSE THAT WILL TRIUMPH: The Goldwater Campaign and the Future of Conservatism. By Karl Hess. Doubleday. $4.95.

INCREDIBLE LOS ANGELES. By John L. Chapman. Harper & Row. $6.50.

INSIDE INTERNAL REVENUE. By William Surface. Coward-McCann. $5.

THE INVENTION OF THE NEGRO. By Earl Conrad. Eriksson. $5.95.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SATELLITE. By Alfred Bester. Little, Brown. $5.95.

WASHINGTON EXPOSE. By Jack Anderson. Public Affairs Press. $6.

Economics

MARX'S ECONOMIC PREDICTIONS. By Fred M. Gottheil. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.50.

Essays

LANGUAGE AS SYMBOLIC ACTION: Essays on Life, Literature and Method. By Kenneth Burke. Univ. of California Press. $10.

Fiction

BALLOONS ARE AVAILABLE. By Jordan Crittenden. Atheneum. $4.50.

THE CORNER SHOP. By Elizabeth Cadell. Morrow. $3.95.

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. By Louis Ferdinand Céline. Translated by Ralph Manheim. New Directions. Hardbound, $7.50. New American Library. Paperback, $1.25.

THE FORTRESS. By Henry Jaeger. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE GLAD SEASON. By Paula Elizabeth Sitts. Dutton. $4.50.

THE HOT MONTH. By Clifford Hanley. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE SYMBOL. By Alvah Bessie. Random House. $5.95.

A TRIP TO CZARDIS. By Edwin Granberry. Trident. $4.95.

History

ACHIEVEMENT OF GREECE. By William Chase Greene. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: Joseph C. Grew and the Development of the United States Diplomatic Tradition. By Waldo H. Heinrichs, Jr. Little, Brown. $10.50.

ANTONIO GRAMSCI AND THE ORIGINS OF ITALIAN COMMUNISM. By John M. Cammett. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.50

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE. By Roland Van Zandt. Rutgers Univ. Press. $12.50.

CORREGIDOR: The Saga of a Fortress. By James H. Belote and William M. Belote. Harper & Row. $6.95.

MAKERS OF MODERN ENGLAND: The Force of Individual Genius in History. By Giovanni Costigan. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE ONIN WAR: History of its Origins and Background with a Selective Translation of *The Chronicle of Onin*. By H. Paul Varley. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE SOUTH SINCE APPOMATTOX: A Century of Regional Change. By Thomas D. Clark and Albert D. Kirwan. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION: It's Rise, Growth, and End. By Jean Plaidy. Citadel. $10.

THE TROUBLED GIANT: Britain Among the Great Powers 1916-1939. By F. S. Northedge. Praeger. $17.50.

Law

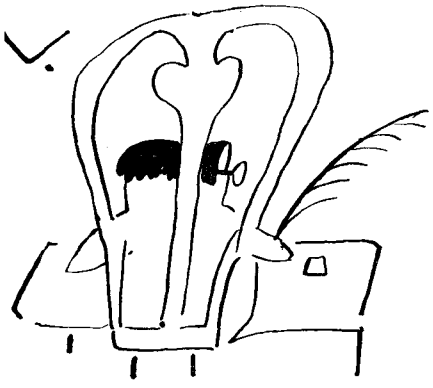
THE MARK FEIN CASE. By William A. Reuben. Dial. $5.

Literary History, Criticism

MARK TWAIN. By Charles Neider. Horizon. $6.50.

THE STYLE OF LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. By Jean Dominique Biard. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

WORDSWORTH: The Chronology of the Early Years, 1770-1799. By Mark L. Reed. Harvard Univ. Press. $9.



Miscellany

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF FAMILY SKIING. By George Sullivan. Coward-McCann. $5.50.

COMPUTATION IN LINGUISTICS: A Case Book. Edited by Paul L. Garvin and Bernard Spolsky. Indiana Univ. Press. $7.95.

DIVISION STREET: America. By Studs Terkel. Pantheon. $5.95.

The Family Game Book. By Robert V. Masters. Doubleday. $5.95.

LEONE'S ITALIAN COOKBOOK. By Gene Leone. Harper & Row. $6.50.

MAN ON THE MOVE. By Harvey Firestone, Jr. Putnam. $7.95.

1967 BLOCK INCOME TAX GUIDE. By the H. R. Block Company. Macmillan. $1.95.

Personal History

THE BENEVOLENT MAN: The Life of Ralph Allen of Bath. By Benjamin Boyce. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.95.

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD: The Statesman and His Faith. By Henry P. Van Dusen. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE INNOCENT ASSASSINS. By Fred A. Salazar with Jack Herschlag. Dutton. $5.95.

MACHIAVELLI. By Giuseppe Prezzolini. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $8.50.

T. E. LAWRENCE: An Arab View. By Suleiman Mousa. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

Poetry

THE BLOOD THAT IS LANGUAGE. By Louise Townsend Nicholl. John Day. $5.

BRATSK STATION AND OTHER NEW POEMS. By Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Praeger. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.25.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF LOUIS MACNEICE. Edited by E. R. Dodds. Oxford Univ. Press. $9.75.

Psychology, Sociology

THE BETRAYAL OF THE BODY. By Alexander Lowen, M.D. Macmillan. $6.95.

CATHOLIC ACTION IN ITALY: The Sociology of a Sponsored Organization. By Gianfranco Poggi. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.

THE EMPTY FORTRESS: Infantile Autism and the Birth of the Self. By Bruno Bettelheim. Macmillan/Free Press. $9.95.

Religion, Philosophy

IN THE HUMAN GRAIN. By Walter J. Ong, S.J. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE MINUTE PARTICULAR. By E. G. Lee. Beacon. $4.95.

RELIGION IN A MODERN SOCIETY. By H. J. Blackham. Ungar. $5.

THE VISION AND THE WAY: An Interpretation of Jewish Ethics. By Jacob B. Agus. Ungar. $8.50.

WE ARE ALL BROTHERS. By Louis Evely. Herder & Herder. $3.50.

Travel

JOURNEY THROUGH THE HOLY LAND. By Betty Hartman Wolf. Doubleday. $4.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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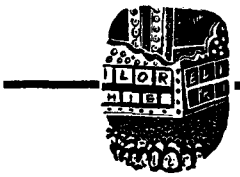

The Problem

THE RACIAL STORY, or the story with racial overtones, has in recent years become the province of independent film-makers, who have found the field left open to them by the ever cautious major producers. Such films as *The Cool World*, *Nothing But a Man*, and *One Potato, Two Potato* were financed outside of the usual studio channels, and only the more recent *A Man Called Adam*, in which Sammy Davis, Jr., portrays a tragic jazz trumpeter (while Mel Torme does the singing) received backing along more orthodox lines from Joseph E. Levine's Embassy Pictures. Except for *One Potato, Two Potato*, the earnings of these films have been lean indeed, and so, when a new one is embarked upon, courage, faith, and a certain dedication are required.

The latest, *Sweet Love, Bitter*, was made for about $400,000 by Gerard Kleppel and Robert Ferman, and has for its stars Dick Gregory, Don Murray, and Diane Varsi, an assemblage that could conceivably spark some audience interest, aside from its values as a film. *Sweet Love, Bitter* was adapted by Herbert Danska and Lewis Jacobs from *Night Song*, a novel by John Williams which was said to have been inspired, at least in part, by the sad fate of Charlie "Bird" Parker, jazz musician extraordinary. In the film this musician is called Richie "Eagle" Stokes, and he is played with surprising conviction and considerable realism by Dick Gregory, who now adds movie stardom to his other attainments. But there is less conviction in the handling of the material by Herbert Danska, who appears to be searching for and exploring a suitable cinematic style, without ever finding it. He mingles gray, grimy realism with all too studied moments of dream and fantasy; he combines two cities—Philadelphia and New York—into one The City; and he obtains performances that are uneven, to say the least.

Don Murray, as a college instructor of English heading rapidly toward Skid Row, is vague as a character and only mechanically sincere as an actor. Diane Varsi, who here returns to movies after a nine-year retirement, is seen as the mistress of an intellectual Negro who runs a hip hangout for jazz musicians, and while she is pleasant to look at, she is all too intense and lugubrious in her role. In fact, the whole movie is pervaded by The Problem, not just the "Eagle's" problem of heroin addiction, not just Miss Varsi's problem of attaining satisfactory sex and social relationships with her Negro boy friend, and not the college instructor's problem of rescuing himself from the guilt he feels over the death of his wife in an automobile accident. The Problem seems to be that some people are white and others black—and there's no way out of it.

Filmically, that is. For in life there are whites and blacks who on occasion do manage to take advantage of our relatively open society, who develop their talents, and who gain successes and human satisfactions. Particularly, the talented. And, when one tragic case is made symbolic or symptomatic of the whole, as occurs in this film—and also in *A Man Called Adam*—the material tends to take on tones that are strident and sentimental. "Eagle," we are told and shown, never managed to face reality, and that is why he dies from an overdose of heroin. But just what is that "reality"? As far as can be ascertained from the film, it is The Problem.

In real life, Dick Gregory is an active, effective leader in the movement for social equality; he is a witty and engaging entertainer; and he is also, as this film proves, a remarkably talented actor. In real life, Sammy Davis, Jr., is a fabulously successful singer and actor, and a personality of enormous fame. And yet each chose roles requiring the portrayal of inchoate anger, frustration, and failure. There is something odd here.

What seems to be true is that film dramaturgy that deals with racial themes is tending more and more to concentrate on somewhat clichéd assumptions rather than on truer distillations of reality. The negative side exists, quite obviously, but even that negative side is seldom explored honestly. And while I am not recommending Dale Carnegie-type positive thinking, there is a case to be made for changes in orientation and attitude among Negroes and whites alike. When I turn on my TV set for the 6 o'clock news I meet, through this medium each day, intelligent, articulate, and impressive Americans who are Negro, and I meet whites who seem fully aware of the realities of the changing situation. But I do not meet these people in movies. Instead of problems, I meet The Problem, and it's always the same, and it's always all but hopeless. I doubt that it is, and it is my television set and not such undeniably earnest films as *Sweet Love, Bitter* that is the cause of my doubt. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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THE THEATER

Pinter's Hilarious Depth Charge

BRITISH PLAYWRIGHT Harold Pinter's newest work, *The Homecoming*, is pure theater, a play with all the emotional and didactic fat neatly trimmed off. To appreciate it we must pass through the looking glass into Pinter's deliberately distorted world which, like Kafka's or Beckett's, is not the civil one in which we pretend to live nor the barbaric one of animals, but the subconscious one in which the two worlds wage an eternal battle for coexistence. In *The Homecoming* we see the whole futile and ironic fight more fully joined than we ever let it be.

The curtain rises on John Bury's inspired setting, an enormous living room in which a few pieces of rundown furniture slightly larger than life-size are tilted at us to intensify the play's strange atmosphere, and free us from normal expectancies. It is a jungle cave in which an all-male family of four fight to preserve their virility.

At its head is Max, the patriarchal widower, fiercely played by Paul Rogers. Max knows his physical strength is decreasing and this makes him all the more vicious in his self-assertion. Max's brother, Sam, portrayed with appropriate anemia by John Normington, has long since been defeated not only by the crushingly powerful Max, but by his never consummated love for the woman Max married. He clings to a hollow pride in being the best, i.e., the most subservient, chauffeur in a car rental firm.

Two of Max's three grown sons complete the deteriorating household. Joey, a fat, submissive brute, played with amusing denseness by Terence Rigby, is being pushed by the family to become a prizefighter, and all that's keeping him from success is that he doesn't know how to defend himself and he doesn't know how to attack. The other brother, Lenny, is the complete pragmatist who usually reaches his goal with the least expenditure of words and energy, and who reacts viciously to the least suspicion that he is being used by someone else. Lenny is performed by Ian Holm, a young actor supreme at sarcasm who, like Olivier, emanates a feeling of just barely controlled danger.

Into this cage of predatory human animals unexpectedly arrive the third brother, Teddy, and his wife, Ruth, who are passing through London on the way home to America after a European holiday. Teddy has escaped from the family by adopting intellectualism and becoming a professor of philosophy. His problem is that in order to retain his objectivity he must exercise such mastery of his emotions that he has almost reached the point of no longer having them. As Teddy, Michael Craig shows us more of the struggle not to express his feelings than he does the recognition of his tragic nonemotionalism. His wife, on the other hand, is the essence of femaleness. In an exquisitely direct performance, Vivien Merchant commences as a woman seeking to be dominated more strongly than her husband now is willing to do. Lenny senses this immediately and attempts to make her more submissive preparatory to seducing her. But Ruth's instincts are aroused and we see that she will use the seduction to dominate him. Only Lenny's shrewdness forestalls this.

However, the forces have been set in motion and Ruth proceeds to use her seductiveness to conquer and emasculate the others in the family. She is not being evil, but merely following her own instincts for self-preservation. When the time comes for her to decide whether she will return to her home and children in America or become a high-class prostitute in order to stay on and continue her domination of this newfound male stronghold, Teddy proves unwilling to do more than present a balanced statement of the advantages and disadvantages of each course of action; his self-preservation depends upon his maintenance of complete objectivity. It is Miss Merchant's achievement, however, that not just at this point but throughout the play we sense her tragic awareness that she is both the conqueror and the victim of her husband's family.

Peter Hall has directed his Royal Shakespeare Company cast with his special sensitivity to Pinter. Most telling is the use of precisely timed silences in which the dropped pebble of a line seems to send out infinitely widening circles of unstated implications. Furthermore, Mr. Hall has nicely achieved the truth and humor that come from characters saying the opposite of what they are doing, or justifying unsentimental acts with torrents of sentimental clichés.

The Homecoming will undoubtedly baffle and shock, because Pinter is a kind of theatrical acupuncturist tapping the deepest nerves intuitively rather than scientifically. Thus, while no family will find itself mirrored in this one, every family may feel that Pinter has come uncomfortably close to hitting forces it only in some degree manages to master.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Maughamland Revisited

THE ROAD out of Jakarta, broiling there in the sub-equatorial sun, lies by way of Bangkok or Singapore, and you can take your choice. Both cities sit north of the equator, along the main east-west traffic routes that bind the world. In a way, the air route to Indonesia takes on the aspects of a corridor, although it is traversed by the airlines of many nations, among them Garuda of Indonesia; KLM of the Netherlands, a nation once the *seigneur* of the East Indies archipelago; Japan Air Lines, whose motherland controlled these vast Asian areas in the early phases of World War II; and Pan American, which maintains a thin linkage running south from Saigon, but whose innkeeping company operates hotels both in Jakarta and in Bali.

I came north on the Singapore route eager for an exploration of the Malay peninsula, which, since I was last in these particular parts, has convoluted itself into all sorts of political postures. Well, you can't turn your back a minute. While I was occupied elsewhere Malaysia flowered as a nation and then, in a perplexing turn-around, Singapore, in August of 1965, became an independent and sovereign state. The fad for confederating groups of states, a vogue greatly enlivened by the United States in 1776, seems now to be losing some of its steam, and we are perhaps seeing the return to the days of strong city-states the likes of Venice and Genoa.

Singapore has its own flag now, which is a horizontal band of white and a horizontal band of red emplanted with a white crescent moon and five white stars. It entered the United Nations as the 116th member and soon it will have its own money, and, like all emerging nations, a Hilton hotel. It already has an Intercontinental hotel.

It is probably a vast oversimplification to say that Singapore's problems within the Malaysian confederation sprang from the pressures of its population. But Singapore is heavily Chinese by ethnic origin and these citizens practice Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Christianity. Malaysia, operating from the capital at Kuala Lumpur, is heavily Malay and its citizens follow the tenets of Islam. Thus the break would seem, on the face of it, enormously simple were it not for the fact that Singapore ratified participation in the federation in a referendum held in 1962, and the further perplexing fact that, once free of Kuala Lumpur's alleged domination, it selected as its first president Inche Yusof bin Ishak, who is no Chinese. Beyond constructing this flimsy trellis of political latticework I will say no more, except to note that when I was there recently the huge, ornate Indonesian consulate was scheduled to reopen in Singapore, and that the first American Ambassador was expected to take up residence at any moment.

Exclusive of its political status, Singapore is making every effort to become, in the traveler's eye anyway, another Hong Kong. It talks of offering "Instant Asia," operates a carpeted reception center in John Little's Building on Raffles Place, an exotic address to which travelers can retire to make free local phone calls, use the typewriters, and even store their parcels in lockers while they go out to make more purchases. Raffles Place has become a rather toney square, with an underground car park tunneled beneath a landscaped park. In keeping with the Westernization of the East, it is also equipped with a Honeyland Milk Bar.

When I first came to Singapore in the winter of 1958-1959, I flew on the overnight flight from Madras across the wide mouth of the Bay of Bengal. Even in the sleepy condition in which I was first deposited on the tip of the Malay peninsula, I thought the Raffles Hotel was by far the Maughamiest nest of tropical living I had ever seen. I went back to look at it this time, and now somehow—whether it was me or it I don't really know—it seemed a bit down at the heels. The wait in the garden, still bursting with traveler palms, for a waiter to come take an order for a sentimental drink was more than patience could endure, and we pressed on to the Singapura, a relatively new entry put together by the Intercontinental people and operated with no-nonsense efficiency by the Australian hotelier, George Milne.

The Singapura is not grand and expansive, but it does offer some comforts of the traveler's life which jet voyagers have come to take for granted—an all-night coffee shop, a drugstore and newsstand, a pool surrounded by sleep-in cabana rooms. Even in its cementy confines it does trundle out the *saté* cart every night, and the poolside is perfumed with the essence of broiling sticks of skewered meat slivers to be dipped in pungent peanut-flavored sauce. Its location in town was a pioneering site, but it has paid off, for a huge excavation next door indicates that a Hilton hotel is to be built there.

New and handsome shops dealing in Chinese, Indonesian, and Indian wares have opened across the street. Once a week the night market sets up stalls under hastily assembled fluorescent lights and dispenses all manner of street merchandise—watches that might tick through the night, undershirts, sandals, batiks from Java, toys from Red China, paintings, American phonograph records, Japanese cigarette lighters, and screw drivers of unspecified origin. Most of the goods are barter merchandise, traded by independent boats plying among nearby islands. A high spirit of bargaining, more frenzied than one might encounter at an Arab *souk*, pervades the blue-lit night air.

If the Hilton is indeed built where the sign promises that it will be, the night market will be a once-a-week floor show at its very doorstep just as it enlivens the front entrance of the Singapura now. Besides the anticipated Hilton, the other hotel projects include the 200-room Ming Court Hotel, and, out on the rim of Tanglin Circus, the 400-room Hotel Malaysia overlooking a new $30,000 fountain which can spray water in ten assorted fashions. As locations go, the Malaysia will be an even more daring venture than the Singapura, for it will sit in the city's prime residential area, just down the road from the Botanical Gardens—eight acres of lily ponds, bamboo stands, cactus gardens, and monkey jungles.

AMONG Singapore's new sights, and a favorite with the guides, are the blocks of low-cost housing flats which are replacing the old *kampongs*. There are a number of classes of low-cost housing, but a typical two-bedroom apartment in a cement development I saw rents for about $20 (U.S.) a month. Wash is still done by hand and, in the manner perfected in Hong Kong, is hung to dry on bamboo poles, creating a giant edifice festooned with more flags than were unfurled on the Field of Cloth of Gold. By the end of 1965 some 54,430 apartment units had been built under the first five-year plan. Together with more than 20,000 units built before the plan went into effect, the new units have provided urban relocation for nearly a quarter of Singapore's 2,000,000 people.

Of course, the old sights are still being trotted out, too, and the guides push the travelers up to the local Alp called Mount Faber, which rises a dizzying 350 feet above the sea. From that vantage point one can look north across the harbor that stretches for three miles, providing bunks for twenty-five ocean-going vessels at a time, making it the fifth largest port in the world. The wail of the snake charmers' flutes at Mount Faber is ear-nettling evidence of the lack of otherwise gainful employment by

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some of the 150,000 displaced residents of the Indian subcontinent.

The city of Singapore can count only thirty-seven square miles, but adding all the land of the new republic, its total real estate swells to 224 square miles, about one-fifth the size of Rhode Island. Some forty-five southern islands belong to Singapore and many of them are inhabited by commuters who come to the city each day aboard sampans. One island called Pulau Sejahat, which my Chinese guide assured me means "naughty island," is owned by Christina Loke, widow of Loke Wan Tho, the late millionaire who made a fortune operating movie theaters in Southeast Asia only to die in an air crash in Hong Kong. The widow Loke has since remarried and has announced plans to try to make a sort of gambler's Macao of her island.

I am by no stretch a proponent of a new Las Vegas—indeed, I think we fired that first test bomb in the wrong place—but perhaps some island of intrigue is just what is needed to give Singapore the spice it needs to become another Hong Kong. What it lacks is not desire, but rather those fabulous views of the harbor, the teeming streets, the great displays of merchandise, and the high degree of civilized comfort which the British Crown Colony can now offer.

If given the thumb screws, I would, I suppose, confess that Singapore is rather pallid by comparison. It is comfortable by Southeast Asia standards, yet it fails to wow me. Westerners who live in Singapore assure me the bargains here are better than they are in Hong Kong, but C. K. Tang, while a store of some interest, is still not Lane Crawford's. Jewelry and furniture from Red China are available here, but not for Americans, who may not bring them back. On the other hand, Singapore, for anyone not going on to Indonesia, has batiks in great display, Balinese wood carvings—though mostly touristy designs—and some Malaysian handicraft of which Hong Kong sees very little.

The Chinese food is quite good, though as always in cities of the East—and you can begin the rule with Honolulu—never served in surroundings of taste and handsome décor. The Mayfair Hotel's Great Shanghai Restaurant on Armenian Street is a good example. It is a small restaurant frequently traversed by B girls who work the adjoining bar and slink through the tables of the diners en route to the ladies' room. It becomes sort of a fashion show of loudly brocaded silks, and anyone unbothered by motion sickness from the undulating patterns will find it a pleasing adjunct to the Mayfair's excellent menu. Among the items are such gems as pig's tripe and gizzard, three precious meats in chicken sauce, fish's head in bowl, jelly mutton, and drunken chicken.

At the Mandarin Room, in the course of another excursion, the house was a sell-out of local Chinese—and all men at that. With three other Occidentals, we were shunted off to a separate room where the management proffered such specialties as stewed ducks' feet and mushrooms and sea slugs and crisp rice, to say nothing of a miraculous basket woven of shoestring potatoes.

THE more ambitious diners in Singapore—perhaps I should call them the more daring—can repair to the open stalls on Hokkien Street, a favorite rendezvous in the small hours for Hokkien Mee, or noodles made in prawn soup. Along Shenton Way, behind Telok Ayer Basin, the stalls on the harbor serve *saté*, and chicken lontong. There are also Indian stalls that do Rojak, a mess of pottage that includes bean cakes, fried crab claws, boiled potatoes, spiced squid, all dusted with chili powder, sprinkled with onions and lettuce, and covered like a collapsed tent with a heavy gravy.

I should, I suppose, tell you that I put in for lunch one day at the Goodwood Park Hotel, an enormous citadel that used to be someone's manor house. It has that ill-fitting, hand-me-down look that mansions get when they are turned into hotels, but I have friends who stay there and give it strong testimonials. The menu included fried steak with toasted bread crusts and English mustard, English potted shrimps, and steamed sole fillet with sage and tarragon. The British have long since departed, but a few monuments still remain.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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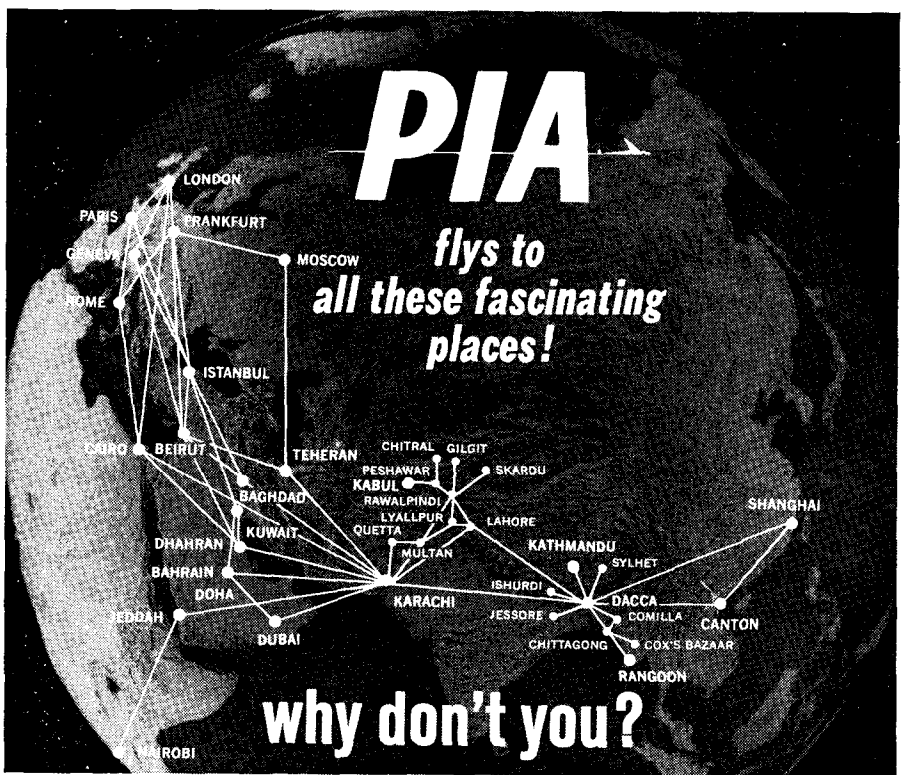

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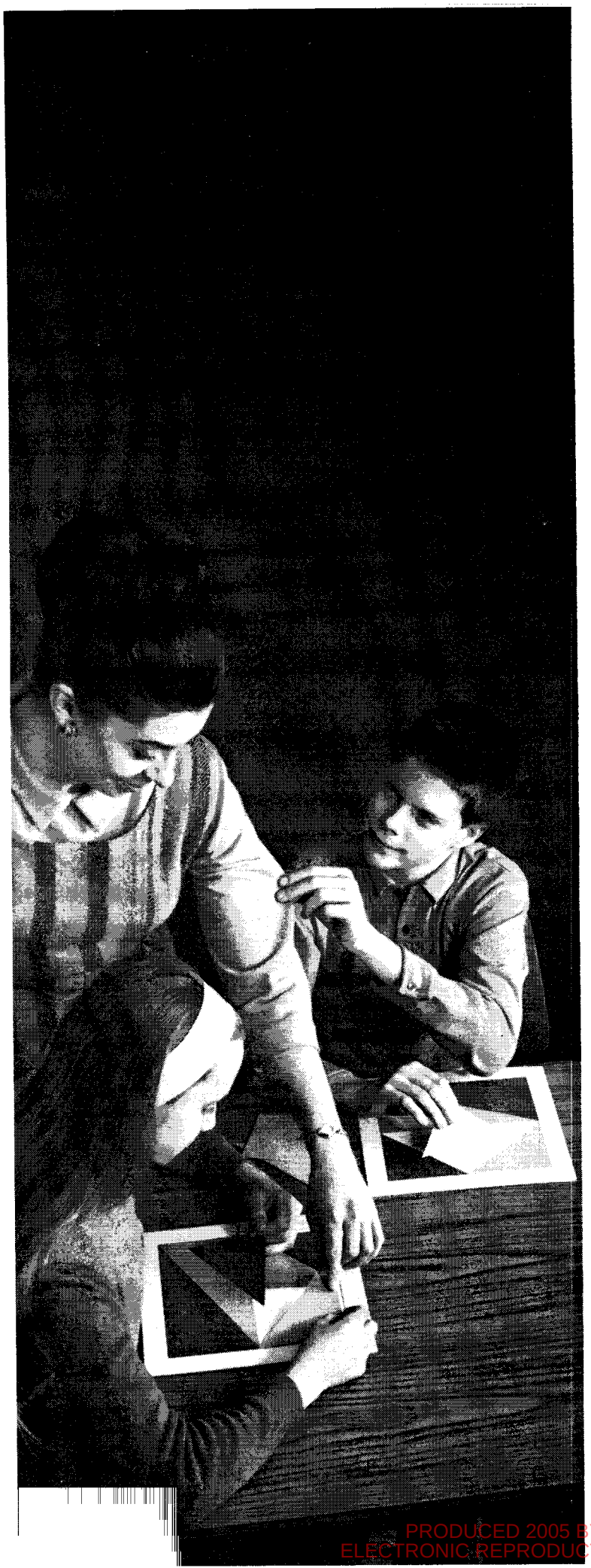

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Long Hair and Mini-skirts

PARENTS in many parts of the nation have challenged the right of school officials to regulate the clothing and hair styles of students. Many cases have been taken to court. In at least three states the American Civil Liberties Union has intervened on behalf of the students, with the result that some cases are being carried to higher courts.

The right of independent and parochial schools to prescribe clothing for students—even to require uniforms—has rarely been challenged. Whether public schools have the same right is not clear. Traditionally most of them have allowed students to dress as they or their parents please so long as the clothing is within the limits of what is locally considered to be modest, and as long as boys dress like boys and girls like girls. But problems have arisen when girls wear pants, when boys sport hairdos which to the local citizenry are suggestive of something other than masculinity, or when the traditions of modesty are violated. And these problems have a long history.

During the flapper era when girls' skirts were growing shorter, their hosiery thinner, and their lips and cheeks redder, a number of high schools tried valiantly to stem the tide. In 1923 the Supreme Court of Arkansas upheld the right of a school board to prohibit "the wearing of transparent hosiery, a low-necked dress, or any style of dress tending toward immodesty in dress or the use of face paint or cosmetics." It is not recorded whether the cosmetics industry suffered as a result of this decision but it is known that hemlines continued to rise throughout the Twenties.

During the Thirties, hemlines dropped again and cosmetics became less gaudy. But the combination of tight-fitting sweaters and uplift brassieres caused a number of school officials to rule that such distracting features had no place in the classroom, where boys were expected to keep their minds on their studies. It proved difficult, however, to establish a satisfactory criterion for tightness of fit.

In the Fifties, high school girls discovered that denim pants, if sufficiently tight and sufficiently thin, could be as interesting to boys as the garments previously thought to be more feminine. Many schools responded by requiring girls to wear skirts. The legality of such rulings was contested. In many states the issue remains unresolved, but last year the New York State Commissioner of Education ruled that a Saratoga Springs high school had overstepped its authority in suspending a girl who came to school on a cold day wearing slacks.

In the Sixties, skirt length has again become a problem to those concerned with modesty. But the most persistent problem of recent years has been that of boys who eschew haircuts in imitation of the guitar players and singers who have become adolescent heroes. School officials or parents who recommend a barber are told that the crew cut went out with the fox trot at some unspecified date that preceded modern times. Though the long-haired boys rarely are great scholars, some know enough of history to be able to remind their elders that such unquestionably masculine types as Sir Galahad, Davy Crockett, and Daniel Boone also preferred shoulder-length hair.

When parents and school officials agree, it usually is possible to establish

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and enforce regulations with only minor difficulty. But a growing number of parents—a minority, but enough to make any high school principal wonder why he ever left the farm—now are siding with their adolescent offspring. When school officials are adamant, the parents take the case to court and the press has a field day. Now that civil rights groups are intervening against them, the school men are in for a bad time.

In defending their right to control fashions, the principals have maintained that the new fads interfere with the learning process and are disruptive of classroom morale. Some courts have held that a school is justified in prohibiting distracting influences in the school. No doubt it is, but we doubt that such principles can be applied consistently and equitably. The mere presence of a pretty girl in the classroom is distracting to adolescent boys, but we cannot deny girls the right to be beautiful on that account. It is doubtful that any style of dress is, in itself, seriously distracting once the novelty wears off. It would be hard to prove that long hair on boys really interferes with the learning process.

Any school principal or superintend-

ent who wants to enjoy a long and happy career would be wise to ignore the changes in fashion whenever possible and give his attention to something more important, such as the improvement of learning in the classroom. If things get out of hand—if the parents themselves protest the latest fad and demand action—he can always appoint a committee of parents to look into the matter and advise the board of education on what action should be taken. He can legitimately insist that this is not a professional issue but one of broad public policy which requires board action and that he, as an educator, does not qualify as an expert on matters of fashion.

Public school officials have always been to some extent custodians of the mores, and it seems unlikely that the public will soon exempt them from that responsibility. But neither a school official nor a judge can hope to succeed in the role of arbiter of fashion. Whether it is immodest for a girl to reveal her ankle, knee, or thigh, and whether it is unmasculine for a boy to wear his hair like Benjamin Franklin's are questions of fashion, not morality. The shock that comes from the new styles is that of unfamiliarity, which soon will pass. When it does, someone will dream up new styles—perhaps hoopskirts for girls and shaved heads for boys. And civilization will survive even that. —P.W.

Letters to the Editor

Teaching Undergraduates

IF THE TEACHING profession is as healthy as I hope it is, Andrew Hacker's controversial article, "Who Wants to Teach Undergraduates?" [*SR*, Dec. 17], will release a flood of protest. For although gratifyingly frank (regarding the frustrations, egotism, selfishness, and sheer laziness of some professors), the article drastically misrepresents, I think, the position of many college and university teachers.

I realize that professors are often attracted to university posts by the advantages Professor Hacker mentions: more sabbaticals, higher salaries, obsequious students, and opportunities for nonteaching (e. g., in the graduate seminar which requires no preparation and virtually no participation by the professor). However, I trust that there are many devoted and disciplined scholars who have higher ideals than this—who choose the university because it affords them more specialized and stimulating teaching, and (an aspect oddly underemphasized by Professor Hacker) time for intensive, high-quality research and accompanying self-fulfillment.

As for the college teacher, Professor Hacker's remarks seem to reveal a blatant snobbism and a basic insensitivity to the role of teachers of undergraduates, "the denizens of our campus slums." If university men look with justifiable suspicion upon their colleagues in colleges, some of whom admittedly play upon undergraduate ignorance and impressionability in order to enhance their popular "local reputations," should they not also remember the significant number of true intellectuals who bring to college teaching the best in diligence, training, and scholarly awareness? It is through these dedicated and able people that undergraduates have a chance to become excited about learning, receive necessary inspiration, and lay the educational foundation

which will enable some of them to thrive on the more rarefied air of the professional graduate school, despite passing encounters with Professor Hacker's appalling prototype: the vain, uninvolved, self-seeking university professor.

CARLTON T. RUSSELL,
Assistant Professor of Music,
Wheaton College.

Norton, Mass.

I FIND MYSELF considering that the increasing number of college professors who leave undergraduate teaching in favor of more self-fulfilling graduate teaching positions are encroaching slyly upon the very concept from which they are fleeing: the status-seeking individual. These turncoat professors (traitors to the idea of knowledge for its own sake) state there is no practicality of subject matter for the majority of undergraduates and use this as a rationalization for taking the easy way out, which, I might add, is exactly what graduate teaching is.

JENITA DAY.

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

ANDREW HACKER'S article has many fine insights, and I am quite in agreement with him. But what is not said is even more disturbing. One must look beneath the hoary myth that good scholars make good teachers, for the other question is who *can* teach undergraduates?

Today's typical undergraduate is admittedly pretty dull. But too many professors are incapable of leading him away from his ignorance. They do not want to teach undergraduates because they can't, being deficient in methods or materials. Thus a confrontation with the outside world—as represented by the undergraduate—aids in sending the scholar back to the library stacks, seminar table, or laboratory, where he remains unchallenged, while further aggravating "the cold war" and other conditions in "our campus slums."

MICHAEL D. MARIEN,
Graduate Assistant,
Syracuse University.

Syracuse, N. Y.

WHEREAS undergraduate majors often reward your efforts with their appreciable growth, graduate students all too often dampen your enthusiasm with their incapacities. To balance Professor Hacker's picture of the joys of graduate teaching, I should like to mention the frustrations you suffer when you discover that a graduate student stands greatly in need of remedial work as a result of deficient undergraduate training; or that he holds a confining view of his subject and resists alternative approaches; or that his interest has succumbed to an obsessive desire to complete his degree program as quickly as possible.

The undergraduate student can be as

(*Continued on page* 81)

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She's mother, father, warden, clergyman, traffic controller, philosopher, friend, psychologist, hygienist every day, maybe zoo-keeper some days.

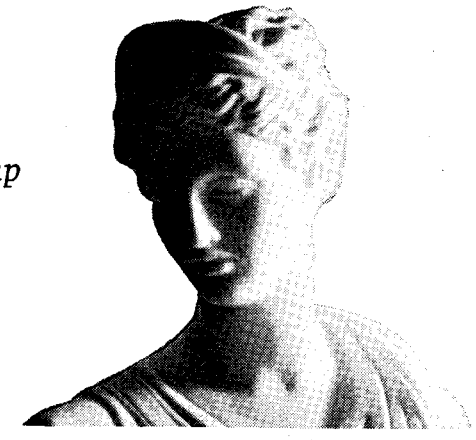
Teachers don't mind. They welcome responsibility. But they would like a little something to go with it.

Money, sure. But what about a little recognition? And a little understanding?

According to some people, the teacher's job is to comfort the troubled, and trouble the comfortable. And other people say she is supposed to understand those not good at explaining, and explain to those not good at understanding.

Maybe you haven't seen many elementary school teachers lately. Twenty years ago fewer than two-thirds of them had degrees. Now it's about 100%. It makes a difference in what teachers generally expect from life.

What would it take to get you to close yourself up in a room day after day with 30 high-spirited American youngsters?



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CONGRESS SHALL MAKE

Church and State: The Absolutist Crusade

By WILLIAM B. BALL

JAIME and Maria Perez were startled to hear, in early December, that their children, Tommy and Lisa, had been unlawfully receiving benefits from the government of the United States.

The Perez parents live in the squalid Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, with its fifty-fifty Puerto Rican-Negro population. Jaime and Maria do not look forward to prosperity and a home in the suburbs. Their equity in America's great society is in Tommy and Lisa, and at this moment that equity hinges mainly on one thing: education. Tommy and Lisa go to a school in the neighborhood whose facilities are reasonably good and whose staff is highly capable. Moreover, the school is a model of successful racial and ethnic integration. Education there has been much aided lately by programing paid for by the federal government, under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 (ESEA). The charge of unlawfulness relates to one thing: The school is St. Teresa of Avila School—run by sisters of the Roman Catholic Church.

Early in December suits were filed in state and federal courts in New York charging that the financing by the federal government of instruction in reading, arithmetic, and other subjects in New York City parochial schools, as well as guidance counseling, is unconstitutional. The suits charged that the lending of textbooks and instructional materials under ESEA, for the benefit of children in these schools, is also unconstitutional. A *New York Times* headline of December 2 contained the gravamen of the complaint: The suits, it said, were over CHURCH-STATE SEPARATION.

Some greeted these juridical accusations with shock. Parents like Jaime and Maria, though uneducated, had nevertheless begun to share in an awareness now pervading the "other America" of an opening society in which rigid nineteenth-century racial and religious classifications were at last in bad odor. They could not begin to understand that through the programs in question their government had done something bad. Some other, more sophisticated observers, however, saw the lawsuits in two broader perspectives—first, as part of a much wider campaign to dramatize what they believed to be an extremist view of the principle of church-state separation; second, as a disturbing survival of America's long history of religious prejudice.

THE campaign represents a fascinating alliance of secularist liberals and Bible-thumping conservatives. It is spearheaded nationally by the ebullient, litigious American Jewish Congress and an organization grandly calling itself "Americans United" — an image-wise evolution of its meandering formal title, "Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State." These groups get aid and comfort in their campaign for "absolute separation of church and state" from old-style liberals in a growingly divided (on religious issues) American Civil Liberties Union, and from some elements in public school associations whose ideal is "every child in a public school."

The emphasis of the campaign is fear, and the stressed object of that fear is the Roman Catholic Church (with a sometimes lingering emphasis on the word Roman). A number of subsidiary fears are exploited: fear that public education will be eroded by virtue of the demands of the Roman Catholic Church for public funds for its schools, fear that the separate religious education of children is socially divisive, fear that religious liberty itself is threatened by government programs providing educational benefits to children in parochial schools.

Rowing frantically in the shallows, the campaigners have not thus far managed to get themselves into the mainstream of modern American attitudes—nor have they yet been able to divert the mainstream to their own direction. Hearing their shrill accusations of "divisiveness," many are coming to feel that it is the campaigners who are divisive, while others also see in the campaign very serious threats to educational freedom and community peace. Numerous Jews, for example, were profoundly disturbed over the carefully prepared press conference which Leo Pfeffer, special counsel to the American Jewish Con-

EARLY IN DECEMBER four New York organizations filed suits, one in Federal Court, the other in the courts of New York State, challenging federal support to students in parochial and other religious schools under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Joining in the suits are the American Jewish Congress, the New York Civil Liberties Union, the United Parents Association, and the United Federation of Teachers. These suits test practices that have been attacked on the ground that they violate the prohibitions of the First Amendment to the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." Among these practices are the allocation to parochial schools of textbooks and other materials purchased with federal funds, and the assignment of remedial teachers supported by ESEA programs to parochial school classrooms. Although this litigation originates in New York, it may well affect the implementation of federal aid everywhere else; at the same time it reflects the continuing debate about "the church-state issue" in America.

In an attempt to develop a full discussion of this issue, the editors of *SR* invited two of the leading protagonists to submit articles outlining their views. Leo Pfeffer, special counsel for the American Jewish Congress, and William B. Ball, a constitutional lawyer who has represented the Roman Catholic Church in litigation in Pennsylvania, have debated the issue on a number of platforms and were legal opponents last spring in a Pennsylvania case regarding the use of public funds in busing students to parochial schools. Mr. Pfeffer now also represents the plaintiffs in the New York cases.

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NO LAW....

gress, used as the means of launching the New York lawsuits. Said Rabbi Morris Sherer, executive vice president at Agudath Israel of America: "We deplore the distorted image that the American public receives about the Jewish view on federal aid to nonpublic schools as a result of the primary role played by the American Jewish Congress in its latest attempt to nullify the intent of the education law passed overwhelmingly by the United States Congress in 1965."

Clear it is that the campaign, with its lawsuits (but two of a dozen major test cases being promoted in the United States) and a very extensive public relations campaign accompanying them, will drive rough wedges between group and group at a time when new endeavors in ecumenism and brotherhood, for the relief of poverty and for better education of children, have been gaining strength in the American society. The second perspective which I have mentioned—the historical—brings home some of the reasons why the campaign may result in great civil harm to the nation.

I HAVE spoken of this campaign as a "survival." To American Catholics it presents all too vivid a reminder of an ugly past—a past which witnessed a shockingly extensive bigotry in the elections of 1928 and 1960—a past in which, in 1923 as many as 10 per cent of the adult males of Pennsylvania were members of the Ku Klux Klan. Disturbingly, the campaign bears close resemblance, in its pronouncements on education, to the campaign of the American Protective Association (1887-1908) to marshal all children into a single educational mold, where only those values acknowledged by the state may be expressed. The APA's statement of principles in 1894, plumping militantly on behalf of a state educational monopoly, focused on the Catholic Peril. Barely gulping down a recital that it was "tolerant of all creeds," it proceeded to disgorge paragraphs of imprecation against an "un-American ecclesiastical power" (which the APA was quick to identify as the Roman Catholic Church). The APA diligently deflected public attention away from educational needs and the freedom to choose a church-related school by sowing fear that any expenditure of tax funds in support of the education of children in

(*Continued on page 77*)

What Price Federal Aid?

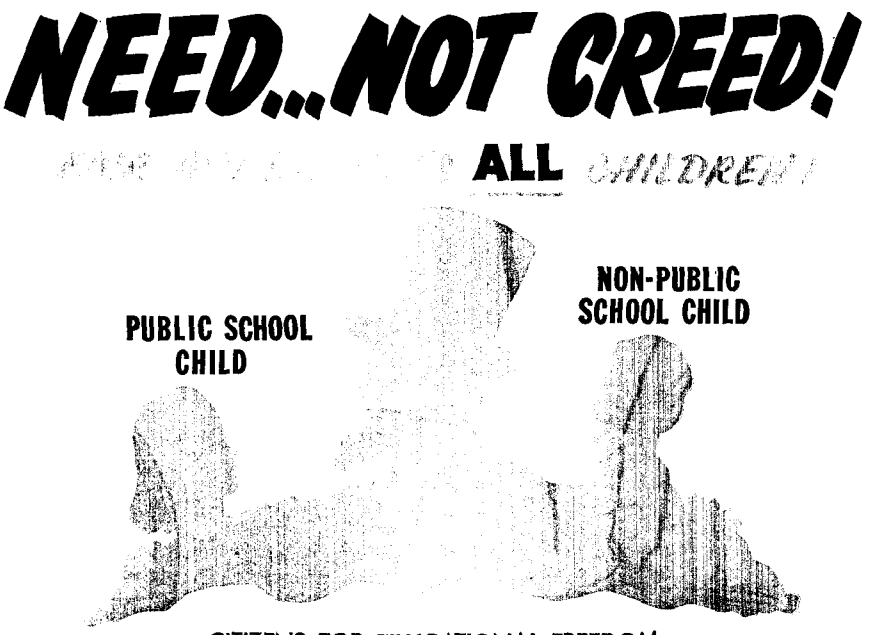
By LEO PFEFFER

PRESIDENT JOHNSON's success in obtaining enactment of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 was an exercise in political astuteness bordering upon genius. For at least twenty years the public education establishment, represented chiefly by the National Education Association, and the Protestant establishment—chiefly the National Council of Churches of Christ—had been able to prevent enactment of any measure for federal aid to education which included parochial schools as permissible beneficiaries, while during the same period the Roman Catholic Church, through the National Catholic Welfare Conference, effectively resisted any measure which did not. The President was able to get agreement on and acceptance of a single measure by the NEA, whose battle cry had always been public funds for public schools only; the NCC, traditional guardian of the separation of church and state; and the NCWC, which had never retreated from its oft-repeated position that it would never settle for anything less than a full partner's share in federal funds. This was a truly remarkable achievement, and it may be useful to consider how this came about.

Why did the NEA accept the bill? I think because it felt that the need for federal funds for public education had become desperate and that no bill could pass unless it contained some provision to satisfy the demands of the Catholic Church. This is the proposition that NCWC had been promoting for years and the NEA finally accepted it. I think the NEA was mistaken. At the 1965 meeting of the American Political Science Association, held in Washington shortly after the act was adopted, Dr. Samuel Halpern, legislative draftsman and Congressional liaison man at the Office of Education, stated that before the 1965 bill was drafted, President Johnson was assured by the legislative leaders of both houses that the Administration had enough votes to pass any federal education bill it wished, including one limited to public schools only.

WHY, then, did President Johnson propose the present bill? My guess is that he was then afflicted with the consensus obsession and preferred a bill which the Catholic Church would accept to one pushed through over its opposition.

The National Council of Churches ac-



A poster distributed by Citizens for Educational Freedom, an organization advocating equality in federal and state support for public and nonpublic schools.

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cepted the bill for a number of reasons. One undoubtedly was the ecumenical spirit, which impelled American Protestantism to make some gesture of accommodation to the Catholic Church. Another reason may have been the avoidance of use of the fighting words "parochial schools"; the Act speaks throughout of private and nonpublic schools, as if Exeter and Groton had been clamoring for federal funds. Finally, and perhaps most important, the purpose of the law was asserted to be not to aid private and parochial schools but the poor and educationally disadvantaged children enrolled in both public and nonpublic schools. This is the "child benefit" theory, which American Protestantism long rejected but finally accepted.

The truth is that the law is not unconstitutional on its face and can be administered without violating the First Amendment to the Constitution. The most important part of the law is Title I, which provides more than a billion dollars annually for special services in elementary and secondary schools. In order, however, to qualify for federal funds, a school board must satisfy the Commissioner of Education "that, to the extent consistent with the number of educationally deprived children in the school district . . . who are enrolled in private elementary and secondary schools" provision has been made "for including educational services and arrangements (such as dual enrollment, educational radio and television, and mobile educational services and equipment) in which such children can participate."

But there is nothing in the law requiring that special services be provided within the parochial schools. As alleged in the complaints in two parallel suits instituted in the federal and state courts of New York in December, there are many programs qualifying under Title I which may be carried out for the benefit of children attending private and parochial schools without violating the First Amendment—for example, programs for special or remedial instruction on publicly owned premises after regular school hours, open equally to children attending public and private schools. (The suits challenge the constitutionality of the administration of certain programs under the Act, not the Act itself.)

WHY did the Catholic Church accept the measure? First, it may have realized that it was the most that could be hoped for now and that if it were rejected the result might be an all-public school bill. Second, the law leaves a great deal of discretion to local communities, and the Church may well have assumed that whatever the law says on its face, the influence of the Church in the major cities would be sufficiently strong to achieve through administration what the express terms of the law withhold. Finally, the Church realized the potentialities of the child-benefit principle and saw in it a practicable means for the ultimate achievement of its goal of partnership in education financing. This is indicated by the following extract from an editorial which appeared in the April 24, 1965, issue of *America*, the national Jesuit weekly:

> Now, the new federal law does nothing at all to help private schools directly. It gives them no money; it vests no property in them. Every benefit conferred on their pupils comes to them through the public school system. Even the textbooks that will be put into their pupils' hands will remain the property of public school districts.
>
> But the law at least recognizes that these schools exist and are educating children. In a variety of ways, it proposes to assist and improve the education of these children. The aid is, in every instance, directly to the child rather than to the school he attends. But it is aid, and it holds a promise for the future of a truly pluralistic school system.
>
> The "child benefit" principle is capable of being extended to every phase of education other than the directly religious. It could well justify tuition grants to the parents of children in any nonprofit school that the state recognizes as giving an acceptable general education. Here, as with federal aid to public schools, the Elementary and Secondary Education Act is a beginning rather than an end.

The essential fictitiousness of the child benefit principle is evidenced by an incident that occurred in Brooklyn in 1966. A special program was instituted after school hours in a public school located near a Jewish parochial school so that the children of both schools could participate. The parochial school authorities boycotted the program and the public school officials decided that they had no alternative to sending public school teachers into the parochial school during regular school hours to conduct the program exclusively for children enrolled there.

Those who opposed the aid bill unless the provisions were tightened to prevent its administration in violation of the principle of church-state separation warned of the dangerous consequences of such unconstitutional administration. The law has now been in operation for not much more than a year, but enough has already happened to show the validity of these warnings. Among other consequences are the following:

LAWLESSNESS. The sectarian groups are impatient with constitutional restrictions in the administration of the law and exert often irresistible pressure on public school authorities to disregard such restrictions. Msgr. Eugene J. Molloy, chairman of the Committee of Nonpublic School Officials, called the institution of the law suits in New York "a genuine tragedy," clearly implying that it were better that the law should be administered in violation of the Constitution than that its administration be subjected to judicial scrutiny. How can public school authorities teach children to respect the Constitution if they themselves act unconstitutionally? (Before the New York suits were started, U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II

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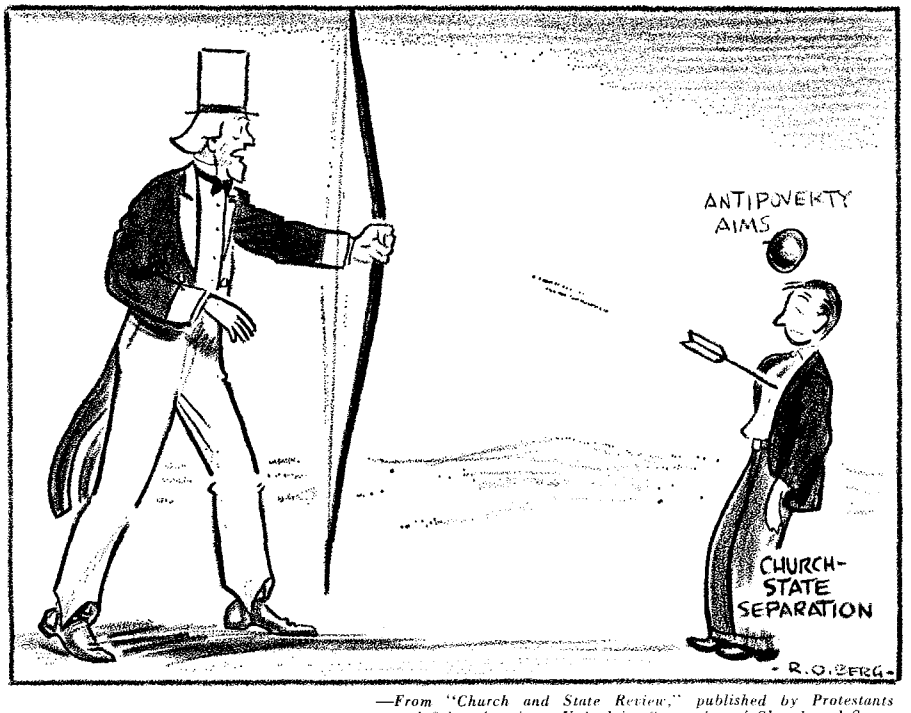

—From "Church and State Review," published by Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State.

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REFORM AND REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH EDUCATION

—Photos by James D. Koerner.

Protest marches by parents have followed the Labor party's policy of converting all the state schools to comprehensives.

By JAMES D. KOERNER, *who has just finished a two-year study of English and European education, sponsored by the Council for Basic Education.*

IT USED TO BE possible for a visitor to England to describe and interpret its educational system for American readers and feel confident that the portrait would remain a reasonable likeness for a number of years. That assumption is risky now. Change is no longer comfortably evolutionary in English education, made up of routine modifications and improvements. Change is now fast and fundamental, made up of major and often revolutionary reforms – the reorganization of all state secondary schools, the creation of a new system of national examinations, the raising of the school leaving age and the consequent development of entirely new curricula, the massive expansion of higher education, the increasing control of education from the central government, and the advent of national planning in education. Even if one searches for the relatively changeless, for the spirit and essence of English education, one finds only that these too are changing.

What is happening is that England, in response to inexorable social and political movements, is rapidly turning away from the old hierarchical patterns of European education (as indeed much of Europe itself is, though less rapidly) toward a more liberal and open system in which more people will get more education and training. Although the new education will still be a good deal more restrictive than the American, the influence of the United States on the English revolution has been great.

The revolution is by no means a quiet one, but generates continuous and heated controversy. If one sympathizes with the change, one might sum it up in a series of engaging nouns; he might say that it brings to English education "accessibility," "equality," "opportunity," "flexibility." If one opposes the change, he might say it brings mostly "sentimentalism," "compulsion," "leveling," and even *"realpolitik."* A great many Britons—probably most—find themselves somewhere in the middle, supporting certain reforms and resisting others. To a visiting American, many of the reforms are necessary and overdue, but the dangers of revolutionary excess are also great, as are the dangers of Britain's merely repeating some of the mistakes of American education.

First and most important is the conversion of the state, and perhaps even of the private, secondary schools, to comprehensive institutions. The quarrel over the comprehensive school has been going on noisily for some years, but in the last two or three it has become the most embittered of the educational controversies that fill the English air. After the Second World War and partly because of it, the minimum leaving age in English schools was raised from fourteen to fifteen, and a split system of secondary schools that was already in being in parts of England was extended throughout the country to accommodate this universalizing of upper secondary schooling. In theory the secondary system was a "tripartite" deployment of academic, technical, and vocational schools. In practice only a few technical schools were established, and the system became one of "grammar schools" for the top quarter or so of secondary students, and "secondary modern schools" for most of the remainder. Students were divided between the two types of schools by means of an examination and selection procedure, the much maligned "eleven-plus," at the end of the primary school.

Since selection of a minority involves rejection—or at least nonselection—of a majority, most students found themselves in the unselective, low-prestige "modern" schools, where status immediately became a major problem, despite the innocent hopes of the educational authorities. With what now looks like incredible naïveté, these authorities seem seriously to have believed that what they called "parity of esteem" between the grammar and the secondary modern school was possible by declaring it to be so. Reports of national commissions as far back as 1926 insisted on the quaint doctrine that all schools are equal in England, and as late as 1963 the Robbins Report on higher education was still insisting on it in the face of Britain's long experience to the contrary. Everyone was quite definite after the war, as the modern schools began to appear across the country, that they should not be regarded as inferior to the grammar schools, only different; everyone, that is, except students and parents and employers, who were never in any doubt about the fact that one school was better and more desirable than the other. Thus the kernel of the whole issue today of the comprehensive school is not really educational; it is the lack of social status of the secondary modern school.

THE "separatist" way of going about secondary education is now under siege from many quarters, most particularly from the Labor party and its supporters, but also from parents whose children failed the eleven-plus and wound up in

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a modern school – a grim development with social and economic implications in many a middle-class home that cannot afford private schools. The Tories and those of conservative temperament try, with rather less skill and dedication than their adversaries, to hold the fortress of tradition and established values. The relevant slogans might be, NO SACRIFICE OF THE BEST, for the Tories, and NO SACRIFICE OF THE REST, for the Laborites. The debate often becomes polarized in this fashion and takes on a strong political coloration. It is then that the argument can be seen in its true light: an old-fashioned fight about equality.

ONE of the anomalies of English life is the gap that remains between political and social institutions. England, a land that led much of the world in the realization of political equality, remains a singularly class-conscious society. Even as the English have built the Welfare State, reflecting a strong degree of social compassion—whether misguided or not—they have continued to maintain an anachronistic class structure. It is now withering away, and in the future will certainly succumb to what might be called the *embourgeoisement* of the working class. But meanwhile an assortment of impatient people—ordinary citizens, left-wing politicians, sociologists, academics, Fabians, unionists, and sundry moralists and reformers—are demanding an end now to inequality and privilege in English society. This leads them in turn to the educational system, which is both their weapon and their target. That is, they see the selective school and what flows from it as the primary cause of inequality, and the comprehensive school as the primary means of erasing that inequality.

Laborites and their supporters bring forth many educational arguments to reinforce their political and social convictions, sometimes describing in glowing terms the many good things the comprehensive school will do, but more often attacking the present system for its inadequacies. They point to the unreliability of the eleven-plus and to the deleterious effects it has on those who fail it, to the wide differences among local education authorities in the percentage of grammar school places they provide, to the failure of the present system to develop enough of the nation's talent, to the waste of scarce resources in having multiple small schools at the same age levels, and to the injustice of providing better teachers and facilities for the bright than for the average and the dull.

Tories and their supporters counter these arguments and offer others in support of the present system. They point out that the eleven-plus is a more efficient instrument than most in education, that the same kind of selection by ability will still be necessary within a comprehensive school, that children who fail the eleven-plus do not suffer nearly as much as their elders and that they still have their chance in a modern school, that differences in grammar school provision reflect local demand and available talent more than some vaguely defined injustice, that equality of opportunity is precisely what the merit-based system of grammar schools is designed to insure, and that in any event the sacrifice of high-quality grammar schools is simply too stiff a price for the nation to pay for Labor's fuzzy egalitarianism.

Both groups cite the American comprehensive school, one as a happy demonstration of their claims and the other as a horrible example; but neither group seems to know much about the real workings of an American school. Oddly enough, there has been no attempt by Britain to make a detailed study of the long experience of the United States in comprehensive secondary education and of what Britain might learn from that experience; nor is such a study in prospect even now. Teachers themselves and heads of schools in England tend to divide according to the schools in which they work. With many exceptions, obviously, grammar school teachers and their professional associations oppose the forced conversion to the comprehensive school, and secondary modern teachers and their associations support it. Most professional educators support it and most academicians oppose it. Unions support it and managements oppose it.

But whatever the lineup of contending parties, and whatever the flow of argument, the defenders of the present system have lost the battle. One of the first acts of the Labor government after coming to power in October 1964 was to announce in the Commons that a complete conversion of secondary schools to comprehensive institutions was national policy. In succeeding months the government issued directives to the 162 local authorities in England and Wales requiring them to submit plans for approval, showing how they were going to carry out the policy. The government made it clear to any recalcitrant authorities—there were a few cases of outright defiance—that the policy would be enforced through budgetary restrictions or any other means that were needed.

For better or for worse, then, the question of whether England will go comprehensive would seem to be settled; it only remains to see how the job will be done and how long it will take. It is already well advanced in some Labor-controlled local governments, such as London and Leicestershire, that began to build comprehensives after the war; it is hardly past the talking stage in many other areas. As England undertakes this monumental conversion, the consequences for English schools will be equally monumental, in organization and administration, staff, students, curricula, examinations, and in about every other aspect of their work. The consequences for English society are anybody's guess.

WHAT about the private schools—the "Public Schools" as they are called—and the many other independent and semi-independent schools that have long been

Education at St. Custard's—Ronald Searle's View of an English Boarding School

—From "The Compleet Molesworth," by Ronald Searle and Geoffry Willans, published in England by Max Parrish & Co., Ltd., and in the United States by Vanguard Press under the title "Down With Skool."

English boarding schools have generated a literature of their own, but never have they been twitted more effectively than in Ronald Searle's drawings in *The Compleet Molesworth*, a book of satire published in London in 1958.

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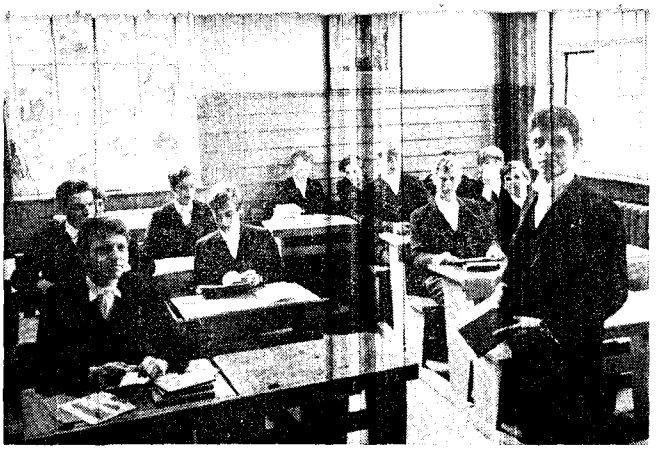

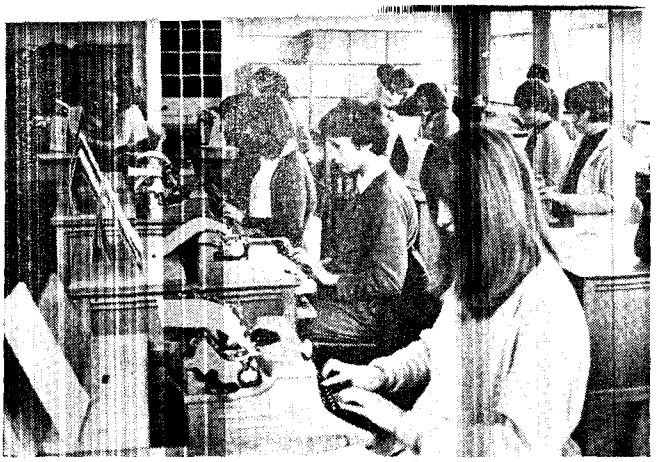

Schools for the élite and for the common man—Etonians (left) still wear their traditional uniforms to class, a practice that many in England consider symbolic of the social divisiveness of the "public" schools. The "secondary modern schools" (right) generally enroll students from lower middle-class homes, from the Commonwealth countries, and others who have failed the eleven-plus exams.

the admiration of both Englishmen and foreigners? They, too, may be overwhelmed by the comprehensive juggernaut. Labor MP's and possibly the majority of their supporters around the country feel even more strongly about these schools than about the state grammar schools, and for years have assaulted them, especially the Public Schools, with flamboyant descriptions: "Nurseries of privilege," "hothouses of snobbery," "a world of utter fantasy," "cocooned upbringing." These schools are accused of being socially divisive and of fostering an attitude of aloofness marked by special manners and a special accent. They are even said to train recognizable types: an Old Etonian is supposed to be readily identifiable by the cognoscenti.

THERE is a Stowe type, they say, and certainly an Harrovian and a Wykehamist (the latter being a Winchester man, so named after that famous school's founder, William of Wykeham). The mere thought of Eton's school uniform (tails, which *are* absurd) or Harrow's boaters makes Labor's left wing yearn to nationalize these and the rest of the independent schools so that all children will be forced to attend state institutions. One Labor politician says, for example, "Only when everyone from dukes to dustmen have to send their offspring to *real* public schools will every child have a real chance of a good education as a right." Lady Gaitskell, addressing the House of Lords on the same subject, said:

> We are not going to win the present battle of Britain by maintaining the public schools as bastions of privilege. We suffer from the kind of image that they helped to create. I have noticed that many of the titles inherited or bestowed on us in this House—the labels that we bear—have in countries like America passed into the language of Christian names, such as Duke Ellington, Marquis Childs, and Earl Gardiner [presumably Erle Stanley Gardiner]. I look forward to the time when great names like Eton and Winchester will survive with the label "comprehensive" attached to them.

But Laborites themselves, many of whom are Public School "old boys," are often torn between the party's theories and their own desires. Like Tolstoy, who suffered a long lifetime over the gap between his social convictions and his way of life, many people who support Labor's educational policies find themselves sending their own children to the Public Schools. The issue breaks out frequently in Parliament—as when Viscount

(*Continued on page* 78)

Common English Educational Terms

MAINTAINED SCHOOLS: The nearly 30,000 primary and secondary schools that are wholly supported through taxes and that compose the greater part of the system of public education in England and Wales—in short, state schools.

REGISTERED SCHOOLS: All of the approximately 3,500 independent (non-maintained) schools in England and Wales are required by law to be "registered," meaning that they have opened themselves to government inspectors who have been satisfied that they meet a rather vaguely defined minimum standard, which in practice can be pretty low.

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS: A term mostly applied to maintained secondary schools that are selective and that offer an academic curriculum leading to the General Certificate of Education and to higher education.

SECONDARY MODERN SCHOOLS: Maintained secondary schools that are non-selective and that therefore take in the bulk of secondary school students, offering them a combination of academic and vocational work.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS: A term variously used but most often to mean the 200 independent and semi-independent institutions, including many of England's most prestigious boys' boarding schools.

DIRECT GRANT SCHOOLS: Most with this name are selective, academic secondary schools that are essentially independent but that receive money from the central government in exchange for reserving 25 to 50 per cent of their vacancies for students from the state schools.

STREAMING: The division of students by ability in both the primary and secondary school into separate classes—i.e., tracking, ability grouping, etc.

ELEVEN-PLUS: The procedure by which students at the end of primary school (at about the age of eleven) are assigned to grammar, secondary modern, or other types of schools; the decision based on several factors, the chief one being an examination in English and arithmetic.

SIXTH FORM: Generally the last two years, the sixth and seventh, of the secondary school (nobody knows why the seventh year is the Upper Sixth and not the Seventh Form); these years involve specialized study for national examinations.

FURTHER EDUCATION: An enormous field of post-secondary education encompassing a vast variety of institutions that offer study to young and old in technical, vocational, and avocational subjects. —J.D.K.

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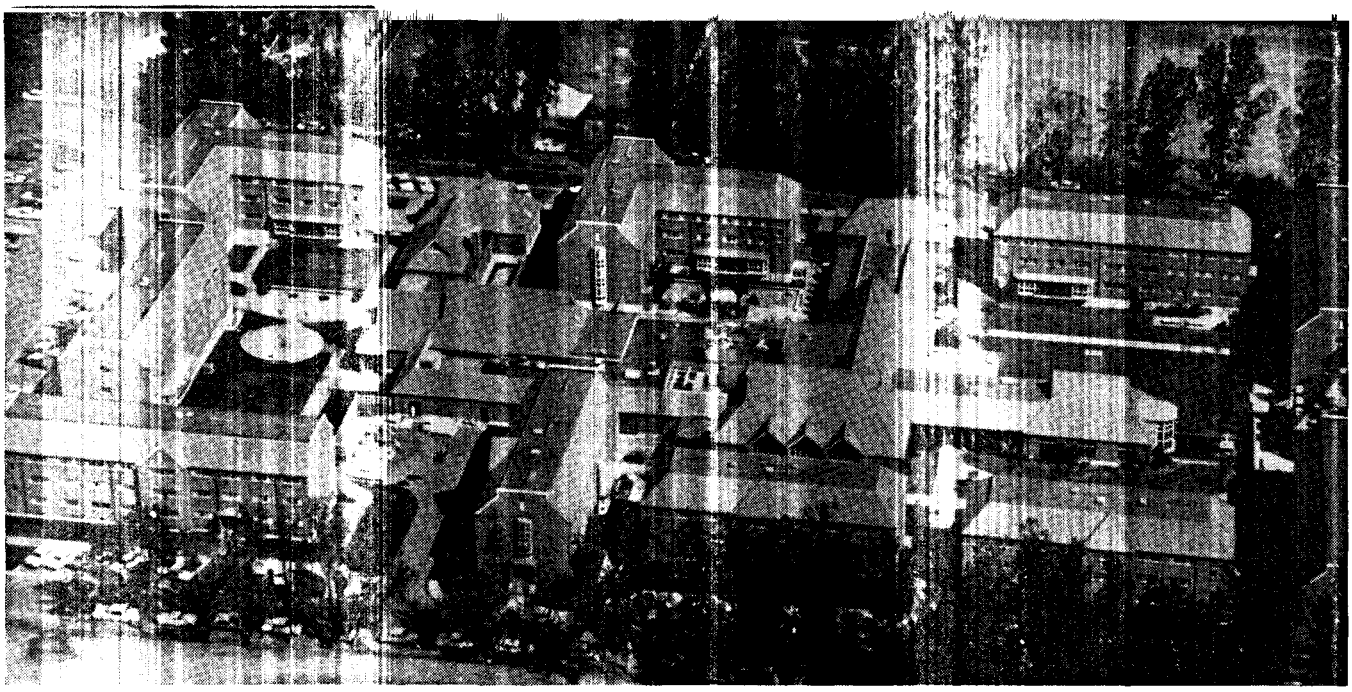

The University of the Pacific is centrally administered and all facilities are used by its four constituent colleges. Each, however, has its own faculty, dormitories, classroom buildings, and a distinct curriculum. Raymond College graduates students in three years. Elbert Covell College offers all instruction in Spanish only; many students are from Latin America, but others are U.S. citizens anticipating careers where bilingualism is necessary. Callison College will open in the fall of 1967 with a curriculum emphasizing non-Western culture. The fourth institution offers a traditional liberal arts curriculum.

THE SMALL COLLEGE ON THE BIG CAMPUS

THE IDEA OF CLUSTER COLLEGES

By PAUL WOODRING

DURING the past quarter century the number of students enrolled in American institutions of higher education has increased from 1,500,000 to 6,000,000. Meanwhile, the number of degree-granting colleges has grown much more slowly. The result has been a vast expansion of existing institutions.

Not all have grown at the same rate. Some of the more prestigious private colleges, convinced of the virtues of smallness, have kept enrollments down by raising entrance standards. Many of the weaker private and church-related colleges have been unable to grow because of lack of resources. To fill the gap, publicly supported colleges have expanded at a rate far above the national average. Many of the state institutions that once were small agricultural schools or teachers colleges have become general colleges or universities enrolling 5,000 to 10,000 undergraduates. The major state universities have become multiversities with 20,000 to 80,000 students each.

To many Americans, bigness seems a virtue, rapid growth a sign of progress. Because automobiles can be turned out more economically on the assembly line of a large factory than in a small shop, some have reasoned that education, too, should cost less in a large institution. But comparisons of educational growth with industrial growth are not valid. Because students are not interchangeable units, education does not lend itself to mass production. Often the cost per student rises as a university grows.

Much more serious is the fact that the quality of education, particularly liberal education, is likely to decline as the multiplying echelons of administrative authority increasingly separate the students from those who make policy regarding their education. Often this deterioration is obscured from outsiders by the institution's growing prestige as a research institute and by the greater national visibility that comes with size. But the students know.

Though many students accept the anonymity of the large campus, and a few prefer it, others have become vigorously critical of massive bureaucracy, registration by computers, large lecture classes taught by professors, quiz sections taught by graduate students, and deans and presidents so remote that students barely know their names. They have charged that the university has become a vast, impersonal machine.

The faculty is of two minds. Research professors have welcomed the expansion because it makes possible a higher degree of specialization. But professors who are committed to the liberal purposes of education, and who prefer to teach undergraduates, have been deeply troubled by the breakdown of communication among members of the various academic departments and the increasing alienation of students from the institution.

Administrators, too, are divided. While some continue to boast of the size of their institutions others have expressed fears that the larger universities are becoming all but ungovernable.

THE colleges that have remained small, either from choice or because of a lack of resources, face problems different from those of the large institutions but no less serious. An isolated small college with no graduate school and no university connections finds it increasingly difficult to attract well qualified faculty members. Even when salaries are competitive—and often they are not—young instructors just out of graduate school are reluctant to accept employment in a college with inadequate library and laboratory facilities or in which departments are so small

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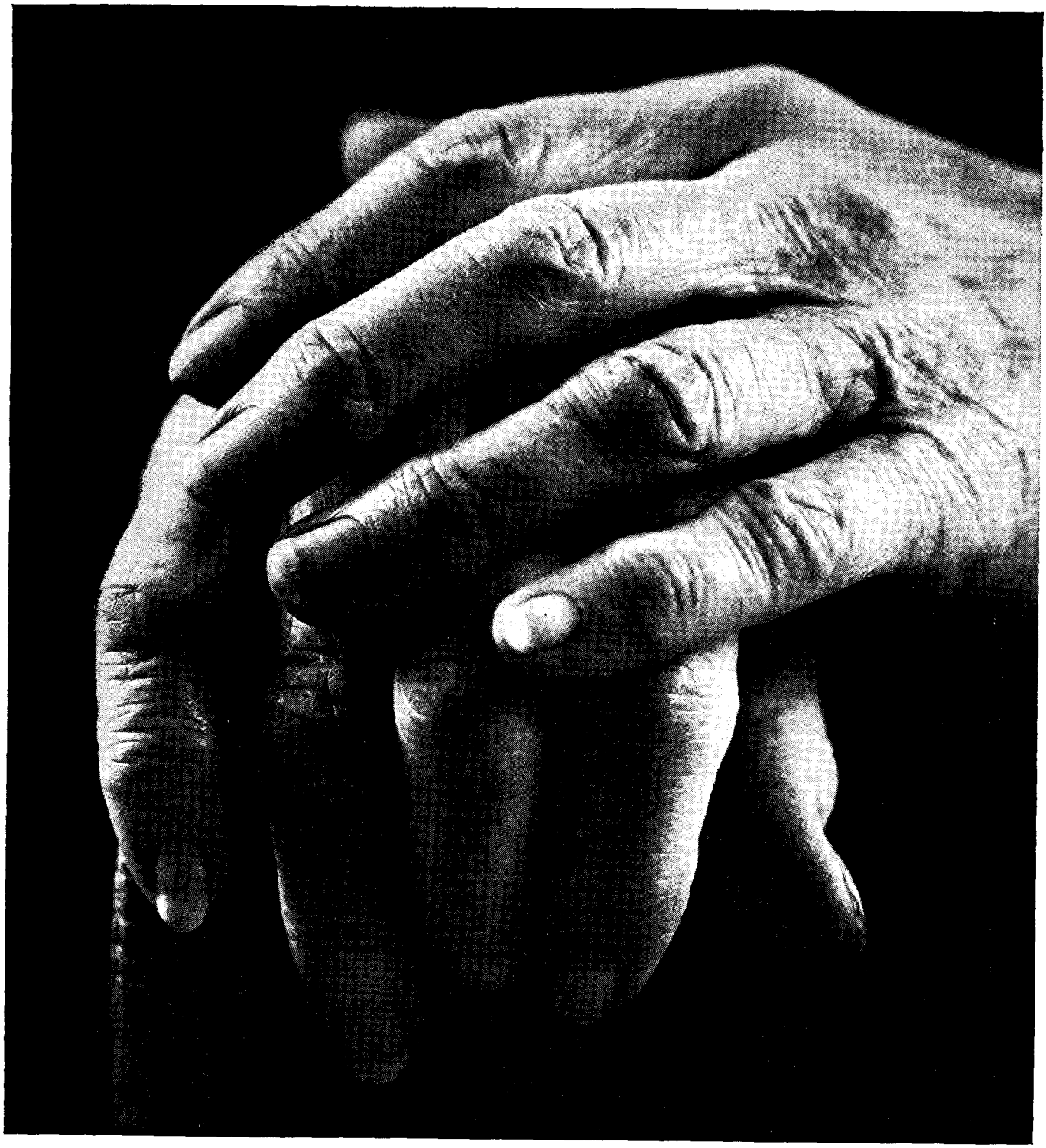

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that they will have little opportunity for association with other scholars in their own fields.

Today's students, however critical they may be of the multiversity, and however much they may desire a sense of community and an opportunity to work closely with professors, do not find what they want in an isolated college. Most of them come from urban high schools that are larger and better equipped than many small colleges. They do not share the affection of their ancestors for the elm-shaded campus in a small town. They want the virtues of both small and large institutions without the major faults of either.

Is this an impossible dream? At first it would seem so, but perhaps not. Perhaps we can reorganize our institutions of higher learning so that students in pursuit of a liberal education may enjoy some of the attractive features of a large university without giving up all the virtues of a small college.

The cluster college plan, variants of which are now being tried on many campuses all across the country, offers a possible solution. The basic idea behind all these approaches is to provide, within the framework of a large institution, educational communities which are small enough to make it possible for students to be treated as individuals, and for students and faculty to work closely together. The fact that these small communities or colleges are within a cluster makes it possible for both students and faculty members to make use of the superior facilities of a larger institution. It is possible, for example, for each college to have a small basic library while the cluster or university maintains a large research library available to all. Other expensive facilities such as laboratories, auditoriums, and playing fields may be used at different times by different colleges. As a result of this sharing of facilities the cost per student should be less than in isolated colleges. Usually each college within the cluster has its own separate dormitory facilities which provide the basis for the students' social life.

A CLUSTER of colleges is not to be confused with a conventional university which is made up of a graduate school, a school of medicine, a law school, a school of engineering and other professional schools plus a single large undergraduate college which often has no faculty of its own but must draw its professors from the various departments of the graduate and professional schools. The colleges in the new clusters are undergraduate liberal arts institutions. Each may have a special focus of interest —humanities, the natural sciences, or the behaviorial sciences—but each offers a balanced scholarly introduction to the basic areas of human knowledge. Narrow specialization and professional training are reserved for the graduate schools.

No individual or single institution can claim full credit for the cluster college idea. Some of its features have been borrowed from Oxford and Cambridge, where they have a long history. The Claremont Colleges were among the first in the United States to find ways of sharing facilities while maintaining individual identity. The University of the Pacific was the first to apply the term "cluster college" to a group of undergraduate institutions on a single campus and under a common board. The Santa Cruz Campus of the University of California was the first state institution to have planned a university campus from the start as a cluster of colleges. But a great many other institutions have developed or now are planning variants of the cluster college idea.

Though all cluster colleges stress the importance of small units of students and teachers, there has never been much agreement among educators about the meaning of "small" as applied to colleges. As a rule of thumb it might be said that a small college is one in which each student knows most of his classmates and, by the time he is a senior, is known as an individual by most members of the faculty. Or, it may be defined as a college in which the entire student body and faculty can assemble in an auditorium for an occasional convocation where they will have some intellec-

(*Continued on page* 81)

A Sampling of Cluster Experiments

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY has established "living-learning" units each with faculties for 600 men and 600 women. Justin Morrill College, which opened a year ago, provides a "rigorous liberal education in the humanities, the social sciences, and the sciences, with the integrating theme of international understanding and service."

FAIRHAVEN COLLEGE is the first of several new liberal arts units being established at Western Washington State College in Bellingham. Each unit will have its own dormitories, with dining, social, and recreational facilities as well as a building for seminar rooms and faculty offices, but all students will have full access to the laboratory and library facilities of the parent institution.

AT OHIO STATE a group of 300 freshmen enrolled last fall in a new program designed to create a small-college atmosphere with the advantages of a large university.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA has established a "residence college program" to reduce the student's experience to a college community with no more than 1,200 to 1,500 students. New colleges are established through student referendums.

THE UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA plans to counter "university sprawl" by launching a number of small residential colleges, one each year, with 1,000 to 1,200 students each.

STONY BROOK CAMPUS of the State University of New York has announced plans for a system of small residential colleges with 200 to 400 students each.

THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS plans living and study units of 450 students each within the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

LIVINGSTON COLLEGE, the newest unit of the State University of New Jersey, will be a coeducational college with 500 students. Other small colleges are being planned.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, a small, venerable liberal arts college for men, is planning to create a series of coordinate institutions on its Clinton, New York, campus. First in the series is Kirkland College, a liberal arts college for women, which is scheduled to open in the fall of 1968.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN hopes to provide undergraduates with "the best of two worlds" by establishing a self-contained residential college of 1,200 students.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of the University of Massachusetts will provide for students in residential groups of 1,000, each with its own master or dean.

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SANTA CRUZ AFTER ONE YEAR

—*U. of Calif.*

One of the women's dormitories at Santa Cruz—"collegiate units in which every student is known to every other."

By JAMES L. JARRETT, *associate dean, School of Education, University of California, Berkeley.*

WHEN THE LID BLEW OFF at Berkeley two years ago last fall, plans were already far advanced for a new campus of the University of California with built-in safety valves. The new campus, U.C. Santa Cruz, is designed to include a number of undergraduate colleges plus a graduate division and several professional schools. The first of the undergraduate colleges, Cowell College, opened in September 1965, just a year after the Berkeley uproar; Adlai Stevenson College has just got under way. Next year Crown College will open, and then seventeen more, one a year.

Cowell College has 652 students and will be known as one of the humanistic colleges, taking something of its particular character from its provost, a well known American historian. Stevenson inclines more to the social sciences; Crown, with a famous botanist as provost, will have a somewhat larger percentage of science students than its predecessors. "Number 4," scheduled for a 1968 opening, is still willing to take the name of a donor who will help finance somewhat more beautiful buildings than the state is likely to provide.

"To seem smaller even as it grows larger" is the way President Clark Kerr put the Santa Cruz idea. The argument is that to be very good, a public-supported institution of higher learning has got to be big, but bigness itself can be inimical to worth. The designers of Santa Cruz repeatedly name two chief enemies: impersonality and a monolithic structure. Impersonality can, of course, be combatted by providing, say, a six- or seven-to-one student-teacher ratio, but this is very expensive, and even if the taxpayers permitted it, the other campuses in a huge state-wide system wouldn't. How then, can the twelve-to-one ratio be made to seem smaller than it is, and thus really reduce impersonality? The Santa Cruz answer is to provide collegiate units in which every student is known to every other student and to every member of the faculty—to permit students only three classes a term, with time thus left over for more informal conferences. The monolith is combatted not by the multilith but by the provision of quasi-autonomous colleges, each with its distinctive architectural and academic style.

I REMEMBER once, in another part of the country, coming in on a conversation late to hear an English student reciting a list of great men. "Oh," I said, "you're saying that these are all Cambridge men." "Of course Cambridge," he said with a touch of annoyance, "but more importantly, Trinity." That is the intent at Santa Cruz, too—and, of course, the resemblance to Cambridge and Oxford is not accidental—to have the undergraduate student's first identification with his college, and only latterly with the university.

Admittedly impressed with Theodore Newcomb's insistence that peer group influence can contribute heavily to the worth of a college education if the students are really helped to know one another, the Santa Cruz planners are designing colleges in which sleeping, eating, attending classes, playing ping pong, and even—to a degree—courting, can occur intramurally. To be sure, there is a central library for the whole campus and a single field house, and even some centralization of science laboratories, but for the most part the students of Cowell study with Cowell professors in Cowell buildings.

Sitting in a faculty office late one Friday afternoon, I put some questions about the first year of operations.

A young biologist said, "It hasn't been easy trying to create something not only new but different. For instance, we're suspicious of grades, and are trying to do without them, or at least to reduce them to pass-fail. And we'd like to keep students from that fatal habit of thinking in terms of credits."

A full professor of psychology spoke up, somewhat wistfully, "But we've spent too much time on grading practices, credits and non-credits, and such problems. Somehow we have got to find ways of spending our time thinking about how we are going to do our job better." Nobody would gainsay that, but all wanted recognition for their first year sacrifices. One said: "I haven't found *any* time for writing this year. I'm still on the same page I was on last fall."

"We all are," said a historian. "Part of the trouble is the students—some of them. You knock yourself out to come up with a genuinely distinctive lecture, and they act as if it's the same old routine they might have got anywhere else. A lot of them are just here to get it over and get a degree." It was a universal complaint in a new setting.

If the professors at Santa Cruz are very concerned with the students, the compliment is more than returned. Already students are taking for granted the easy availability of their teachers for conferences, bull sessions, and even for ad hoc seminars organized around some topic that a small group wants help in investigating. Thinking of the famous annual issues of the Harvard *Crimson*

(*Continued on page* 79)

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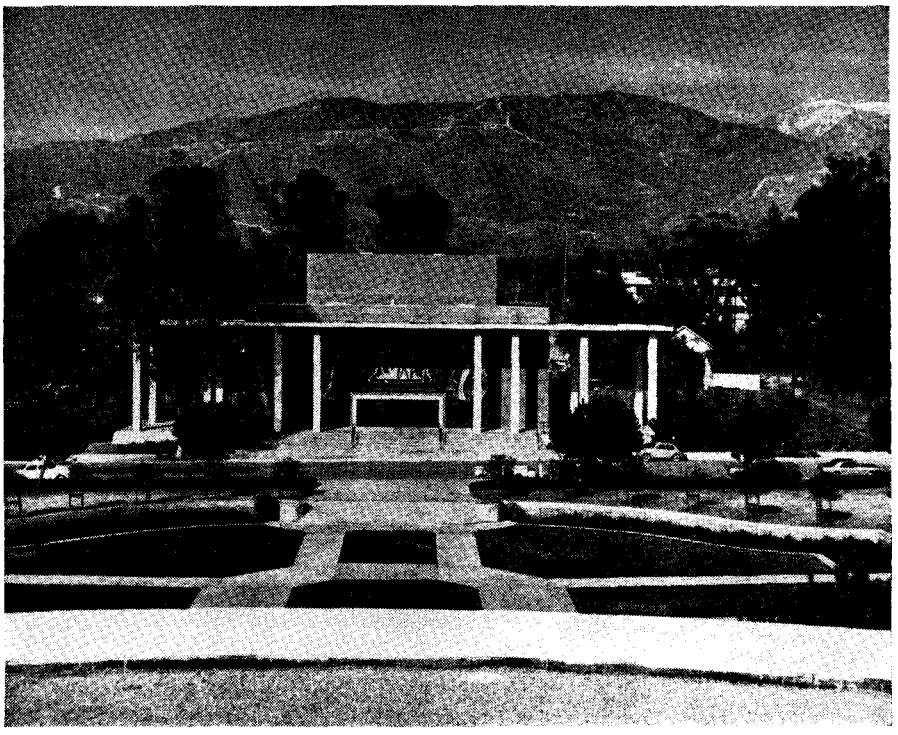
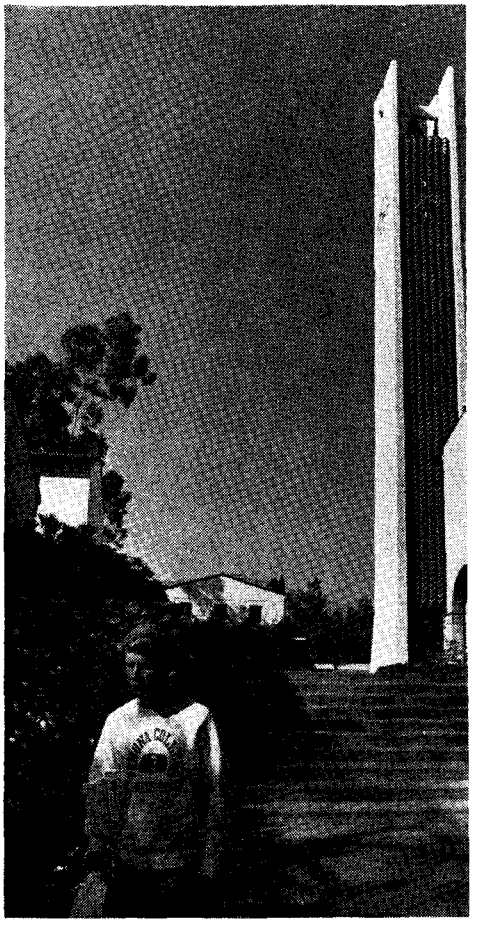
THE WILL TO BE DIFFERENT





A constellation of several small liberal arts institutions, the Claremont Colleges share many special facilities, permit students to take courses on associated campuses, and combine to provide a variety of cultural and extracurricular programs. Together, Claremont Men's College, Harvey Mudd, Pomona, Scripps, and the Claremont Graduate School attempt to offer the advantages of a large university while maintaining the student environment of small, residential colleges. Each of the five schools is a separate institution with its own faculty, administration, curriculum, and student body. The Garrison Theatre (left) is a central facility used by all five colleges. The Smith Memorial Bell Tower (right) is a striking landmark on the Pomona campus.

By WARREN BRYAN MARTIN, *Center for Research and Development in Higher Education, University of California, Berkeley.*

THE QUEST is on in higher education to find ways to "humanize" the student's educational experiences. And because impersonality seems to be a corollary of large size, several large universities have recently subscribed to the idea of cluster colleges, small schools to function within the general structure of a sponsoring institution.

At the University of California in Santa Cruz and San Diego, at Michigan State University, and behind the colleges projected for Rutgers, Indiana, Michigan, as well as elsewhere, the idea is to change and improve undergraduate education by giving a new twist to the ancient maxim, "divide and conquer." The new colleges divide the masses of students into groupings sufficiently small to encourage identity and participation, thus creating a way for the size of the university to increase while the working units remain small. And more, the aim is to conquer that student apathy and hostility which grow out of a sense of powerlessness by encouraging student involvement with the faculty in testing substantive innovations, thus creating a mechanism for institutional change without the sacrifice of tradition and order.

It is in the latter area, in the development of such colleges as centers of innovation and experimentation, that the most serious problems may be expected. The sponsoring universities are accustomed to rapid growth, but are not necessarily friendly to radical change. Established institutions with proud traditions, they know that change is not synonymous with gain and they are not prepared to repudiate the past in the name of novelty. If there is to be change, then, the tendency of the universities is to structure it so that tradition controls innovation.

To illustrate: The criteria for hiring and promoting the faculties for the new colleges, on the basis of the evidence thus far, are essentially the same as those used at the older campuses of the "innovating" universities. This is the way, we are told, to assure that the faculty of a new college will not be regarded as second-rate and that the work will be first-rate. But it is a widely held belief now that the traditional criteria for placement and advancement, which have emphasized publications, research, guild standing, and professional mobility, have helped to create the problems that have produced the current student disaffection.

IT is proper for universities to insist on high standards of scholarship, but is it true that these standards can be achieved only by loyalty to criteria existent in the older schools? If the establishment of new colleges within universities is to lead to more than an opportunity for architectural audacity or schemes for the rearranging of bodies and the expansion of budgets,—if the new colleges are to be innovative at the point of basic university reforms—it may well be that more radical planning is called for. The search for distinctiveness, we can at least hypothesize, is an invitation to new directions.

Perhaps the point at which to begin, if this viewpoint is to be developed, is

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with the assertion that the weight of inertia being what it is, and the need for change being as urgent as it is, establishment of a new college within a university should be permitted only if the planners can show that the program of the college will be not only innovative—concerned with achieving established goals by new means—but unapologetically experimental: that is, in search of new goals, by new means, for new times.

The signs to date suggest that few of the colleges already in operation are of such a radical cast. Cowell and Adlai Stevenson Colleges at Santa Cruz, Revelle College at San Diego, Justin Morrill College at Michigan State, and a few others have introduced interesting changes in curriculum and pedagogy. And they have also structured "mix" patterns for students and faculty in campus events and facilities. They have shown an interest in innovations. Their goals, however, seem to be the conventional goals of American higher education, and their programs suggest that they hope for the security of the status quo and the adventure of change at the same time. But the history of higher education shows that innovative colleges are seldom more innovative than in the first period of idealism and energy, after which most changes tend back toward tradition. There may be reason, therefore, for the new cluster colleges to reach for an identity based more on dissimilarities than on duplication. If the first step in the cluster college concept should be for the university to encourage distinctiveness by giving the college a good measure of autonomy, the second might be for the college to accept the challenge of leadership and show that it can achieve distinction in new and different ways.

Much could be done in such colleges at the level of what may be called structural distinctiveness. A movement in this direction has started, but it could be pressed further. Why not innovations in scheduling according to the needs of particular programs, even to the extent of producing calendar variations within one university? Could there not be more diversity in grading and evaluative processes? Certain programs might lend themselves best to letter grades, some to term letters, others to a pass/fail arrangement. Could there not also be greater use of environmental and non-intellective variables in the student selection process? This idea has already had a measure of validation at Harvard, where 85 per cent of 200 youths admitted on the strength of criteria other than high college board scores have graduated. The new colleges could help the university learn that needs vary and that procedures should be appropriate to needs.

Variation in the social contracts that govern student life at the different colleges could be introduced. Would some programs benefit by living arrangements and social regulations inappropriate for another place or ethos? Perhaps. And a pluralistic society should not be surprised by differences in its educational network—even at the levels of hours for women, dating provisions, dress regulations, and drinking rules. Students, too, should learn that privileges are sometimes commensurate with responsibilities.

The issue of structural diversity in the colleges is raised to a new order of importance if we understand that more than efficiency and convenience are at stake, that organizational differences are no less than the mechanisms by which we try to protect the colleges' quest for value commitments that will make them identifiable communities.

WHILE the university in our society must be heterogeneous in values, the cluster college plan makes it possible for certain colleges within a given university to be more homogeneous. Students in universities with such a plan would have choices, and the college they attended would have a special character. Students there would be members of a college community—in the fellowship of those who have made commitments and exercised self-discipline in order to achieve goals not otherwise possible—and they would also be members of a university that was a federated system of really different philosophies, objectives, and styles. Both faculties and students could learn what it means to experience growth through the tension of differences.

What might be the qualities or concerns that would give such colleges distinctiveness? Here are a few possibilities: At a time of renewed interest in humanism, one college might be identified by a curriculum which emphasized the humanist classics. Another might be known for courses, conceived and organized by students, which cohered around a study of political and social radicalism.

The general scheme of cluster colleges also invites the establishment of a place in the university where faith can speak without dilution or apology, and to the whole of the student's life. Traditional concepts of the separation of church and state notwithstanding, perhaps the Roman Catholic or Presbyterian Church might sponsor one college in which the views of the radical left could be studied and challenged by defenders of traditional Western values and a more conservative style of life. The Judeo-Christian teachings which have figured so prominently in our history, and which are still the basis for societal values, should get rigorous study in the university. Modern youth cannot be expected to understand the authority and impact of the Bible, for example, if we slip it into the curriculum only as an anthology of literature.

Diversity in the university need not mean anarchy. There could be unifying standards. Although each college might be challenged to authenticate itself through fidelity to its own declared purposes, its work could be evaluated in relation to the traditional components within the system through all-university examinations. And other continuing kinds of comparative evaluations could be made: when students from the innovating college took required courses in more conventional departments elsewhere in the university, when they transferred to other schools, when they went on to graduate and professional programs. There would be ample opportunity to test the validity of the new by the standards of the old. Since not more than 15 per cent of our institutions of higher learning show any serious inclination to innovate, the past will always be well represented.

A CONCERN for standards is only one of the reasons given by parent organizations for insisting that offspring colleges conform to established policies and procedures. There are also the arguments of efficiency and convenience. Large size necessitates routinized arrangements as a safeguard to sanity. No wonder so many of us are more interested in channels than in change.

But now, in the cluster college concept, we are talking about decentralization. The concept provides an opportunity for functional individuation; furthermore, computers do miracles with minutiae. We are freed by the idea and by technology to examine what the former necessity for uniformity has done to inhibit the quest for diversity. If, in higher education, the old formulas applied to the new opportunities have a way of making over the new in the image of the old, as we suspect, and if we have reason to believe then that it might be better to put the new wine of innovation into new wineskins, then we should not hesitate to challenge the supposition that colleges established within the general structure of existing universities must adhere to the organizational arrangements of the sponsoring body. Both the ends we seek and the means we need may be new ones. Perhaps the principle for cluster colleges should be that the old way of doing things can always be a guideline but must never be a noose.

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COLLECTIVE BARGAINING: *A Primer for Superintendents*

By LESTER B. BALL, *superintendent of schools, Oak Park, Illinois.*

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING in education is here to stay. Whether we like it or not, the time has arrived when teachers will use bargaining procedures that have been developed in industry. In state after state, the right of teachers to negotiate will be mandated by law, and boards of education and administrators will be faced with the necessity to become involved in specific bargaining relationships. Given this situation, the superintendent of schools will be faced with responsibilities that differ from any of his other functions as chief administrative officer of the district. So far this role has been a source of considerable confusion, but the superintendent is going to have to learn to play it and, further, to enjoy it, or he is going to be in a lot of trouble.

The superintendent must know, for example, that at the beginning bargaining will be difficult, that there will be many misunderstandings, many headaches, and a lot of heartaches. Much of this can be dissipated with time and careful planning. Many school districts now negotiate or bargain with their custodial employees, and this, having become a matter of routine, presents only minor difficulties. Similarly, as boards of education and administrators learn the rules of the game in bargaining with teachers, many of the problems that occur in the initial phases will disappear.

Bargaining can improve or damage education, depending upon the good faith and understanding of everybody involved. Bargaining that deals with minutiae—with specific rights of the children or the public, for instance—or bargaining used to protect vested interests or to maintain inefficient operation, can be a restricting and harmful undertaking. However, if we use bargaining to create areas of freedom and experimentation, it will be a positive force for good.

To be successful in this new activity, the superintendent must change his mind on one item that has often obsessed him in the post, and that is that "everything goes through me." The old idea of the superintendent as a person who possesses all wisdom and has to keep his fingers on every detail of every phase of the operation simply won't work in the field of bargaining. Here, in a sense, the superintendent is no longer central. The focal groups involved are the teachers on one hand, and the public, represented by the board of education, on the other. When the chips are down, there will be only these two power groups involved in the bargaining and it is they who will make the final decisions.

There can be no go-between in this process. Any person who tries to stand between the two parties in a bargaining relationship is apt to get hurt; and the superintendent, if he tries to play this role, is going to be in difficulty. In this situation the superintendent really has no power and no authority. He can be effective, he can be influential, he can be important, but the power and the authority to say "yes" or "no" rests with the two bargaining groups. The superintendent must, therefore, come to understand that neither side will trust him. Teachers will look on him as a board tool and the board will look on him as a teacher, willing to do anything that the teacher group asks. If the superintendent knows in advance that this is the perception those groups will have of him, he can perhaps be more comfortable or, at least, more realistic in understanding his role.

There is a discipline to collective bargaining that is often not realized, a discipline that is essential. Basically, the discipline can be expressed this way:

There can only be two groups at the bargaining table, not three or four—just two. In some places where there has been an attempt to bring many different groups into a bargaining situation, only chaos has resulted. Both sides have to agree to support the conclusion reached at the bargaining table. Both sides must agree in advance that they will recommend a "yes" vote back to their colleagues if agreement is reached around the table. Both sides must accept the responsibility of saying, "Out of this negotiation activity, if we achieve agreement at the table, we will then return to our groups and urge them to ratify the agreement which we have worked out." This is the essential discipline of bargaining and it is a discipline that must be applied to the two contending parties. The superintendent, not being one of the contending parties, cannot be finally involved in this discipline.

THE superintendent does, nevertheless, have a specific role. First of all, it is in the pre-bargaining phase of negotiation that the superintendent will have his greatest influence—and the pre-bargaining phase can be one of the most important. Indeed, the bargaining across the table that takes place will be the last act of a comedy, or the last act of a tragedy, depending upon what has been developed in the pre-bargaining phases. It is in this early phase that the superintendent will have his most important role to play; indeed, here his function is central.

The superintendent, for example, should be active in working out the agreement upon which bargaining proceeds. He will have a major part in working out the bargaining procedures, in seeing that they are stated in writing, in seeing that they are detailed as to time and place. He will be active in trying to be sure that the bargaining arrangement specifies the people who will be involved and the part to be played by the various people. He will be active in helping to get a written, developed, bargaining procedure that states specifically what is to be negotiated. Usually, of course, salaries and benefits will be the main items to be negotiated, but many others may be included. An important function of the superintendent will be to see that this agreement on how bargaining takes place is developed by teachers and the board in times of peace. That is, these arrangements must be clearly worked out and specifically stated at a time when there is no conflict between the board and the teachers. If a superintendent waits until a time of conflict, it is too late.

If the superintendent has been creative, he will have established, in advance, policies within the school or-

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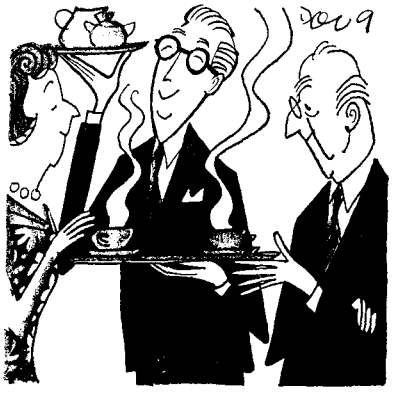
ganization for resolving many issues that, were they to come to the bargaining table, might cause major problems. Issues such as course-of-study content, revisions of courses of study, teacher load, minor grievances, questions of promotion, do not need to be brought to the bargaining table.

The superintendent needs to set up, well in advance, procedures for routine, week-to-week, face-to-face meetings between himself and the teacher organization leaders. These meetings should be carefully planned, definitely established, and should lead to action. The superintendent should also provide ample opportunity for informal, friendly, advance contacts between the two groups at social affairs, where tension and animosities can, to some extent, be resolved in advance of bargaining. If each group gets to know the other on a first-name basis in a relaxed situation, the bargaining that follows can move more smoothly.

The superintendent should, in addition, try to assess the basic facts of the bargaining situation, have them clearly in his own mind, and communicate them to everybody involved in the bargaining activity. For example, he will need to assess the power structure of the faculty, the power structure of the board of education, and probably that of the community. He will need to know in advance what each wants, what each must have, and what each is willing to settle for. He will communicate as best he can to the board, to the teachers, and to their representatives the factual information about this power structure. And he needs to assay in advance what will probably be the major points of disagreement between the two contending sides, and the dimensions of this disagreement.

Further, the superintendent, in advance and publicly, will need to give to both sides the data that seems to be called for in the bargaining activity. Also in advance, and publicly, he will let both sides know that any information that he has for one group will be given to the other group. Further, he must let it be known that if he is asked to provide data for one group, he will also give it to those on the other side of the bargaining table. His role must be completely open and aboveboard.

Another role of the superintendent will be to assess as best he can the hidden agendas that are involved on both sides. This is not easily done, but it is important to the superintendent's success in the pre-bargaining phase. For example, if he is dealing with a board president who hates unions and thinks that any kind of bargaining is a union activity, then he must regard this as a hidden agenda and must make it known. If there is a group involved in the teachers' bargaining committee that really wants the bargaining to fail so that they can capture control of the teachers' organization, he needs to be aware of it and must be sure that everybody knows it. The business of exposing hidden agendas won't be easy for the superintendent, but it is important if the bargaining is to be realistic.



All of these acts must be performed in good faith. This, incidentally, is a tricky bit of business for the superintendent. He will need to be objective; he will need to be open; he will need to be non-directive. If he demonstrates good faith and openness, perhaps this atmosphere can be communicated to the entire bargaining activity, to the end that the interests of the children come first.

LET us now move away from the pre-bargaining phase to a consideration of the role the superintendent plays in the actual bargaining activity—that is, the time when the negotiators are sitting around the table. Let's face it, his role is a minor one and he does very little. He's always there; he tries to speak only when he's asked a question; he gives objective answers, and if he can't give an objective answer, he says he doesn't know. This role will be a new one for many superintendents and, perhaps at first, a confusing one. At the bargaining table he will attempt to correct those errors of fact that may come into the discussion. He will provide new data as it is requested by the groups. And—probably his most important duty—he will see that coffee is always available. From time to time he may meet alone with either side with the permission of the other side, but if he does, he always reports back to the full group about what he did.

On occasion, if things begin to get too sticky, he will try to suggest ways of getting them back on the track. He needs to be careful, however, that he doesn't see himself as a mediator, but rather as a person whose job it is to see that the process continues. The superintendent may, from time to time in the negotiation process, meet alone with the two chief negotiators from both sides. If he meets alone with the chief negotiator from each of the two sides, he must be sure that everyone approves, and he must remember again to report to the entire group exactly what happened in his meetings.

The superintendent may also play a role in the bargaining procedures in relation to the press. It would be well if both sides agreed in advance that the press releases relative to the progress of the bargaining come through the superintendent. This would give him a chance to "contain the fires" that could otherwise develop. Often, if both sides issue separate statements and they are dramatized or contentious, the area of disagreement may be increased and the animosity between the groups heightened so that bargaining and, in the long run, children suffer.

(If there is lack of agreement in the bargaining between the two groups, then the superintendent may see as one of his duties the development of procedures for mediation. He might look over the situation and decide that a certain kind of outside mediation agreeable to both parties would, indeed, be helpful, and he might make this as a suggestion.)

In any case, the superintendent should

stay out of the limelight. During the bargaining procedure it is important for him to be sure that he reports fairly, but once bargaining has been successfully completed, he stays out of camera range, he doesn't talk to reporters, and he lets the people who finally reached the agreement do the talking and have their pictures taken.

Finally, he personally accepts the agreement reached in good faith, even though he may not be in complete agreement with all of the conclusions that have been reached, and, indeed, even though some of them might make it more difficult for him to carry out some of the ideas he has. He will recognize that this activity is so important to the schools that he must do his best to implement the agreement.

For most superintendents, all this is

(*Continued on page* 80)

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Schools Make News

Alan K. Campbell—"A blaze of criticism [of] state governments."

Education and Politics

"EDUCATION has been an area traditionally left to state administration. However, if the states continue simply to reinforce the present inadequate system, and ignore what is an obvious need of a major segment of their population, they will add more fuel to what is already a roaring blaze of criticism from those who consider state governments the most ineffectual part of the American governmental system."

So spoke Alan K. Campbell, professor of political science at Syracuse University, before a national conference of state legislators last month. The conference was convened by the National Committee for Support of Public Schools, a nationwide citizens group working for better school financing, and brought more than 300 Senators and Representatives from fifty states to Washington for a three-day meeting with education representatives. The importance of the gathering was underlined by a Ford Foundation grant which paid transportation and expenses.

Since state legislatures are responsible for establishing and operating school systems, and state legislators apportion a large percentage of funds for education (a nationwide average of 39 per cent), educational progress depends on their understanding of the needs and issues involved. A primary concern of the legislators, the conference indicated, is lack of adequate information to guide their decisions. To improve the situation, the conferees proposed, state legislatures should:

► Hire full-time staffs to gather information for their education committees.

► Evaluate the effectiveness of statewide education activities.

► Actively acquaint themselves with "the broadest possible spectrum of public opinion concerning educational interests" by calling a wide range of groups before committee hearings.

► Exchange more information about education through regional and national conferences.

The committee also recommended greater use of new analytical techniques for state planning, and increased financial support for state departments of education.

ETV in Prime Time

A $10,000,000 GRANT from the Ford Foundation and some imaginative planning may move educational television into the league of major networks. The Foundation has announced plans for a series of coast-to-coast programs next year over noncommercial networks to demonstrate the potential of national ETV broadcasting. The series would offer a comprehensive weekly review of major events in international and national affairs, the arts, books, education, and science. More than 100 noncommercial stations would carry the two- or three-hour programs on Sunday nights.

To produce the programs a TV laboratory would be established, complete with studio and a staff of professional journalists and producers, which would attempt to develop new methods of instruction by TV. Plans for such a laboratory are being discussed with Columbia University's School of Journalism, and other universities across the country will be asked to join the project.

"The undertaking," said Jack Gould, television and radio critic of *The New York Times*, "would, in effect, represent the first significant coast-to-coast challenge from noncommercial television to the established news and public affairs operations of the commercial networks."

The series is precedent to establishing national ETV networks connected by communications satellite, a proposal made last fall by Ford, which—together with a similar proposal by Carnegie Corporation—is pending before the Federal Communications Commission. Successful experimentation in the laboratory series would offer specific evidence of the potential of national ETV when it is adequately financed and connected on a permanent, live basis by satellites.

Schools for Young Mothers

EACH YEAR an increasing number of young girls drop out of school because of pregnancy. Although theoretically they may return to classes after the babies are born, few ever do. Now at least two cities have decided to face up to the problem.

Oakland, California, has established special schools in cooperation with health and welfare agencies, to continue the girls' instruction throughout pregnancy. In addition to regular classes, there are special guidance and health classes to help the girls through the prenatal period and to prepare them for the responsibilities of motherhood. The program serves 200 expectant mothers each year, but at least 150 girls must be turned away because of limited facilities. Plans for a similar program in New York City have been announced. The city school system intends to open two special centers for pregnant students next year.

Boost for Undergraduate Science

TWENTY OUTSTANDING liberal arts colleges will share a $7,500,000 Sloan Foundation grant to strengthen science instruction in small colleges. The grant reflects increasing concern that small institutions will be hard pressed to maintain distinguished work in the sciences in competition with major research centers. The chief aim is to enable faculty members "to stay alive" professionally even though they lack day-to-day contact with a research-oriented university.

The grants, ranging from $250,000 to $500,000, will be used for a variety of programs proposed by each institution, including more frequent research leaves for faculty, bringing post-doctoral fellows to campus, exchange of faculty members, and the joint use of facilities among neighboring institutions.

Parity for Plump People

DID YOU EVER see a fat Smithie? Probably not, and the reason is *discrimination*. According to a study by the Harvard School of Public Health, an intelligent-but-fat suburban high school girl has one-third less chance of getting into college than her intelligent-but-thin classmate. Fat boys have a slightly better chance than fat girls, but still have less chance for admission than thin boys. The researchers could find no other explanation for this than a preference of college and high school placement officials for thin students.

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Faculty for Free U's

THE FREE UNIVERSITY idea continues to flourish, and even the "establishment" is beginning to regard it with friendly wonder. At San Francisco State College, students have set up an "Experimental College" with 650 registered for courses. Rather than feeling threatened, S.F. State has given the new college its blessing and the assistance of about forty faculty members. In some cases, students may even obtain regular academic credit for courses offered at the Experimental College. Student leaders of the enterprise have applied for grants from the U.S. Office of Education, the Ford Foundation, and the Carnegie Corporation, to pay faculty and lecturers.

"We're the best buy in educational experimentation today, bar none," says graduate student Mike Vozick. "We can make a buck go further and do more than any place else in the country."

At Stanford, too, 135 students have launched a project called "The Experiment." Although no credit is offered for Experiment courses, more than a dozen Stanford professors have expressed an interest in the program, and several may give students credit for directed reading conducted in Experiment seminars. Farther north, University of Washington students have established a Free University of Seattle. And at Boston University, the vice president of student affairs said of the student-run Experimental Seminar Program (ESP): "This is a fine example of student initiative and of planning to enrich the learning experience." Faculty enthusiasm for the program seems to be almost as great as the student response.

—*Carolyn Mason Jones.*

James Nixon (left) and Michael Vozick of S.F. State's Experimental College.

Upgrading Teachers

THE PROBLEMS of quality teaching in the colleges, widely lamented but rarely confronted, are being tackled in two programs announced recently. The Union for Research and Experimentation (Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio), an association of ten small experimental colleges, has launched a three-year program called Project Changeover, bringing sixty college teachers to a four-week summer workshop where they will study current developments in higher education, exchange ideas with other teachers, and plan an experiment in teaching. Experiments might include new teacher-student instruction patterns fostering independent learning, reorganization of course content, and collaborative preparation by several teachers for interdisciplinary courses.

During the school year the teachers will try out their experiments in the classroom, then return the following summer to the center to evaluate their experiences.

The first group of thirty fellows will be selected this spring. It is expected that this project will lead to the establishment of a permanent Center for the Improvement of College Instruction.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology, too, has plans for improving teaching, not only in four-year undergraduate institutions, but also in two-year colleges and high schools. A new Carnegie Education Center will offer an advanced degree program designed especially for teachers rather than for potential research specialists. It will involve two years of course work with heavy concentration on subject-matter courses and include a one-semester course in cognitive process, an internship, and dissertation. A Doctor of Arts degree will be awarded which will differ from the Ph.D. by placing less emphasis on pure research, and from the Ed.D. by stressing greater mastery of subject matter and fewer methods courses.

They Said It

STUDENT LEADERS from 100 colleges and universities across the country, in a letter to President Johnson: "In short, Mr. President, a great many of our contemporaries, raised in the democratic tradition of thinking for themselves, are finding a growing conflict between their own observations on the one hand, and statements by Administration leaders about the war on the other. These are people as devoted to the Constitution, to the democratic process, and to law and order as were their fathers and brothers who served willingly in two World Wars and in Korea.

"Unless this conflict can be eased, the United States will find some of her most loyal and courageous young people choosing to go to jail rather than to bear their country's arms, while countless others condone or even utilize techniques for evading their legal obligations."

EVANS CLINCHY, director, Office of Program Development, Boston Public Schools: "The money poured into Title I (of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act) is largely going to be wasted if we continue to spend it on bolstering the present system of educating children. . . . Title I has to become much more directed toward breaking the established habits and patterns that have proved themselves totally incapable of even helping, much less educating, disadvantaged children. If this requires Congress to rewrite the title, so be it. But simply to assist the present system to do in a more elegant way what it is already doing so badly is to pervert the possibility of what American education should and could be."

RAYMOND J. ROBERTS, principal, and Carolyn Schuetz, counselor, Monte Vista High School, California: "Once when we were explaining the lack of clothing regulations to a group of visiting educators, we noticed that all eyes were turned, looking out the window of the office. One of the visitors remarked that some students obviously took advantage of their freedom, pointing to a passing young lady wearing a large purple sombrero. We could not deny that some students at times had attempted to 'test limits,' but in this particular case they were viewing one of our teachers."

Notes

THE NUMBER OF fraudulent correspondence schools in the United States has increased nearly 300 per cent in the last three years, according to the Post Office Department. The fraudulent schools offer a wide range of courses but concentrate on the fields of practical nursing and civil service training. Anyone considering enrolling with a correspondence school can check its legitimacy with the National Home Study Council and the National University Extension Association, both in Washington, D.C. Better Business Bureaus, Chambers of Commerce, and state departments of education also can help determine if a correspondence school is properly accredited. . . .

The Columbia College Faculty has voted to initiate a pass-fail grade option for one course each semester. This makes Columbia the third Ivy League institution to experiment in this fashion; Princeton and Brown already have pass-fail plans. . . . At the University of Michigan, a student referendum declared overwhelming opposition to the compilation of class standings for use by the Selective Service system. . . . The Georgia State Board of Education has adopted a new policy of hiring teachers at mid-term, taking advantage of December college graduations.

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Voices in the Classroom

The Emasculated Voice of the Textbook

INSIDE every critic of education lurks the heart of a masochist. Who else would devote his life to visiting schools, reading educational monographs, and attending pedagogical conferences? What kind of person is it who enjoys the esthetics of a bell shaped curve, the rhetoric of educationese, or the poetry of the primer?

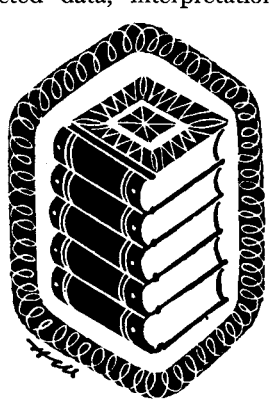
But the most dogged pursuers of agony are the critics of textbooks, those steadfast readers of readers, of classroom anthologies and of histories authored by committees. For years the ladies of the DAR have been inspecting dusty instructional tomes for evidence of subversion. Organizations of patriots have issued lists of works approved and suspect. State legislative committees in Texas and elsewhere have held official textbook investigations to ferret out the Communist backgrounds of the advocates of the one-world conspiracy and other pacifist plots.

Now another category of textbook critic has evolved. These are people who read school histories and count the number of pages on which Negroes are not mentioned; they compile lists of anti-Negro libels, evidence of Uncle Tomism, and of patronizing references to the happy darkies of the plantation. A few years ago a group of professors at the University of California surveyed the territory and found that the American Negro had indeed been maligned, and that the compromising condescension of authors and publishers hoping to sell books in the South had produced a literature of apology, distortion, and omission.

Now the American Federation of Teachers has issued *The Negro in Modern American History Textbooks* (American Federation of Teachers, 716 North Rush St., Chicago, Ill., Item V-1, $1), a booklet compiled by Irving Sloan, a Scarsdale, New York, high school teacher, which documents the case still further.

Mr. Sloan's study, analyzing thirteen high school and junior high school American history texts, concludes that "there is no 'cultural conspiracy' in current textbooks to either eliminate or distort the role of the Negro in American history. For the most part, authors and publishers are making genuine efforts to explode the myths of Negro history and show the Negro's rightful place in the history of this country. But none of the texts have completely succeeded, and several are so far from the target that they invite suspicion. It remains for the individual readers of this study to make their own judgments as to which individual texts meet the standards they seek for their respective classes and schools." But Sloan's judgment of some individual volumes is considerably harsher. He notes that a number of the books still accept Southern Reconstruction as an accumulation of corruption foisted on the South by greedy carpetbaggers, a vengeful Congress, and ignorant Negroes; that some still treat slavery as a primitive form of Social Security, and that many remain equivocal about the Negro's current struggle for equal rights in American society. He is concerned about internal textbook contradictions regarding the virtues of slavery, the issues of the Civil War, and the role Negroes have played in American development.

WHAT Sloan's study omits—indeed, what is lacking in most critiques of history texts—is an examination of the concept of the textbook itself. For it is not simply the contents that go wrong, it is the tone. Take it from another masochist who has subjected himself to these volumes—history textbooks are bad, not because they are too biased, but because their biases are concealed by the tone. History texts are written as if their authors did not exist at all, as if they were simply the instruments of a heavenly intelligence transcribing official truths. The tone of the textbook is the tone of a disembodied voice speaking in passive sentences; it fosters the widespread confusion that the text *is* history, not simply a human construct composed of selected data, interpretations, and opinions. It is because all textbook authors feel compelled to write in the sterile syntax of the operating room that their products turn out to be so objectionable. How many of them ever confess that they—like the rest of us—operate with certain assumptions, that their conclusions have limitations, and that their subject matter is fascinating precisely because it is something less than revealed truth? How many of them are aware not only that the past shapes the present, but that the present—through historical interpretation—shapes the past?



It may, at one time, have been economically necessary to limit every class to a single volume which purported to "cover" the subject. Such a volume usually represented an ideological quotient verdict that avoided controversy wherever possible and that sought to please every prejudice in America. Where such evasion proved impossible, the book squirmed through a series of "on the one hand" and "on the other hand" statements that did nothing but betray the venality of its producers:

> Senator (Joseph R.) McCarthy carried on extensive investigations of possible Communist influence in government. He brought charges against leading Americans no longer in government service, against the Department of State, and against the Army. Many Americans applauded McCarthy for his efforts, but others criticized him for what they called his recklessness and his disregard for constitutional rights.

What do the authors conclude? Have they no view? Why did some Americans applaud his efforts while others criticized him? What made McCarthy, and what destroyed him? Equivocation is demanded by the tone, by the pretension of infallibility, and the concommitant necessity to please all factions. It contributes nothing to the understanding of the subject, and it reduces the study of history to an emasculated shell.

Neither the nature of history (or any other field) nor the economics of producing and selling instructional materials requires the single text and the disembodied voice. There are no final arbiters in history; the truth lies in the honesty of the quest, and the excitement rests in the virility with which it is pursued. Thus almost every analysis which counts references—whether about Negroes or about patriotism—simply adds another element to the list of interests that must be appeased, altering the verdict, but not the idea that there is, after all, official truth. Education, like freedom itself, thrives on a diversity of views. It is, therefore, not the content of the history textbook that is un-American, but rather the idea itself.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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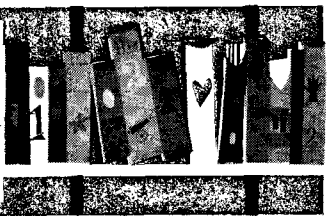
the Editor's Bookshelf



The American landscape is dotted with 817 institutions of higher learning which can loosely be classified as "church related." Some are owned outright by religious bodies, others are governed by boards whose members must belong to the church; some stress church membership as a factor in the selection of faculty members; many receive a part of their support from religious organizations; and all have made statements of purpose which reflect a religious orientation. Though the highest concentration is in the East, such colleges may be found in every state except Wyoming and Nevada.

They include seminaries and two-year junior colleges, but most of those listed are four-year liberal arts colleges. Though nearly 100 carry the word "university" in their titles, only a few are full-fledged universities offering the Ph.D. degree as well as programs in preparation for the learned professions.

Though a few have enrollments in excess of 10,000, most of the church-related institutions are small—half of them enroll fewer than 1,000 students each. As a group they enroll only 17 per cent of all the college students in the nation. And the percentage declines each year as the publicly supported colleges grow. But throughout our nation's history these colleges have contributed greatly to the advancement of higher education. They continue to provide diversity and an essential balance. Their small size may well be their greatest virtue when it is accompanied by adequate resources.

Church-Sponsored Higher Education in the United States, *by Manning M. Parrillo, Jr. and Donald M. Mackenzie, (American Council on Education, Washington, D.C., 309 pp., $6)* is a thorough and comprehensive report on the state of church-related colleges in the United States as of 1966, based on questionnaires sent to all such institutions, plus careful case studies of fifty selected at random. The authors inquire into the forces and ideas that have shaped church-sponsored colleges and universities; provide facts concerning their students, faculties, government, financing, facilities, and educational results; assess their strengths and weaknesses; inquire into their distinctive roles as academic and religious institutions; and recommend courses of action.

Though it is natural that a church-sponsored college should give more attention to religion than is found in a publicly supported institution, the authors, whose study was sponsored by the Danforth Foundation, reject the charge that rigid sectarianism is the principal defect of such colleges. They find that fewer than 10 per cent are engaged primarily in religious indoctrination. "Many more institutions reflect a loose, vaguely defined religion and bend over backward to avoid any suggestion of sectarianism. Very few colleges restrict faculty appointments to members of their own churches."

But the quality of the education provided by these institutions varies enormously. "Included among the 817 are some of the finest colleges in America but also many of the poorest. Over 20 per cent are not regionally accredited. . . . A reasonable estimate is that at least one-third of the whole group is marginal. Another one-third compares favorably with the best public and independent institutions."

Only about one-sixth of the institutions studied select their students rigorously on the basis of high-school grades and scores on entrance examinations. About two-fifths are described as "above average" in selectivity. The others take such students as they can get. The "marginal" colleges in the group find it so difficult to fill their freshman classes that they accept many whose academic ability is well below average, including some who, in many states, would not be admitted to publicly supported colleges.

The range of faculty talent is also great. Though some church colleges can compete with most of the independent and publicly supported institutions, many are severely handicapped in recruiting professors in today's highly competitive market. Recruitment is made more difficult by the fact that "The academic world today is essentially a secular world. Religion has been under attack or suspect by intellectuals for several generations." The authors conclude, however, that "even the weakest, humblest, struggling college seems always to have a nucleus of able, dedicated teachers who will stay with the institution through times of adversity as well as prosperity. These are persons who could, if they wished, move to better positions but who, for reasons that are not always clear, choose to stay where they are. . . . Sometimes it is religious conviction that holds them, often it is loyalty to the kind of education and the kind of relationship with students that is possible in the small liberal arts college. The good small college can use these attractions not only to hold its staff in the face of increasing competition but also, occasionally, to entice men of renown from large, impersonal institutions. This is perhaps the greatest asset of the small college."

Though they point to many problems and weaknesses, the authors also find many virtues in the colleges chosen for their study. They conclude: "Viewed in historical perspective, the church-sponsored institutions belong to the great tradition of collegiate education in the arts and sciences illuminated by the Christian faith. . . . Its subject matter changes, but its purposes are fairly constant. At its best it is a broad and general education in that it stresses the arts of thought and communication and the principles which should govern personal and public affairs. . . . It should be a liberating, a freeing education. It should provide good preparation for responsible living in a rapidly changing world such as ours. Soundly conceived, it gives the student an understanding of the values that are most worth conserving in our heritage and of how they may be the guiding principles of the future. If there is a single word that describes the highest aspirations of the colleges of this type for their graduates, that word is probably *wisdom.*"

There can be no higher aspiration for an educational institution. But if the church-related colleges are to justify their claim to superiority over secular schools they must be prepared to demonstrate that their graduates are, indeed, wiser than the graduates of independent and publicly supported colleges and universities, or at least wiser than the same students would have become had they attended institutions of other kinds.

—PAUL WOODRING.

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An Occasion for Sadness

Our Children Are Dying, *by Nat Hentoff (Viking Press, 141 pp., $4.50), is the story of the struggles of a Harlem principal to make his school relevant to the community and to his pupils' lives. The reviewer is research psychiatrist at the Harvard University Health Services and consultant to the Southern Regional Council.*

By ROBERT COLES

IT DOES NOT take long to read this book, nor is it hard to read; quite the contrary. The author sets out to let the reader meet an exceptionally kind and intelligent principal of a Harlem school and the children he teaches and leads every day. In no time the principal's character emerges, and before long the story is over. What is left is the heartache, the sorrowful knowledge that the odds faced by one honorable man are too great. Children will go on dying, as the principal and the man who has written about him emphasize.

Nat Hentoff originally wrote about the principal, Elliott Shapiro, in a moving profile for *The New Yorker*. I remember reading it then, putting it aside, then giving it to a Negro youth whom I first knew in Atlanta when he was one of the first of his race to enter the city's all white schools. Now he is a college student, and interested in becoming a teacher—though he has his doubts too: "I could never be like that guy Shapiro. It takes more patience than I have. I'd see some of the things he does, and then I'd want to go get the mayor, or the people who run the schools, and tell them off. You can imagine how long I'd keep my job."

When I pointed out to him how very patient he had been in 1961, when insults or less open disapproval came his way day after day, he was quick to let me know the difference between his ordeal and Mr. Shapiro's: "Yes, I know. But when they called me a 'lousy nigger' for going into a white school I didn't care, because I knew I was getting a lot done. I knew that every day I held out *meant* something. I don't think Mr. Shapiro feels like that. He must feel the opposite—every day that goes by means more kids die, like the title of the book says. He must be a good guy, but he must feel lousy a lot of the time—sore as hell."

Nat Hentoff—"a quiet sigh from both the writer and his subject."

It is a tribute to the book's author that Shapiro does not impress such a youth as a great hero who is moving mountains while others remain idle or indifferent, or as an altogether sacred man, or a pitiable one, but instead a good man and a principal who is frustrated and, often enough, close to despair. It is not easy for any of "us"—middle-class teachers, doctors, or writers—to work in a section of Harlem. If Elliott Shapiro did so successfully, then so did Nat Hentoff. What they share is a willingness to see without embarrassment the intelligence and decency still alive in slum children, and mourn without embarrassment the death—of hope, of goodness, of assurance—that is fated for so many of these children.

Neither Shapiro nor Hentoff has many illusions to offer us. Many of the schools of Harlem (and similar areas of other American cities) are crowded, old, and stupidly run; successive outbursts of indignation and even experimentation are absorbed and rendered futile by a combination of bureaucratic stamina and the enormity of the job to be done. When anything done is always a "beginning," a "pilot program," and when anything done eventually has to meet up with Kafka's faceless, rigid functionaries who hold the power of life and death and wield it to prove themselves influential, there is small chance that the Elliott Shapiros of this world will get very far. In fact, Shapiro, as given to us by Nat Hentoff, might well fit into one of Kafka's stories. He is a morally earnest man, who yet smiles, if wryly. His fame was achieved in a way that could only give pleasure to that sad-faced writer from Prague. Shapiro and his teachers took to the newspaper columns for relief. Since they were getting nowhere they did what every American is taught to do: They complained to the public, and asked for help from the community closest to business—those who read the want ads.

Certainly they wanted—and certainly they got what they wanted—attention. The Mayor came to see them, and in so doing saw a rat. Now they were in the front of the paper—and be it noted—in the doghouse so far as the school "system" was concerned—that chain of officials who make sure nothing happens when in fact everything should be happening. Eventually P.S. 119 became P.S. 92; a new building houses an elementary school whose children will continue to receive from us, from America, far less than anyone of conscience can justify.

The author tells us about Shapiro and his school children in a disarming way: There are stories, conversations, brief descriptions of people and places, and an absolute minimum of rhetoric even the kind middle-class liberals like to hear regularly to convince themselves of their responsive virtue. What emerges from it all is a quiet sigh—from both the writer and his subject. The principal does a lot to help his children, particularly because he is so sensitive to their psychological as well as social and economic needs. Still, they will die. The title of the book says so; the principal says so, even as he continues to make his daily effort; and presumably the reader will feel so, and perhaps—for a few minutes—remember what he feels.

THAT is all, and that is about enough for one small-sized book to offer. I don't know why we keep on finding among us men like Elliott Shapiro. They are not our heroes, and we do not give them, or those who want to help them, the greatest amount of encouragement. (The Teacher Corps is dying, too.) I have observed enough schools in both the North and the South to know that the stubborn and blind power that some school administrators hold may yet make even the sheer poverty of a Harlem seem like a small obstacle. In any event, for those who want a chance to meet a fine American citizen, drawn tenderly but without sentiment or bombast, here is a book to read—and an occasion for sadness.

MR. ZIP SAYS:

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such schools would "weaken our public schools" and "enrich the coffers" of the churches sponsoring these schools. Reading the Constitution to suit its own predilections, the APA propagandized the view that the Constitution commands an "*absolute* separation of church and state." The APA eventually foundered on internal problems relating to finances and organization and upon popular revulsion against its fulminating bias.

While the campaign today is no phalanx of bigots, and avoids, on the whole, appeals to hatred, its message to the American people amounts to no lesser charge than that the Catholic Church today promotes violation of the American Constitution, raiding of the public treasury, crippling of the public schools, and dividing of the American society. That such a charge, especially when made by religious groups, should stir prejudice in the uninformed is understandable. That it should wound the sensibilities of millions of Catholic citizens—now, as a class, no longer servants or dock hands, but contributors at all levels of our society—should also be understandable. The charge, it is to be hoped, will fall on deaf ears, for reasons of law, education, and liberty.

If a supposed constitutional dogma of "absolute" church-state separation was a make-weight argument for the APA in its fight against public aid to the church schools, it comes close to being the present campaign's whole case. The raiding, crippling, and dividing charges in large part depend upon a basic charge that the aid Catholics and others have sought for children attending religious schools is unlawful. Focusing on the First Amendment's cryptic prohibition against "an establishment of religion," opponents of such aid are fond of pointing out that the Supreme Court has said that this means that government may not support religious objectives. Then the opponents (in a remarkable feat of private interpretation which they pass off as the Court's interpretation) say that that means that government may not support *public* objectives—if these are carried out in church-related institutions.

Under this view—constrictive not merely of religious freedom but of governmental freedom—not only would much of the present ESEA program, which today aids millions of young citizens in parochial schools, have to be scrapped, but a host of other public benefit programs would have to go with it. Banned, for example, by such a doctrine of "absolute separation" would be a federal loan to build a Presbyterian home for the aged, or a government grant to install a physics lab in a Methodist college. If separation is to be absolute, tax exemption of churches and synagogues must go. And separation, let it be noted, cannot be absolute against things we dislike and relative to things we like.

FOR almost a century after the founding of the nation, the "absolute separation" doctrine was a stranger to American constitutional law. Even the phrase, "separation of church and state," does not appear in any Supreme Court decision until 1879—and then only to indicate that a person's religious beliefs did not exempt him from an enactment of Congress making polygamy a crime. The idea of an absolute separation of church and state was carefully ignored during a century and a half of Protestant political and cultural hegemony in the United States, when little dissent was audible over the use of public schools for the encouragement of Protestant religious attitudes or the use of public funds for the support of Protestant institutions of welfare and education. Absolutist thinking on the separation question comes to us with no reliable historical credentials whatsoever.

That principled pragmatist of the American society, the Supreme Court, has subscribed to precious few absolutes, and it has never subscribed to the doctrine of an absolute separation of church and state. Brittle legalism on church-state issues was exploded by the Court in the memorable statement of Justice William O. Douglas in *Zorach v. Clausen*, in 1952. The Constitution, said Douglas, "does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of Church and State. Rather, it studiously defines the manner, the specific ways, in which there shall be no concert or union or dependency one on the other. That is the common sense of the matter. Otherwise the state and religion would be aliens to each other—hostile, suspicious, and even unfriendly."

In 1963, the Court was specific. Citing its own prior decision upholding publicly financed busing for parochial school children, it said that if a piece of legislation serves a "secular legislative purpose" and has a "primary effect that neither advances nor inhibits religion," the legislation does not offend church-state separation and is constitutionally acceptable. Government's providing, under ESEA, of secular-subject textbooks and instruction—according to governmental standards—is certainly another example of legislation whose primary effect is secular.

If the absolutists' case against all programs aiding strictly secular educational objectives for children in church-related schools is weak, the case for such aid is compelling. One-seventh of the nation's educational effort takes place in church-related schools at an annual saving to the nation's taxpayers of about $2.1 billion. Pressures to "phase out" these schools invoke fantasy. A *New York Times* article of December 17 is headed: HUNDREDS APPEAL FOR NEW SCHOOLS, and records the New York City Board of Education's request for $284 million for forty-six new school construction projects. The education of 26 per cent of all school children in the City of New York is being afforded by Catholic parochial schools; total present annual saving to taxpayers is $423 million. Phase out the parochial schools? *Into what* would even 10 per cent of this huge school population be phased? The answer is simple: into chaos for everybody.

It is to be hoped that the courts and the public, sensitive to religious liberty and conscious of the public contribution of the nation's church schools, will spurn present pleas to make an "unhallowed perversion" (in the words of James Madison) of the vital principle of separation of church and state.

"Dad, can I have the corporation plane tonight?"

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English Education

Continued from page 63

Eccles, a former Tory Minister of Education, suggested that Lord Snow, then the Labor spokesman on education and science in the Lords, was absolutely right in declining to send his own son to a secondary modern school or a grammar school or a comprehensive school, but instead chose Eton. Lord Snow, who for years has scolded the English for their snobbery and class consciousness, said:

> My Lords, may I reply to the noble Viscount's somewhat personal remarks? It is perfectly simple. It seems to me that if you are living in a fairly prosperous home it is a mistake to educate your child differently from most of the people he knows socially. I should not think it right to impose whatever ideologies I have upon someone who may not have those ideologies.

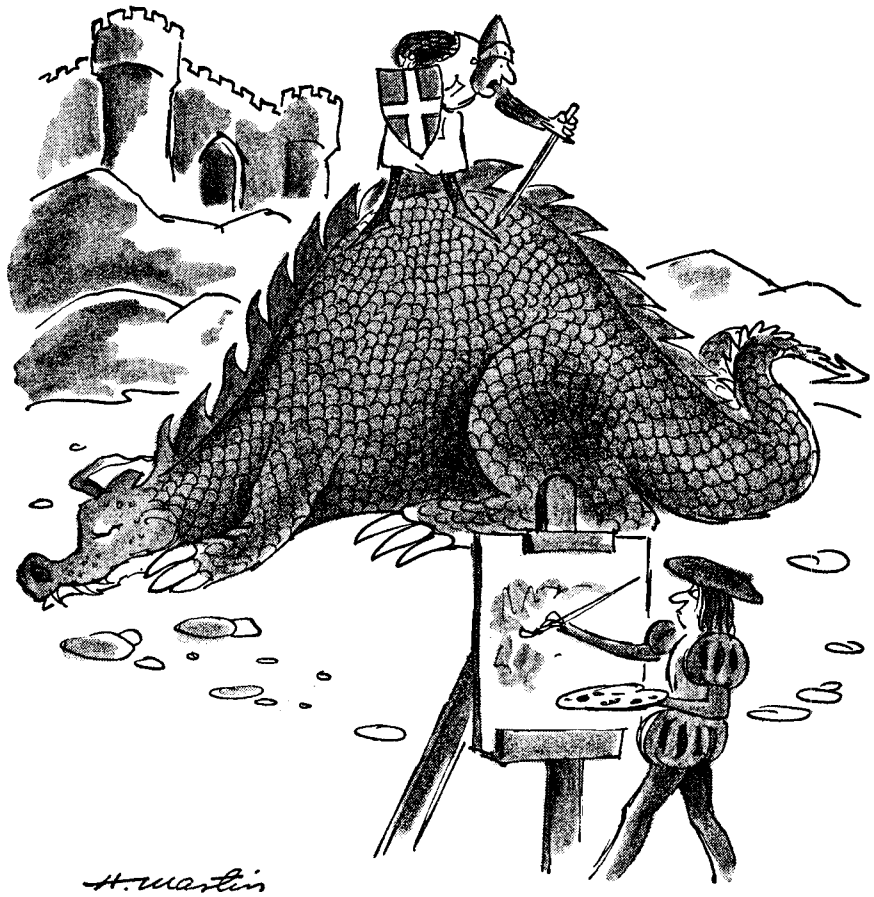
It would be hard to find a clearer demonstration of the conflict of purpose and confusion of thought in the ranks of those who want to "do something about" the Public Schools. Lord Snow's position, the antithesis of Labor's, brought the uncharitable comment from an English educationist, a leading impresario of the comprehensive school, that Snow was interested not only in the corridors of power but in the escalators as well.

Labor's more militant members would like simply to abolish the Public Schools (47 per cent of the Labor MP's said so in a recent poll) but this would be difficult indeed, even if it were feasible. Before the 1964 election, Labor was promising in rather strident tones to set up a "Public Schools Trust" that would bring about some drastic but unspecified reforms. In office, however, Labor's attitude became less peremptory and nothing was done for well over a year. Then the word "Trust" was dropped and instead a "Public Schools Commission" was appointed made up of fourteen members heavily weighted on the side of reform and charged with finding a way of "integrating the Public Schools into the state system." The Commission may be ready to report late in 1967 but in what vein is impossible to say. What does seem clear is that important changes will be forced on the Public Schools in the direction of broadening their intake of students, socially and probably academically. The change could be even more fundamental: They could become semi-state comprehensive schools, in which case, Lady Gaitskell notwithstanding, they will almost certainly cease to be renowned or even notable institutions. It may well be that the English Public Schools, like Louis XVI, will have to be guillotined, not for what they have done but for what they are. Perhaps this will not be their sad fate, for in the past they have shown great staying power and have always commanded the tenacious support of a large segment of English society. At the moment their future is very unclear, but it will be different from their past.

In the secondary curriculum, changes in courses of study and in academic structure are being made over the whole spectrum of ability. The minimum leaving age in English schools is scheduled to go up to sixteen in 1971, but it is only stating the facts to say that nobody is quite sure about what can or should be done with the masses of students who will then be remaining in the schools an additional year. In 1963 an influential report from a government-appointed national advisory committee was published with the arresting title, *Half Our Future*. It is concerned with the education of the lower half of the student population. Across 300 crowded pages, this report grapples with a problem that is urgent in Britain, that is also besetting other countries in Europe, and that has bedeviled American schools to this day: what should average and below-average students study in the secondary school, what should be the school's attitude toward them, what can they be expected to accomplish when they remain in school for one or two or three more years than in the past, and how should their teachers be trained?

THE answers proposed by this important report are depressingly familiar. The book abounds with recommendations for courses in housecraft, retail studies, gardening, model building, sailing, and photography. Instruction should be given, the report says, in things like "the wider aspects of home-making and marriage"; in the "problems of hypothetical families—the responsibilities of parents to children; pocket money; staying out late; undesirable friendships; social loyalties." The report especially commends for study "the whole field of personal relations in courtship, in marriage, and within the family—boy and girl friend, husband and wife, parents and children, young and old." The curriculum should be measured against four criteria: it should be practical, realistic, vocational, and have a large element of choice.

The report makes interesting, sometimes moving, but mostly unhappy reading for anyone who remembers with regret the Progressive and life-adjustment movements in American education. That, however, is not the immediate point. The point is that the curricular fate of vast numbers, probably a majority, of future secondary students is now taking shape in England, and the



"Hurry up, Raphael! Vultures are circling!"

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result promises to set a great part of the work of the secondary school on a new path, as indeed can already be seen in some of the modern schools and in London's comprehensive schools.

Curricular changes are also likely for the grammar school student. Traditionally, the last two years of the grammar school, the sixth form, were given over to fairly specialized study, and still are in most institutions. Students choose at sixteen and often earlier between the arts and the sciences and further narrow their study within these fields to two or three subjects. This degree of specialized study makes for depth and for sustained independent work, and makes also for immediate professional study when the student reaches the university. But the practice of sixth-form specialization, which is peculiar to England, is being sharply criticized, sometimes by grammar school teachers themselves (although it is also sharply defended by experienced people). A recently created national body called the Schools Council thought the matter so important that it decided to give its first attention to the reform of sixth-form studies. Again, the shape of the reforms is not clear but they will certainly involve a curtailment of specialized study in favor of a broader curriculum. Changes will then be necessary up the line in the institutions of higher education, where even now pressures are being brought to bear for broader degree programs and for new degree subjects.

The mood of educational reform, most evident at the secondary level, is affecting other institutions and practices:

► A national committee has been examining the whole of primary education, including such sensitive matters as "streaming" in the primary grades (another practice peculiar to England), religious instruction, and the age of transfer to the secondary school. Among other things, its report, due early in 1967, will take a resounding whack at the teaching of English in the primary grades. (It may be some wry comfort to Americans to know that practically everybody at every level of the educational system in England is unhappy about the standard of English among students.)

► In higher education a major effort is being made not only to effect a rapid and truly massive expansion in all types of institutions, but to open up the degree system so that qualified students in, for example, the colleges of education can take a degree instead of merely the certificate they now take, or that persons wholly outside the established institutional programs can take degrees through the doctorate by special study arrangements. Impending reforms even at those hoary seats of excellence and privilege, Oxford and Cambridge, will broaden admission of students from state schools and diminish the number of students from Public Schools, will reduce the almost complete autonomy of their constituent colleges, and will make them, wisely or not, more responsive to outside forces.

► The "G.C.E.," England's principal school-leaving exam—conducted by agencies outside the schools and governing entry to higher education and the better jobs—is being liberalized in ways that horrify the old guard and delight the avant-garde. And an entirely new examination system, the "C.S.E." (Certificate of Secondary Education) is rapidly being developed. It will overlap the lower level of the G.C.E. and many people hope will displace it.

Perhaps the most significant development of all in the English educational revolution is simply the attention that education is getting. It is universally discussed and debated, it is the subject of Royal Commissions and national committees that turn out fat but readable volumes on every aspect of it, it is represented in the Cabinet by an aggressive Secretary of State for Education and Science, it consumes a tremendous share of the budgets of both national and local governments (only Defense and the Health Service take more money), and it has now become the subject of systematic national planning. England has decided that it is vital for her to gather systematic data on what is happening in education throughout the country, and her educational statistics are now extremely good. And she has decided that deliberate, long-range planning on the basis of informed political and economic decisions by the central government is indispensable to her educational system.

NATIONAL planning, however, is not as good or as easy as it sounds. It is full of uncertainties, expensive goofs, and faulty projections; but with all its limitations national planning seems to Britain and to most of Europe a far better way to proceed than the haphazard fashion of the past. Inevitably, there is an accompanying shift of power to the center and away from the local authorities, which by custom if not by law have had a pretty free hand in running not only the schools in their area, but the teacher training colleges, the colleges of "further education" that form an extremely diverse but immense area of English education, and various other institutions. Systematic planning from a powerful center may well turn out to be the most significant aspect of all in the English educational revolution.

Santa Cruz

Continued from page 67

and the Berkeley *Slate* Supplement—tout sheets of professors, unsparing in condemnation and praise—I asked a junior philosophy major: "Could you have a *Slate* Supplement here?" "No point to it here," he shot back. "We already know which professors can teach and which can't. And what's more, they know we know. In this setting, you can't keep secrets about such things."

The faculty, much more than the students, come with their eyes wide open to the striking difference of this situation. Everywhere there is physical planning in continual counterpoint with academic planning, and everywhere the goal is "human dimensions," facilities for the spontaneous tête-à-tête, dining commons where the faculty high table is not too high for the student guest, and classes mostly of discussion size. Everything but privacy, with not even a crowd to get lost in. Still, there are the woods and the sea.

Many hard problems remain to be solved; many hard questions can get answered only with more time, more experience. For instance, will the faculty be sufficiently imaginative to devise course offerings that seem genuinely relevant to today's students—not alone relevant to their occupational aspirations, but relevant to their quest for life styles in the distinctive context of this society and this world? So far, too many courses have familiar titles: "English Literature, 1600-1660," for instance.

Will the experiment prove financially feasible in a public-supported institution? It is said that the regents of the statewide university needed convincing that so much decentralization and so much faculty-student relationship could be provided without costs far above those at the university's more conventional campuses such as Santa Barbara and Riverside. The administration says so far it has had no reason to back down on its claim that it can do what it wants to do within the usual per-student operating costs, but the test is not yet final.

Above all, the great question about Santa Cruz—the reason it is being watched from all over the continent—is this: Can it make good on its claim to be able to recruit and sustain a faculty every member of which will devote himself to teaching in the atmosphere of a small college and at the same time to writing and publishing the articles, monographs, and books that are demanded by a great university? Some have already gone on record with their prophesy that Santa Cruz will be defeated by the forces of academic conformity. Others have said that here at last is the answer. By 1970, we may know.

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Federal Aid

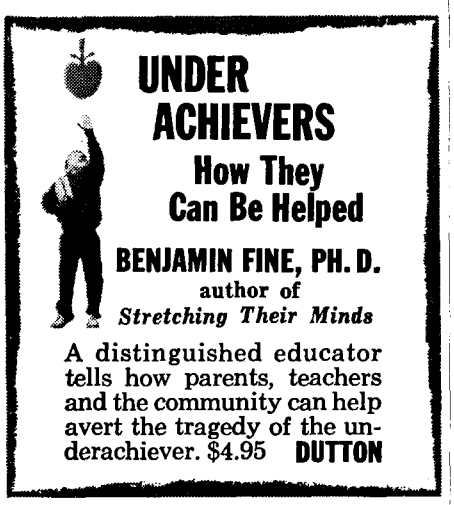
Continued from page 60

stated that the courts would have to spell out which federally financed services could be provided in church-related schools, and that without such rulings federal and state educational agencies would continue to face serious problems. It remains to be seen whether, now that litigation has been started seeking such rulings, Commissioner Howe will permit it to proceed to judgment, or will try to evade a decision by asserting such technical objections as that the plaintiffs lack standing to bring the suit because they are merely taxpayers.)

DISCRIMINATION. Private interests always have stronger lobbies than the public, and the results show this. When the Hill-Burton Act to aid hospitals was adopted in 1946, most of the funds went to public hospitals. Today the major part goes to private hospitals, and the gap increases steadily. In administering the Education Act in New York, the authorities have adopted as a standard for a disadvantaged private school, to qualify it for aid, the receipt of free lunches under the federal program by 10 per cent of the children; substantially higher requirements are imposed for public schools, in some districts as much as 40 per cent. A public school must be located in an officially designated disadvantaged area to qualify for Title I funds; a private school need not be. Remedial or special reading teachers are assigned to parochial schools at the ratio of one for every 157 eligible pupils; in public schools the ratio is one for every 230 pupils. Title I funds are used to provide remedial arithmetic programs in parochial schools; there are no such programs in the public schools. Public school teachers are sent into parochial schools at a time when the public schools are experiencing a critical shortage of teachers and, the complaint in the New York suit alleges, pressures are exercised and special inducements are offered by public school authorities to get the teachers to accept assignment to parochial schools.

DISINTEGRATION. The prophecy in the *America* editorial of a "pluralistic" school system may well be realized in a way neither anticipated nor desired by the Church. The pressure on the part of the Negro community for public school integration in Northern cities is accelerating an exodus from the public schools to private white schools, the great majority of which are parochial schools. The Catholic Church is aware of the danger and is greatly troubled by it; it has announced plans to investigate the matter and see what can be done about it. But if federal and state funds are poured into private schools, it cannot but make probable an even more accelerated exodus of the middle class white and a few middle class Negro children to the private schools, leaving the public school as a center for society's rejects.

These are some of the dangers that loom ahead. If the present trend in the administration of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 is not checked, either by public opinion or judicial action, we may find tragically that we have paid a prohibitive price for federal aid.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Collective Bargaining

Continued from page 71

new. It is outside his traditional pattern of authority. It is the superintendent operating without the prerogatives that he usually takes into the other activities of his office.But it is just one of many areas where today the superintendent will play a political rather than an administrative role. Indeed, we might go so far as to say that as schools become larger and more complicated, as the areas of contention about schools increase, the superintendent, while certainly the head of the administrative team, is essentially a political figure in that he devotes most of his time to developing intelligent understanding and compromise among groups who are contending over the schools. This political function is central to his present-day success.

To play his new role in bargaining, the superintendent is going to have to go back to school; he's going to have to study labor history, labor law, and collective bargaining. He must constantly keep up to date on changes that are taking place in the field of bargaining, and he must be constantly aware of new legislation and new precedents. And he will have to see that this information is available to both sides in the bargaining.

To sum up, the superintendent will have to face today. He will have to face the fact that teachers no longer petition, no longer request; teachers today demand, and they have a legal and a moral right to make their requests known in a forthright manner. The whole climate of the school system is one of the items that is important to the success of bargaining. If the climate is a democratic, healthy, permissive one, bargaining will follow one line. If it is dictatorial and authoritarian, bargaining will take another tack. Indeed, the superintendent must face the fact that among the hidden agendas at the bargaining table are the superintendent himself and the climate he creates. His job won't be easy. He is vulnerable; his performance may cost him his job, or it may enhance it. On the other hand, the superintendent is paid for these risks and they are, for him, "facts of life." This is part of the business, and whether he likes it or not, in an area where heat is engendered, where disagreement is probable, the superintendent cannot be all things to all people at all times. If he does his job well, if he thinks through his role, he can perhaps find solace in the fact that his careful and thoughtful work has steered the bargaining activity through perilous waters to some kind of peaceful end. Maybe the superintendent will have to learn that his life must be lived in terms of Harry Truman's motto, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

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Letters to the Education Editor

Continued from page 56

stimulating to a professor as his graduate students. Moreover, the undergraduate's energetic pursuit of his professors saves many of them from complete immersion in the realm of esoterica.

DONALD I. PAYNE,
Associate Professor of Music,
Western Reserve University.
Cleveland, O.

WHO WANTS TO teach undergraduates? I do, and as far as this institution is concerned, I have company. We comprise those who elect to devote our contact hours to the degree-less who are, we feel, on the short end of the academic stick. However, more and more professors—inside and outside of professional colleges—are finally seeing themselves as educators as well as researchers and writers.

May I use your columns to solicit the aid of like-minded colleagues? Just how many of the nation's faculty are interested primarily in undergraduate teaching—especially on the campus of the large university where, as Andrew Hacker indicated, the pressures to switch are tough to fight? If any reader is intrigued by the thought of a publication devoted to this calling, a sort of Journal of Experimental Teaching, I would be happy to learn of his whereabouts.

TREVOR J. PHILLIPS,
Assistant Professor,
Bowling Green State University.
Bowling Green, O.

The Professor Examined

THE GOOD THAT might follow a professor's taking John C. Moore's advice ["The Unexamined Life of the Professor," *SR* Dec. 17.] that he make his credo known to his students does not outweigh the bad. He should examine his subject more deeply in the light of the best educational philosophy.

The good professor makes his students think. He avoids letting himself be labeled a Marxist or a Methodist. . . . His business is to challenge, to try to see as many sides as possible of all issues and values, the good and bad in all philosophies and religions, in order to evoke independent thought and commitment in students. In his personal life he should have a commitment, but he should keep it out of the classroom.

Professor Moore's thought belongs in a church or a business and not in a classroom.

ROBERT STEELE,
Associate Professor,
Boston University.
Boston, Mass.

Desegregation

YOUR FEATURE, "Desegregation North and South" [*SR*, Dec. 17], was generally quite good despite the persistence of some "experts" in refusing to face facts in the areas where race and education collide.

For instance, in writing of ghetto schools, Gerald Grant noted: "Children in Harlem tend to decline in intelligence, as measured by standardized tests, the longer they stay in school."

Grant should know, hence should have reported, that this "decline in intelligence" is not peculiar to Harlem's totally segregated schools, but is common to all cross-sections of Negro pupils, whether in segregated or integrated schools, North or South, rural or urban. It is a characteristic, apparently inherent, of the Negro. It is a relative, not an absolute decline, demonstrating that Negro intelligence does not develop at a pace or to heights equal to the intelligence of whites, who set the measured norms. So if, indeed, this "decline in intelligence" is inherent—and its universality would strongly suggest this is so—then it could not be materially altered or modified by any additional expenditures for education, however great.

I'll be most surprised, even astonished, if the meat of this letter finds itself in print in your "liberal" publication.

J. CHARLES MCWILLIAMS.
Cocoa, Fla.

THE PAINFULLY slow pace with which the civil rights programs have been moving since the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court on segregation in the public schools substantiates Gerald Grant's conclusion that there is clearly a split in terms of tactics and priorities in the matter of education or integration.

Logic and wisdom would dictate that priority be given, without delay, to a nationwide program of quality education for the Negro, where necessary on a segregated basis, on the broadest base of operation and financing, without any interference through discriminatory practices.

ABE SHEFFERMAN.
Washington, D.C.

CBE: Beacon in the Fog?

PAUL WOODRING'S smug review of the Council for Better Education's newest publication, *A Decade of Comment on Education* [THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF, *SR*, Nov. 19], is certainly in tempo with the pronouncements of those pseudo-experts who have so long dominated public school education in the United States.

As a former teacher and as a parent, I have long regarded CBE as one of the few bright beacons in a very murky educational world. The parent who has been dismissed or ignored by school administrators in his attempts at constructive criticism has found the quiet wisdom, research, and writing of CBE, to be of inestimable value.

HENRIETTA B. KOCH.
Berkeley, Calif.

Correction:

In "Books for University Regents and College Trustees" [*SR*, Dec. 17] the author of *The University in Transition* was incorrectly listed as John A. Perkins. The volume was written by the eminent president of Cornell University, James A. Perkins, not the eminent president of the University of Delaware, John A. Perkins.

Cluster Colleges

Continued from page 66

tual experiences in common. The upper limit for such an institution is probably 1,000 or 1,200 students. Even this may be too large. Many of the institutions planning cluster colleges have limited the size of each unit to 600 students. The new colleges at the University of the Pacific restrict enrollment to 250 each.

The success of the plan will depend in large part on the willingness of the administration and governing board of the senior institution to give a large measure of independence to the faculty of each college. Each college should have its own individuality and be free to develop its own curriculum. Inevitably, the colleges within a cluster will compete with each other and this competition will provide the stimulus for a high level of achievement. But each should be unique and proud of its uniqueness. It may be expected that the student will identify himself not with the university, but with his own college.

In these smaller units, faculty members and students can work closely together in planning and conducting the educational enterprise. The voices of students will be heard and listened to. The college can again become a true community of scholars in which students, because they are of the community, will feel less need to lash out against the establishment. If there must be a head man—a dean or a provost—he should be a member of the teaching faculty and a member of the academic community.

Though it seems clear that neither the small isolated college nor the amorphous undergraduate college of a large university can offer today's students what they want and need, it would be a tragic mistake to expect too much of the cluster plan or for its proponents to promise too much. It is no panacea. It will not solve all the problems facing higher education. Though it makes experimentation and curricular improvement possible, it does not assure improvement—it is entirely possible that the professors in some of the cluster colleges may teach the same old things in the same old way.

But the plan does offer a way of restoring a sense of community within the institutions of higher learning. At a time when liberal education is gravely threatened by the emphasis on research, specialization, and vocational training, it refocuses the emphasis on undergraduates and the men and women who teach them. At a time when the status symbols of academia are rigged against teaching, it again makes the teaching of undergraduates an honored vocation for scholars. If it does no more than that it may well be the most vital innovation in higher education today.

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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If you want a delightful retirement area with plenty of Americans around to talk to, he leads you to all the principal retirement towns, as well as dozens of little known, perhaps even more delightful areas, where costs are way far down, there's plenty to do and meeting people is easy. Always, he shows you modern, flower-bedecked hotels and inns that charge hardly half of what you might expect to spend in even such a land of vacation and retirement bargains as Mexico.

There's a great deal more besides: everything from exploring ancient pyramids as old as Egypt's to finding fabulous hunting and fishing. If you might want to share in the high interest rates Mexican banks pay or to buy equally high-earning real estate or start a business of your own, this detailed guide to a fabulous land tells you what you must do to start your money earning so much more than in the U.S.

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What do you want to do? Explore the West Indies? This is the guide that tells you how to see them like an old time resident who knows all the tricks of how to make one dollar do the work of two. Visit Mexico? This is the guide that tells you the low cost ways of reaching the sights (how 76c takes you via 8-passenger automobile as far as those not-in-the-know pay $5.60 to reach). Roam around South America? Europe? Any other part of the world? This is the guide that tells you where and how to go at prices you can really afford.

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HOW TO TRAVEL

—and get paid for it

There's a job waiting for you somewhere: on a ship, with an airline, in over seas branches of American firms, in foreign firms overseas—even exploring i you're adventurous.

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You learn about jobs in travel agencies (and as tour-conductors), in in porting and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companie Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doc tors get jobs on ships, the way for a young girl to land a job as airline hostes the wonderful travel opportunities if you will teach English to foreigners, an the fabulous travel possibilities for those who know stenography.

"Can a man or woman still work his or her way around the world today? Norman Ford asks in this book as you might ask today. And he replies i 75,000 words of facts, "The answer is still a very definite Yes."

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WHERE TO RETIRE OR VACATION

at what look like prewar prices—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's best-selling book **Off-the-Beaten Path** names the really lo cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, th Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada—and a dozen other area which the crowds have not yet discovered.

—Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warı and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that islan that looks like Hawaii yet is 2,000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air tri to get there). Or those many other low-cost exquisitely beautiful spots all ov the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so cost are low and stay low).

Every page of **Off-the-Beaten Path** opens a different kind of vacationin or retirement paradise which you can afford—places as glamorous as far-o countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- **France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completel surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Sco land . . . or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U.S., where no or ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.**
- **Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always me new people . . . (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices crowd you out).**
- **That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almo endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck supper smorgasbord dinners, and a fine arts program. That southern island fir discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in . . . and no their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.**

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canad of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs ar low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on ever side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seasho villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfe for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you' heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. They're all in the Unite States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the lov cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way t freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really affor About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

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- ☐ FABULOUS MEXICO—WHERE EVERYTHING COSTS LESS. $1.50.
- ☐ HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH. $1.50.
- ☐ HOW TO TRAVEL—AND GET PAID FOR IT. $1.50.
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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Jewish historian and general, of priestly and royal descent, called *the Greek Livy* (first cent.)	108 95 175 141 57 126 129 163
B. Unfriendly.	40 26 101 140 168 156 199 130
C. One thing the commuter hates to miss (2 wds.)	33 37 110 169 180 76 20 49 86
D. Followed by WORDS Q and L, member of a labor organization formed at Chicago in 1905.	143 60 191 103 107 77 207 148 160 164
E. Substances considered to possess in high degree the predominant qualities of a plant, drug, etc.	98 184 195 135 87 71 117 149
F. Baseball player at the plate, as ready to receive the next pitched ball (2 wds.)	10 172 21 187 183 152 206 116
G. Passed away; superseded.	88 115 52 14 35 94 177
H. Enrich again.	198 30 128 179 50 167 68 121
I. Dye named for an Italian city where an important battle was fought at the time of its first use.	171 72 197 123 27 12 106
J. Trustworthiness.	192 204 119 18 136 47 6 111 90
K. Edison's famous percentage of perspiration, as contrasted with that of inspiration, in the make-up of genius (comp.)	81 25 31 2 100 51 24 203 38 114
L. See WORD D (2 wds.)	125 105 134 89 151 173 112 36
M. Resembling a spear.	161 34 170 150 66 54 120

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Acted as master of ceremonies (comp.)	165 48 122 28 7 201
O. Any serious mental derangement.	63 132 84 144 182 78 42 22 16
P. Undergo concealment by an object interposed.	176 99 19 5 65 82 139 41 154
Q. See WORD D (2 wds.)	133 75 58 93 80 118 45 138
R. A word which, in pronunciation, is used as part of the preceding word (esp. in other languages).	208 200 102 17 59 189 194 3
S. Important salad vegetable (2 wds.)	44 145 29 185 23 67 155 205 11
T. U.S. river in Tennessee; a county in each of three U.S. states; a city where a U.S. President was assassinated.	1 109 9 166 64 131 190
U. Equipped once again.	92 127 79 85 104 15 188 39
V. The gas used to burn the lime in a "timelight."	53 46 113 178 193 124 69 8 32 158 96
W. One who holds to the Critical System of philosophy.	174 186 97 181 62 196 73
X. The younger son of Joseph, whose name is given by hunters to the grizzly bear.	56 74 147 142 162 70 202
Y. Large and important group of beetles consisting of the true weevils and snout beetles.	83 157 153 146 61 55 91 43 13 137 159

4

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 T	2 K	3 R	4 Y	5 P	6 J	7 N		8 V	9 T		10 F	11 S	12 I	13 Y	
14 G	15 U	16 O		17 R	18 J	19 P	20 C	21 F	22 O	23 S	24 K		25 K	26 B		27 I	
28 N	29 S		30 H	31 K	32 V	33 C	34 M	35 G	36 L		37 C	38 K	39 U		40 B	41 P	
42 O		43 Y	44 S	45 Q	46 V	47 J	48 N	49 C	50 H	51 K		52 G	53 V		54 M	55 Y	
56 X		57 A	58 Q	59 R	60 D	61 Y	62 W	63 O	64 T	65 P		66 M	67 S	68 H	69 V	70 X	
71 E	72 I	73 W		74 X	75 Q	76 C	77 D		78 O	79 U		80 Q	81 K	82 P	83 Y	84 O	
	85 U	86 C		87 E	88 G	89 L		90 J	91 Y	92 U	93 Q		94 G	95 A	96 V	97 W	
98 E	99 P	100 K	101 B	102 R	103 D	104 U		105 L	106 I	107 D		108 A	109 T	110 C	111 J	112 L	
113 V		114 K	115 G	116 F	117 E	118 Q	119 J	120 M	121 H	122 N	123 I	124 V		125 L	126 A	127 U	
	128 H	129 A	130 B	131 T		132 O	133 Q	134 L	135 E	136 J		137 Y	138 Q		139 P	140 B	
141 A	142 X	143 D	144 O	145 S	146 Y		147 X	148 D	149 E	150 M	151 L	152 F	153 Y		154 P	155 S	
156 B	157 Y		158 V	159 Y	160 D		161 M	162 X	163 A		164 D	165 N	166 T	167 H		168 B	
169 C	170 M		171 I	172 F	173 L	174 W		175 A	176 P		177 G	178 V	179 H	180 C		181 W	
182 O	183 F		184 E	185 S	186 W	187 F	188 U		189 R	190 T	191 D	192 J	193 V		194 R	195 E	
	196 W		197 I	198 H	199 B	200 R	201 N		202 X	203 K	204 J	205 S	206 F	207 D	208 R		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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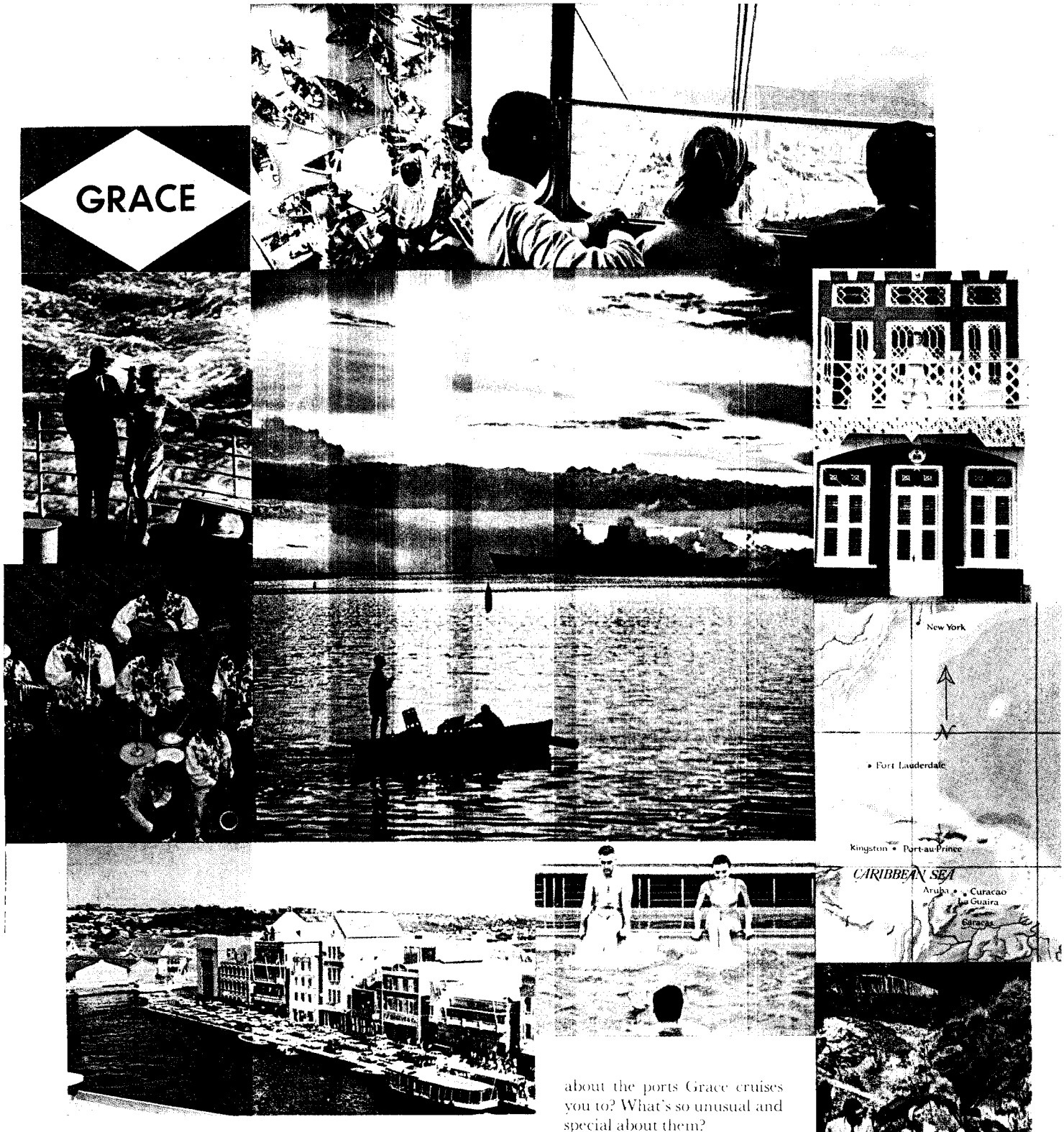

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